The SCHOOL SONG BOOK

STUDENTS EDITION

McCONATHY

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BOSTON MASS

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"The dominant note of the book expresses the joyousness and courageous optimism of youth."

THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK

REVISED AND ENLARGED

UNISON SONGS AND PART-SONGS
FOR GENERAL SINGING

STUDENTS' EDITION
VOCAL PARTS ONLY

EDITED BY
OSBOURNE McCONATHY

BOSTON
C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION

THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK was published in 1909, and the immediate wide acceptance of the book and its continued steady use through the years have shown that it possessed qualities of peculiar value in the field of choral music in Junior and Senior High Schools. Its remarkable appeal and its consequent popularity with students and teachers alike, extending undiminished over a period of twenty years, have led the editor and publisher to believe that a revised and enlarged edition would be of even greater service.

What are the qualities which have enabled THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK to maintain its position in the schools and its hold on the affections of teachers and students?

First, the selections themselves.

This book was a pioneer in bringing the great and permanent songs of the people into the school room as a recognized heritage which the youth of our country have the right to enjoy.

It was this book in which the masterpieces of light opera were first presented to our boys and girls.

Added to these were simple yet characteristic examples from the works of the great composers, typical selections from the music of other nations, of different periods and forms. It covered the range of moods from grave to gay, from the profound to the humorous, from the sublime to the delicate, yet always in compositions that were fine in quality and spirit.

Second, the arrangement of the music added to its appeal. The harmonizations are those which naturally express the musical sense and the accompaniments are rich without unnecessary difficulties. On the other hand no effort was made to reduce the music to needless simplicity nor to make four-part harmonizations where the melody alone was a true expression of the musical thought. These elements have had weight in attracting and holding the interest of students.

Third, another important factor in the value and popularity of the book was the pedagogical plan for the development of part singing. By offering each voice part a number of interesting songs characteristic of that part in compass and style, a vocal development was made possible which soon became manifest in part singing, a feeling of confidence and individuality indispensable in the ensemble.

A fourth reason for the great popularity of the book has been the appeal to boys. The boy with a changing voice or an immature adult voice needs most careful consideration both in choice of music and its arrangement. THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK has met these considerations so completely that in many schools the "boy problem" has disappeared.

Finally, the wide range of material both in difficulty and character has made the book practical under the most varied conditions of use, from the daily class work to the choral concert.

Needless to say, all these distinctive features have been retained and strengthened in this revised and enlarged edition. The nature of the revision has been

two-fold. First, after a careful checking with many discriminating users of the book, only those numbers are retained which unanimously have been declared to be of exceptional popularity and unquestioned practical value in the class room. This consideration has eliminated a few songs; others have been re-arranged in more serviceable form.

Second, new songs, part-songs and choruses, fifty-four in number, have been added. In every instance, these additions are compositions of known and tried value in the school and will add to the worth and popularity of a book already dear to the hearts of thousands throughout the land. Much thought has been given to the words of the selections found in this book, to their suitability for singing as well as to their quality from a literary standpoint.

THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK has been notably practical for the needs of both Junior and Senior High Schools. The development of voices is not a sudden thing, with a marked distinction between ninth and tenth grades, but a gradual and progressive growth. The original book has been found invaluable in this gradual development without abruptness, and the revised and enlarged edition amplifies and increases the value of that important feature by the addition of a large body of material corresponding to the original contents of the book and chosen in conformity to the purposes we have set forth.

Given a book which for more than twenty years has enjoyed a popularity unexcelled in the history of school music, a popularity founded on true merit and perfect suitability for its declared purpose, add to that book a large number of new selections sufficient in themselves to make a new book of moderate size, all fulfilling the purpose of the editor and publisher to carry on the tradition of the original work, and it does not seem too much to say that the new SCHOOL SONG BOOK will win the hearty approval and high regard which for so many years have been given to the older one.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK.

A SONG OF JOY.

Alonzo Dewey.

Giovanni Battista Bononcini.
(Adapted.)

Joyfully.

No. 1

Hur - rah for the Spring - time! The song - time, the wing - time, Hur - rah for its skies! Its light warm and clear. Hur- rah for the nest - time! The glad - time, the best time! Hur-rah for its joys, Its beau - ty and cheer! Hur - rah for the hearts that live in Spring And scatter its sweet delight; Welcome are they, welcome as May, Welcome the faith they joy- ful- ly bring To keep us in light, Hur - fill our hearts with light.

CHORALE.

(FROM "THE MASTER-SINGERS.")

Words and music by Richard Wagner.

No. 2

Lento e solenne.

I hear up-on the haw-thorn spray a

A-wake! and wel-come dawn's new day! I hear up-on . . the spray a

I hear up-on the spray a

bon-ny lit-tle night-in-gale, his voice comes clear o'er hill and dale, the

sweet lit-tle dale . . . .

from out the east the morn

night de-scends the west-ern sky and morn from the east draws nigh, with

night leaves

. . . . . from out the east the morn

breaks forth from cloud-banks dull and gray.

red ar-dour the flush of day breaks through the cloud-banks gray.

breaks forth from cloud - - - banks gray.

cloud-banks dull and gray.

DEDICATION.

Tr. from Muller. ***Robert Franz.***

No. 3

Andante espressive.

O thank me not, tho' sweet the mu-sic; Mine to en-joy, the praise be thine,

mf *p* *mf*

Thou gav'st it all, . . I but re-turn thee what thou hast giv'n, 'twas nev-er mine.

mf

When thy dear eyes with lov - ing ra- diance, On me threw rays of soft - est light,

mf *p* *pp*

Plain - ly I read there these fair vers- es, Know- est thou not the song is thine?

f *p*

Know - est thou not . . . the song . . is thine?

LOOK DOWN FROM HEAVEN.

(FROM "ELIJAH.")

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Andante sostenuto.

BASS SOLO OR CHORUS OF BASSES.

No. 6

Look down on us from heaven, O Lord; re-gard the distress, the dis-tress of Thy peo-ple!

O - pen the heav -ens and send us re - lief! Help, help thy ser - vant now, O God!

p CHORUS. *sf* *pp*

O - pen the heav-ens and send us re - lief! Help, help Thy ser - vant, now, O God!

p *sf*

SOLO.

When the heav - ens are clos - ed up, be-cause they have sin - ned, have sinned against Thee;

cres.

Yet, if they pray and confess, confess Thy name, and turn from their sin when Thou dost af-flict them:

p *pp*

Then hear from heav'n and for - give the sin; Help, send Thy serv - ant help, O God!

CHORUS.

mf *cres.* *f* *p*

Then hear from heav'n and forgive the sin: Help, send Thy ser - vant help, O Lord!

mf *cres.* *f* *p*

O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE.

Sir Walter Scott. *Arthur S. Sullivan.*

No. 7

p

1. O hush thee, my ba - bie, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a
2. O fear not the bu - gle, though loud - ly it blows, It calls but the

cres. *dim.* *p* A

la - dy, both gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright. The woods and the
war- ders that guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose. Their bows would be

p

They are all be - long - ing, dear
Ere the step of a foe - man draws

cres - -

glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be -
bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a

cres.

ba - bie, to thee,
near to thy bed,
- *cen* - - *do.* *f* *dim.* B *pp*

long-ing to thee, They are all be - long -ing, dear ba - bie, to thee. O
foe - man draws near, Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed. O

f *dim.* *pp*

pp

to thee. O hush thee,
draws near.

O hush . . . . . thee, my ba - - - - - bie.

staccato. *p*

hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.

staccato.

p

3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be

cres.

bro - ken by trum - pet and drum, by trum - pet and drum. Then hush thee, my

by trum - pet

drum, by trum - pet and drum.

cres. C *dim.*

dar - ling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with man-hood and wak - ing with

For strife . . . . . comes with man - - - -

dim.

pp

day, For strife comes with man - hood and wak - - ing with day. O

hood,

and wak - ing with day. O hush thee, O

O hush . . . . . thee, O hush . . . . . thee, O

stacc. *p*

hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O

stacc.

hush . . . . . thee, O hush thee, O

dim. *pp* *rall.*

hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my ba - - bie.

hush . . . . . thee, O hush thee, O

pp *rall.*

dim.

hush thee, my babe.

IN OLD MADRID.

H. Trotere.

No. 5

Tempo di Bolero.

1. Long years a - go, in old Madrid, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui - tar, Two spark-ling eyes a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as dark - ly bright as love's own star! There on the case-ment ledge, when day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was light - ly laid; A face look'd out as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten - der ser - e - nade! . Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be - tween them ev - er - more. . . . "Come, my love, the stars are shin-ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing; Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!" thee, a - lone I wait, I wait for thee, my love, I wait for thee; O come, my love, I wait for thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee!" . . .

2. Far, far a - way from old Madrid, Her lov - er fell, long years a - go, for Spain; A con - vent veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain! But still, be - tween the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her white hand opes the lat - tice wide, The faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats wierd - ly o'er the mist - y tide! . Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings up - on the shore, Though flows a stream than all more strong, Be -

A

rall.

a tempo. B

f C *con tenerezza.*

rall.

dim.

LULLABY.

Brahms.

No. 8

1. Lul - la - by and good-night, with ro - ses be - dight, With
2. Lul - la - by and good-night, thy moth - er's de - light, Bright

lil - ies o'er-spread is ba - by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy
an-gels be - side my dar - ling a - bide; They will guard thee at rest, thou shalt

slum - ber be blest; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum-ber be blest.
wake on my breast; They will guard thee at rest, thou shalt wake on my breast.

ROBIN ADAIR.

Caroline Keppel. *Scotch Air.*

No. 9

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near. What was't I
2. What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair! What made the
3. But now thou'rt far from me, Rob - in A - dair! And now I

wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth,
ball so fine? Rob - in was there! What, when the play was o'er,
nev - er see Rob - in A - dair; Yet he I love so well,

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh, it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh, I can ne'er for-get Rob - in A - dair.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Thomas Moore. *Irish Air.*

No. 10

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So
swells; The chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus

sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is

hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

OUT ON THE DEEP.

Frederic N. Lhor.

No. 11

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Out on the deep, when the sun is low, And the sea with splen-dor burns,
2. Out on the deep, when the sun is dead, And the first sweet star doth gleam,

cres.

. . With his sca - ly spoil, from his eve - ning toil, The fish - er home-ward
. . Of a day that is dead, and a love that is fled, The fish - er oft will

mf A *cres.*

turns, And his oars flash bright, in the o - cean light, And he knows that eyes on
dream, And he thinks, tho' far, like that first bright star, She is still be - side as of

f

shore, Look out on the deep for his bright . . oar sweep, And he
yore, And his oars gleam bright in its sweet . . pale light, And he

f B

sings as he swings his oar: . . "A long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys, And a
sighs as he plies his oar: . . "A slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys, And a

cres. C *dim.*

song as a - long we go, . . For the hearts that yearn for our home re-turn, When the
song as a - long we go, . . For the star of Love that is bright a -bove, And its

molto rall. *mf* *a tempo. dim.*

eve-ning sun is low, . When the eve-ning sun is low." . . . . . .
gleam in the wave be - low, . And its gleam in the wave be low." . . . . . .

THE BLACKSMITH.

Mozart.

No. 12

1. Oh! the black - smith's a fine stur - dy fel - low, Hard his
2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heap - ing more on, Till the
3. Let the blows, strong and sure, quick - ly fall - ing, Haste the

hand, but his heart's true and mel - low; See him stand there, his huge bel - lows
iron's all a - glow, let it roar on! While the smith high his ham - mer's a -
work, for the iron fast is cool - ing; Oh, the smith he's a fine stur - dy

blow - ing, With his strong braw - ny arms free and bare. See the
swing - ing, Fi - 'ry sparks fall in show'rs all a - round, And the
fel - low, Brave - ly work - ing from morn - ing till night; Hard his

fire in the fur - nace a- glow - ing, Bright its spar - kle and flash, loud its roar.
sledge on the an - vil is ring - ing, Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound.
hand, but his heart's true and mel - low, Like his an - vil, he stands for the right.

IF WITH ALL YOUR HEARTS.

From "Elijah." — *Mendelssohn.*

Andante con moto.

No. 13

If with all your hearts ye tru - ly seek Me, ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God; If with all your hearts ye tru - ly seek Me, ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God, thus saith our God.

A

B *p* *cres.* *p*

Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might e - ven come be - fore His pres - ence! Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might e - ven come be - fore His pres - ence! Come be - fore His pres - ence!

cres. C *p* *pp* D *f*

Oh! that I knew where I might find Him. If with all your hearts ye tru - ly seek Me, Ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God, ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, thus saith our God.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Kinkel.

Andante. *p*

No. 23

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me, Fare -
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing, Fare -
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing, That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -

cres. *f* *p*

f *p*

well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

J. L. Molloy.

No. 14 *Andante con moto.*

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng
2. E-ven to-day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er-more, Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way,

A

Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song; And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

p

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad-ows soft-ly come and go;

B *f*

Tho' the heart be wea-ry, sad the day and long,

rit.

Still to us at twi-light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Robert Burns. *Mendelssohn.*

No. 15 *Andante.*

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, On yon-der lea, My plai-dy to the an-gry airt, I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee.
2. Oh, were I in the wild-est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The des-ert were a Par-a-dise, If thou wert there, If thou wert there.

p

sf

Or did mis-for-tune's bit-ter storms A-round thee blaw, A-round thee blaw,
Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,

p

p

Thy shield should be my bos-om To share it a', To share it a'.
The bright-est jew-el in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

AT PIERROT'S DOOR.

From the French. *French Folk Song.*

No. 4

Andante.

1. With the moon's pale shim - mer, Lit - tle friend Pier - rot,
2. See my lan - tern flick - er, Now the light is out;

Shines thy can-dle's glim - mer On the fal - len snow. Lend a pen, I pray thee,
Now the snow falls thick - er, Round and round a - bout. Gusts go hel - ter - skel - ter,

But a word to write, One fare-well to say thee Ere I go to - night.
Lo, the night is old! Ope and give me shel - ter Ere I die of cold!

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR.

Michael Arne.

No. 17

mp Allegretto con grazia.

1. Young Mol - ly, who lives at the foot of the hill, Whose name ev - 'ry
2. Like sun - shine, her glan- ces so ten - der - ly fall, She smiles not for
3. So snow - y her ker-chief, so dain - ty is she, No gar- land of

A

maid- en with pleasure doth fill, Of beau - ty is bless'd with so am - ple a share, We
one but she smiles on us all, And ma - ny a heart she has eased of its care, Will
po- sies could pret- ti - er be, And, toil - ing or rest - ing, she ev - er doth wear, Sweetest

p B

call her the lass with the del - i - cate air, With the del - - - - - i-cate
bless the dear lass with the del - i - cate air, With the del - - - - - i-cate
charm of all maid - ens, a del - i - cate air, A del - - - - - i-cate

air, We call her the lass with the del - i - cate air.
air, Will bless the dear lass with the del - i - cate air.
air, Sweet-est charm of all maid - ens, a del - i - cate air.

NOW TO THE BANQUET WE PRESS.

(FROM "THE SORCERER.")

W. S. Gilbert. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

No. 19

f

Now to the ban - quet we press, Now for the eggs and the ham!

f

A

Now for the mus-tard and cress, Now for the straw- ber - ry jam! Now for the tea of our

host! Now for the rol - lick-ing bun, Now for the muf-fins and toast, And now for the

gay Sal - ly Lunn! Now for the muf - fins and toast, And now for the gay Sal - ly

p B

Lunn! The eggs and the ham And the straw - ber - ry jam, The

eggs . . . . . .

rol - lick-ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The eggs and the ham, And the

and the ham!

cres. *ff*

straw - ber - ry jam, The rol - lick - ing bun and the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The

ff

C

eggs and the ham And the straw - ber- ry jam, And the rol - lick - ing bun! The

rol - lick - ing bun, And the gay Sal - ly Lunn And the straw - ber - ry

D

jam, jam, jam, Oh! the straw - ber - ry, straw - ber - ry jam, bun,

bun, bun, jam,

bun, Oh! . . . the rol - lick- ing, rol - lick- ing bun!

jam, jam,

THE HUNTSMEN.

(ROUND.)

No. 18

1

A south- er - ly wind and a cloud - y sky Pro-claim it a hunting morn- ing;

2

To horse, my brave boys, and a - way; Bright Phœ-bus the hill is a - dorn - ing;

3

Hark! hark! for - ward, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra. . .

FROM ILL DO THOU DEFEND ME.

(FROM "THE PASSION." ST. MATTHEW.)

Johann Sebastian Bach.

No. 16

From ill do Thou de - fend me; Re - ceive me, lead me home;
New bless- ings dai - ly send me; From Thee all good things come.

Thy love full oft in kind - ness Hath milk and hon - ey

giv'n; O heal my mor - tal blind - ness, And fix my heart on Heav'n.

MORNING SONG.

(FROM "SAMSON AND DELILAH.")

Abbie Farwell Brown. *Camille Saint-Saens.*

Un poco piu lento.

No. 21

1. Oh come, let us keep our tryst with the Sun! Oh, see, on the hills his flush has begun!
2. How oft on a sleeping world doth he gaze, No voice raised to greet, no welcoming praise.

A

Let us has - ten to meet him, With joy- ful greet - ing, Glad songs re - peat - ing, Who for us
Yet he sends down his bless-ing, The world ca-ress - ing. Our love con -fess - ing, Oh let us

done, . . .
raise. . . .

1 2

gracious things hath done, He hath done; Who for us gra-cious things hath done.
once our voices raise, Voices raise, Oh, let us (*Omit.* . . . . .) come our voi - ces raise.

GRADUATION FAREWELL.

(FROM "IOLANTHE.")

Sylvia Child. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

No. 26

1. For ma - ny a day, O com - rades dear, With ma - ny a hope and
2. Oh, mem-'ries of bus - y hours we spent, As dai - ly a - bove our
3. The fa - ces we love will soon be gone, Af - fec - tion re - calls them

oft a fear, To - geth - er we in a friend - ly band, Have
tasks we bent, And mer - ry mo - ments, bright with play, Are
ev - 'ry one, And we shall hear in our hearts for long This

toiled with bus - y mind and hand. The time has come to say fare - well,
blent in fra-grance here to - day. The time has come to say fare - well,
last good-bye, this part - ing song. The time has come to say fare - well,

The time has come, now has come

Now to say fare-well! The time, . . . the time has come to

The time . . . . . has come

The time has come

say fare - well! The time has come to say fare - well, fare - well!

THE PIRATE KING.

(FROM "PIRATES OF PENZANCE.")

W. S. Gilbert. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

No. 22

BASSES.

1. Oh, bet - ter far to live and die Un - der the brave black flag I fly, Than play a sanc - ti - mo - ni - ous part With a pi - rate head and a pi - rate heart! A - way to the cheat - ing world go you, Where pi - rates all are well to do. But I'll be true to the song I sing, And live and die a Pi - rate King. For I am a Pi - rate King! . .

2. When I sal - ly forth to meet my prey, I help my - self in a roy - al way; I sink a few more ships, it's true, Than a well - bred mon - arch ought to do! But ma - ny a king on a first class throne, If he wants to call his crown his own, Must man - age some - how to get through More pi - rate work than ev-er I do. For I am a Pi - rate King! . .

1 A 1

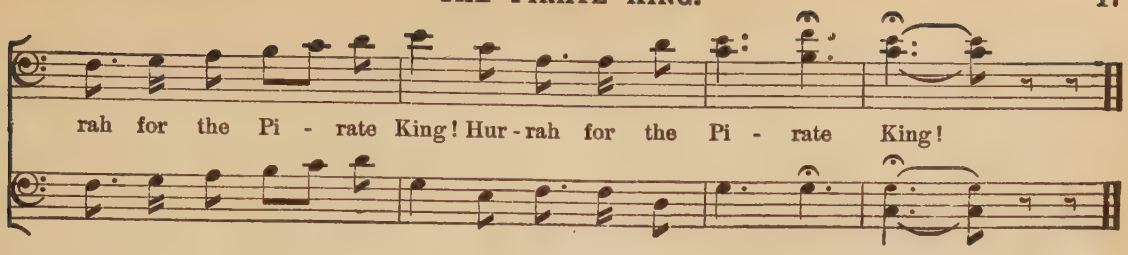
rit. B *a tempo.*

And it is, it is a glo - rious thing to be a Pi - rate King!

C

TENORS.

You are! Hur - rah for the Pi - rate King! King! For I am a Pi - rate King! . . . . . And it is, it is a glo - rious thing to be a Pi - rate King. It is! Hur - Hur-

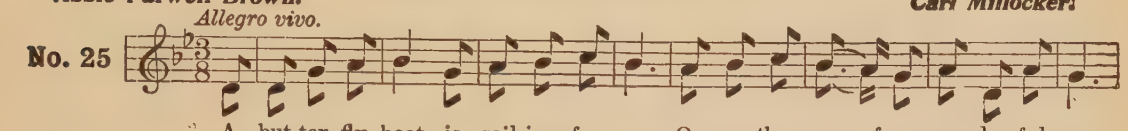


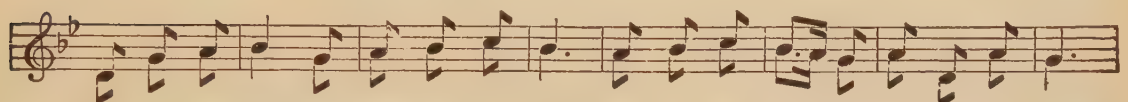
A BUTTERFLY BOAT.

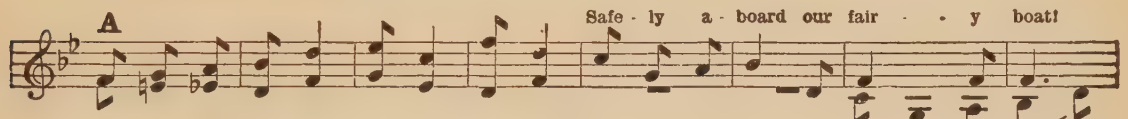
(FROM "BEGGAR STUDENT.")

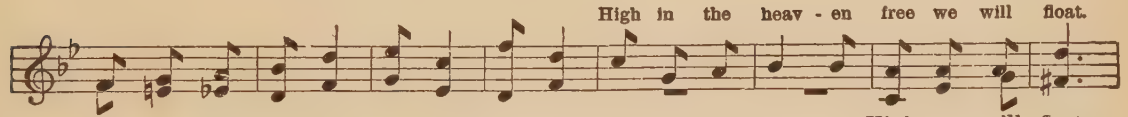
Abbie Farwell Brown. *Carl Millöcker.*

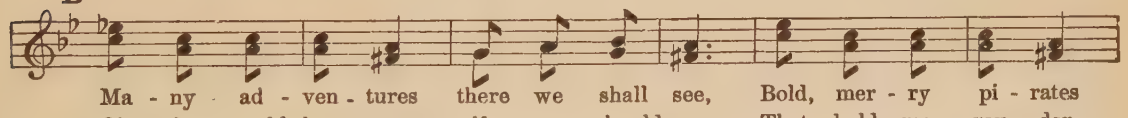
No. 25 *Allegro vivo.*

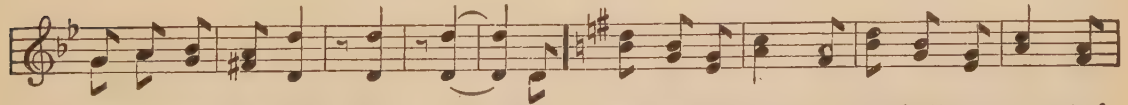


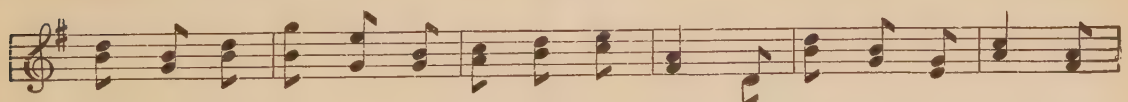


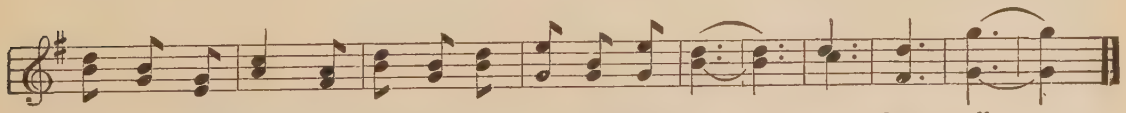












PRAISE THE LORD.

(FROM "CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.")

Maestoso. *Camille Saint-Saens.*

No. 27

f

Praise ye the Lord a - bove, Praise and a - dore Him, Sing a - loud in joy - ful strains, Bless His ho - ly name! Sing, O ye heav - ens, ye earth, O ex - alt Him,

Praise ye the Lord, Sing His glo - ry in joy - ful strains, Al - le - lu - ia!

Praise the Lord, Sing praise, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, ...

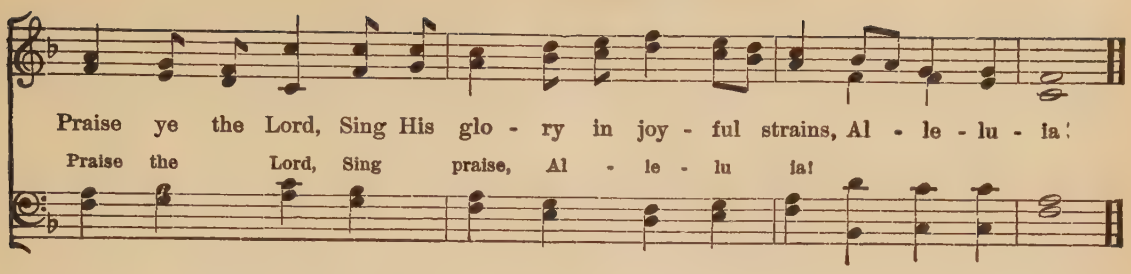
Al - le - lu - ia, ...

. . . Al - le - lu - ia, ...

ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu -

ff

ia! Sing, O ye heav - ens, ye earth, O ex - alt Him,

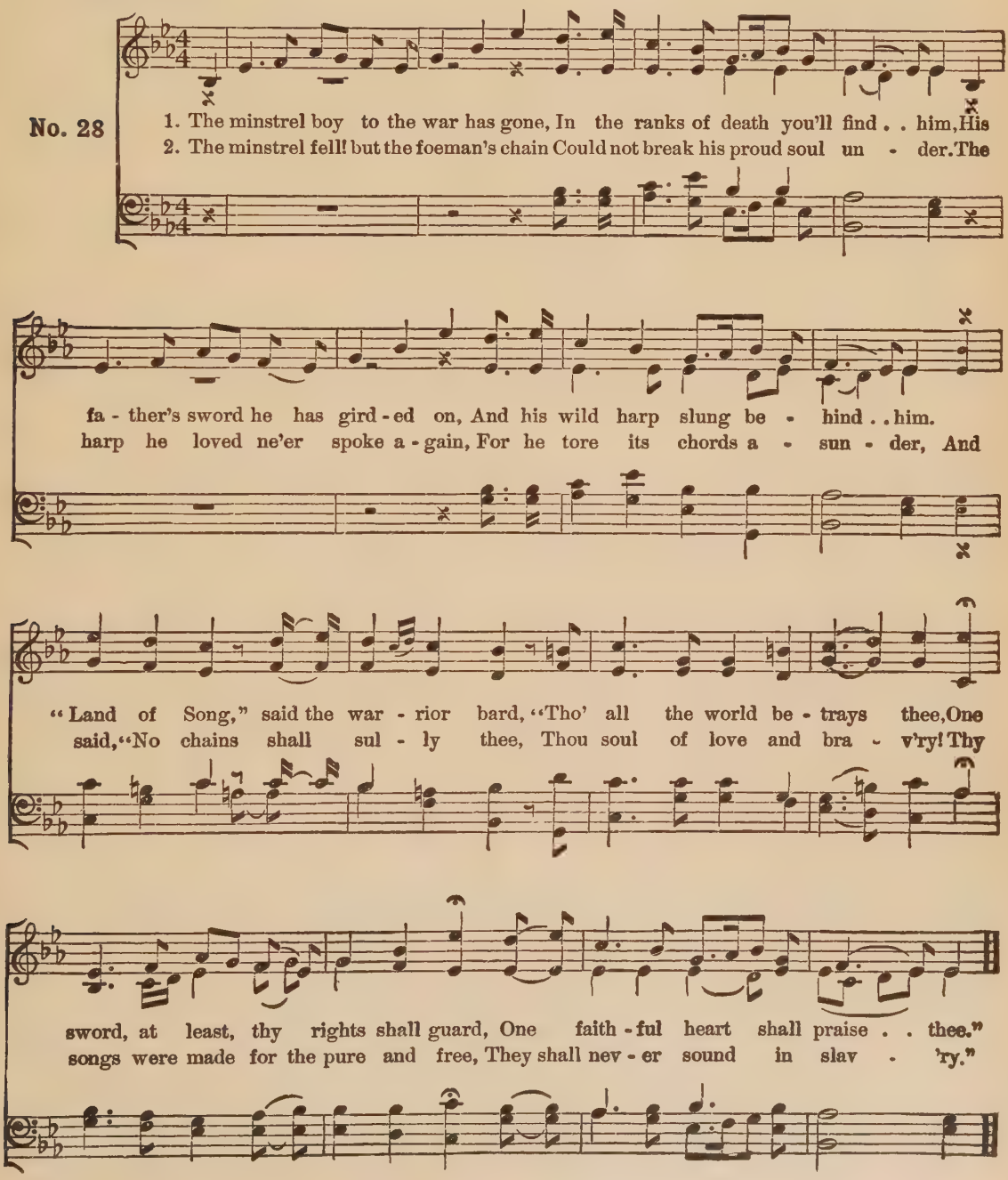


THE MINSTREL BOY.

Thomas Moore.

Irish Folk Song.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.

No. 28



BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Old English.

No. 29

mf Solo.

1. A cap - i - tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the
2. The bo' - swain's mate was . . ve - ry se - date, Yet . .
3. The cap - tain sat on the com - mo - dore's hat, And .
4. All nau - ti - cal pride we . . laid . . a - side, And we
5 On Rug - bug bark, from . morn . till dark, We . .

Wal-lop - ing Win - dow Blind! No wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or .
fond of a - muse-ment too; He played hop-scotch with the star-board watch, While the
dined in a roy - al way, Off toast - ed pigs and pickles and figs And .
ran the ves-sel a - shore On the Gul- li - by Isles, where the Poo- poo smiles, And the
dined till we all had grown Un - com-mon-ly shrunk; when a Chi- nese junk Came

trou- bled the . . Cap - tain's mind; The man . at the wheel was .
cap - tain he tick - led the crew! And the gun - ner we . . had was ap -
gun - ne - ry . . bread each day. And the cook . was . Dutch, and be -
rub - bly . Ub - dugs roar. And we sat . . on the edge of a
up . . from the Tor - ri - bly zone. She was chub-by and . square, but we

made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
par - ent - ly mad, For he sat on the af - ter rai - ai - ail, And
haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a
sand - y ledge And shot at the whist - ling bee - ee - ee; And the
A did - n't much care, So we cheer - i - ly put out to sea - ee - ee; And we

of - ten ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!
num-ber of tons of . . hot - cross buns Served up with sug-ar and glue.
cin - na-mon bats wore wa - ter-proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
left all the crew of the junk to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.

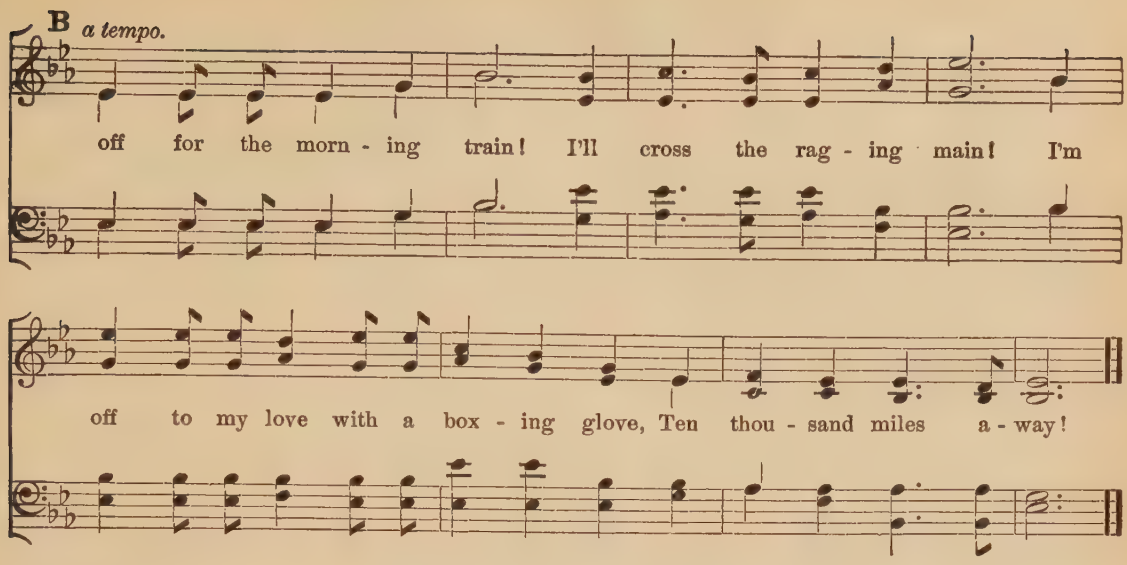
f Chorus.

Then blow, ye winds, heigh - ho! A rov - ing I will go! I'll

f

rit.

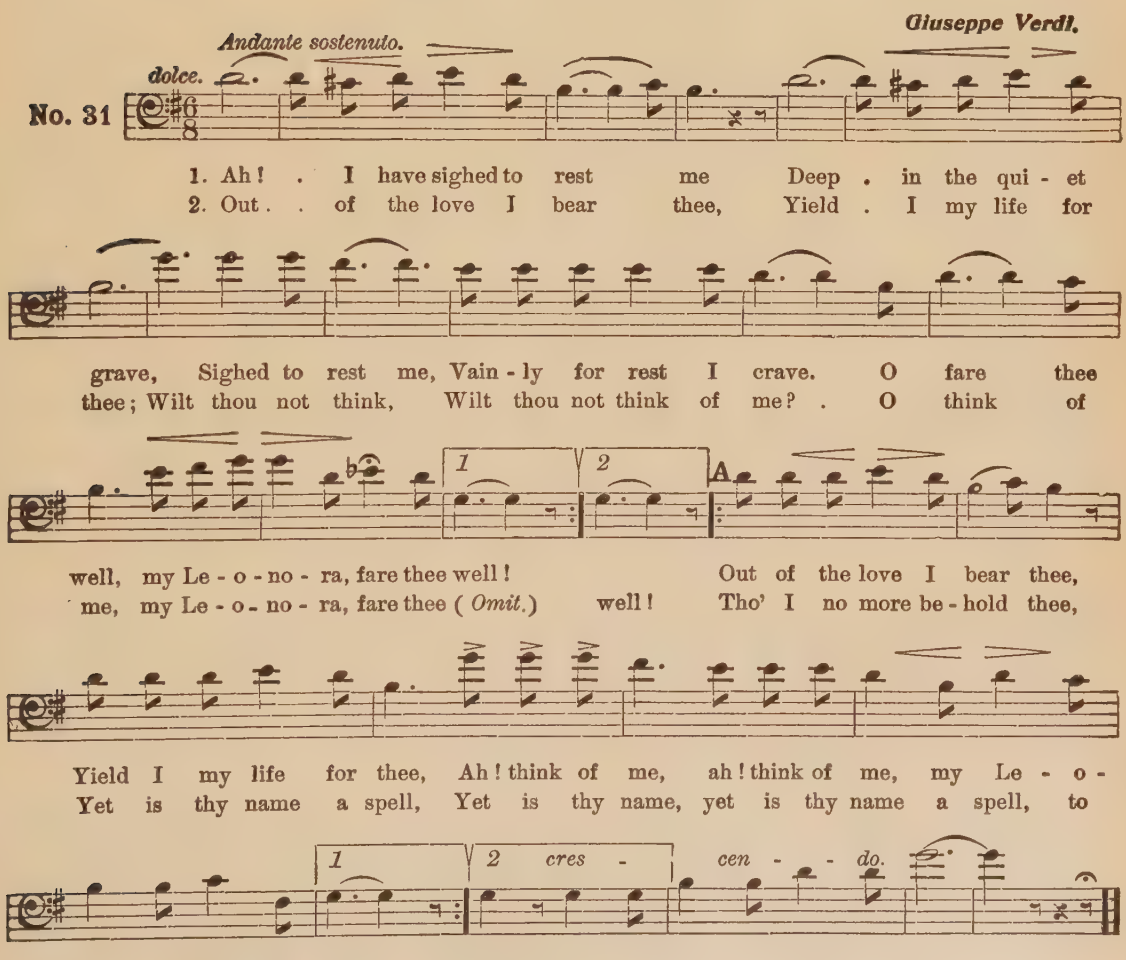
stay no more on Eng - land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm



AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

(FROM "IL TROVATORE.")

Giuseppe Verdi.



PRITHEE, PRETTY MAIDEN.

(FROM "PATIENCE.")

W. S. Gilbert.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Arranged by Osbourne McConathy.

No. 33

Allegretto.

p

1. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, pri - thee, tell me true,
2. Gen - tle sir, my heart is frol - ic - some and free,
3. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, will you mar - ry me?
4. Gen - tle sir, al - though to mar - ry I de - sign,

p

1. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, tell me true,
2. Gen - tle sir, my heart is gay and free,
3. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, mar - ry me
4. Gen - tle sir, al - though to wed I pine,

Hey but I'm dole - ful, wil - low, wil - low wal - ly,
Hey but he's dole - ful, wil - low, wil - low wal - ly,
Hey but I'm hope - ful, wil - low, wil - low wal - ly,
Hey but he's hope - ful, wil - low, wil - low wal - ly, As

Hey, wil - low, Wal - - ly . . O!
Hey, wil - low, Wal - - ly . . O!
Hey, wil - low, Wal - - ly . . O!
Hey, wil - low, Wal - - ly . . O! As

Have you e'er a lov - er dang-ling af - ter you? Hey wil - low wal - ly O!
No - bod - y I care for . comes a - court-ing me, Hey wil - low wal - ly O!
I may say at once, I'm a man of pro - per - tee, Hey wil - low wal - ly O!
yet I do not know you, and so I must de - cline, Hey wil - low wal - ly O!

Have you e'er a lov - er . af - ter you? Hey wil - low wal - ly O!
No - bod - y I care for . comes for me, Hey wil - low wal - ly O!
I may say at once, I've pro - per - tee, Hey wil - low wal - ly O!
yet I do not know you, and so de - cline, Hey wil - low wal - ly O!

rall.

I would fain dis - cov - er . If you have a lov - er! Hey wil - low wal-ly O!
No - bod - y I care for . Comes a - court-ing, therefore, Hey wil - low wal-ly O!
Mon - ey I de-spise it, But ma - ny peo - ple prize it! Hey wil - low wal-ly O!
Oth - er maid-ens woo you, As yet I do not know you, Hey wil - low wal-ly O!

rall.

I would fain dis - cov - er . If you have a lov - er! Hey wil-low wal - ly O!
No-bod - y I care for . Comes a - court-ing, there-fore, Hey wil-low wal - ly O!
Mon-ey I de-spise it, But ma - ny peo - ple prize it! Hey wil-low wal - ly O!
Oth - er maid-ens woo you, As yet I do not know you, Hey wil-low wal - ly O!

YOUNG HOPEFUL.

(FROM "IOLANTHE.")

Abbie Farwell Brown. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

Allegro.

SOPRANO SOLO, OR ALL SOPRANOS.

No. 34

1. See the lit - tle ba - by there, Eyes of blue, and gold - en hair,
2. Who would think to see him now What bright fame may crown his brow!
3. In this land so great and free, He has op - por - tu - ni - ty,
*1. *Hence-forth, Stre-phon, cast a - way Crooks and pipes and rib - bons gay!*
2. *In the Par - lia - men - try hive, Lib - 'ral or Con - ser - va - tive—*

Ti - ny fists grope to and fro, In - to pol - i - tics he may go.
No one but his moth - er knows How a pa - tri - ot dai - ly grows.
And this ba - by small and shy May be Pres - i - dent by - and - by.
Flocks and herds that bleat and low; In - to Par - lia - ment you shall go!
Whig or To - ry— I don't know, But in - to Par - lia - ment you shall go!

CHORUS

In - to pol - i - tics he may go, For he is a born A - mer - i - can,
How a pa - tri - ot dai - ly grows, 'Tis a thought pro-vokes hi - lar - i - ty,
May be Pres - i - dent by - and - by, When he has at-tained ma - jor - i - ty,
In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go! Backed by their su-preme au - thor - i - ty,

f 2d time pp

And he'll seize a chance wher-e'er he can. In - to pol - i - tics, in - to pol - i - tics,
Tho' he is a won - drous rar - i - ty, This wee pa - tri - ot, this wee pa - tri - ot,
He may hold su-preme au - thor - i - ty, He'll be Pres - i - dent, he'll be Pres - i - dent,
He'll com - mand a large ma - jor - i - ty; In - to Par - lia-ment, in - to Par - lia-ment,

Pol - i - tics, pol - i - tics he may go, In - to pol - i - tics he may go.
Pa - tri - ot, pa - tri - ot, how he grows, This wee pa - tri - ot how he grows.
Pres - i - dent, Pres - i - dent by and by, He'll be Pres - i - dent by - and - by.
Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go!

Last time crescendo and rallentando.

* The original text appears in italics.

THE BELL DOTH TOLL.

ROUND.

No. 20

1 2 3

The bell doth toll, Its ech-oes roll, I know the sound full well; I love its ringing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its bim, bim, bim, bom bell, Bim, bom, bim, bom bell.

PILGRIMS' CHORUS.

(TANNHAUSER.)

Richard Wagner.

Andante maestoso.

No. 36

Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweet-ly en-fold thee; Thou, pil-grim staff, may rest thee now, Since I to Heav'n have ful-filled my vow. By pen-ance sore I have a-toned, And God's pure law my heart hath owned; My pains hath He with bless-ing crown'd, To God my song shall aye re-sound, To God my song shall aye re-sound, Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweet-ly en-fold thee; Thou

ff

pil - grim staff, thy toil is o'er, I'll serve my . . God for - ev - er - more, Hal - le - lu -

jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll serve my God, I'll serve my God for - ev - er - more.

CAST THY BURDEN.

(FROM "ELIJAH.")

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

No. 30

Più adagio.

Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord; And He shall sus - tain thee; He

nev - er will suf - fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is

great, and far a - bove the heav'ns. Let none be made a - sham - ed, that wait up - on Thee!

ALMIGHTY LORD.

(INTERMEZZO FROM "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.")

Alonzo Dewey.
Andante sostenuto. (♩ = 56.)

Pietro Mascagni.
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.

No. 38

4 *p* SOPRANO.

1. Al-might-y Lord, oh hear our pray'r, Though un-wor-thy we may be; By the great love Thou show-est, We are blest, and trust-ing lift our hearts to Thee. Fa-ther, hear us, lift our hearts to Thee. In sor-row's hour, 'Mid tri-umph's
2. When from Thy side our footsteps stray, And Thou see-est us un-true, Pray for-give us our weak-ness, Lead us back a-gain Thy gra-cious will to do. Fa-ther, hear us, gra-cious will to do. For all a-lone, No strength we

4 ALTO.

1. Al-might-y Lord, oh hear our pray'r, Though un-wor-thy we may be; By the great love Thou show-est, We are blest, and lift our hearts to Thee. In sor-row's hour, 'Mid tri-umph's
2. When from Thy side our foot-steps stray, And Thou see-est us un-true, Pray for-give us our weak-ness, Lead us back Thy gra-cious will to do. For all a-lone, No strength we

4 *p* TENOR.

1. Al-might-y Lord, oh hear our pray'r, Though un-wor-thy we may be; By the great love Thou show-est, We are blest and lift our hearts to Thee. In sor-row's hour, 'Mid tri-umph's
2. When from Thy side our foot-steps stray, And Thou see-est us un-true, Pray for-give us our weak-ness, Lead us back Thy gra-cious will to do. For all a-lone, No strength we

4 BASS.

Be Thou near us, Grant Thou that we may ev - er strive Thy truth to see. . .
Be Thou near us, Then hear us, Lord, when for Thy help we hum - bly pray. .

pow'r, Grant that we may strive Thy truth to see. . .
own, Hear us, Lord, help us we hum- bly pray. .

pow'r, Grant that we may strive Thy truth to see. . .
own, Hear us, Lord, help us we hum- bly pray. .

mf *mf*

Fa - ther dear, through twi - light and noons of glad - ness, Thou dost bless us with
Hear Thy child when night fall - eth, dark and star - less, When our sor - row is

Fa - ther dear, through twi - light and glad - ness, Thou dost bless us with
Hear Thy child when night fall - eth star - less, When our sor - row is

mf *mf*

Fa - ther dear, through twi - light and glad - ness, Thou dost bless us with
Hear Thy child when night fall - eth star - less, When our sor - row is

mf

Thy sweet word, Thro' hours of pain and sad - ness, 'Mid grief and sin and mad - ness,
strong and deep, When hope's sweet light is dy - ing, And faith for Thee is cry - ing,

Thy sweet word, Thro' hours of sad - ness, 'Mid grief and mad - ness,
strong and deep, When hope is dy - ing, And faith is cry - ing,

mf

Thy sweet word, Thro' hours of sad - ness, 'Mid grief and mad - ness,
strong and deep, When hope is dy - ing, And faith is cry - ing,

f *f*

Thy truth, Al - mighty Lord, Is as a might- y sword. In dark- est night, Thy love most
Oh God of star and dawn, Be near us when we weep. Let love be born, Let hate and

f

Thy truth, O Lord, is as a might -y sword. Thy love . most
Oh God of dawn, be near us when we weep. Let hate . and

p *f* *dim.*

bright, Fills all our hearts with morn. O make us white, with tho'ts of light, A - mid a
scorn Be lost in black - est night. O make us white, with tho'ts of light, And fill our

f

dim. *p* *f*

bright, Fills our hearts with morn. O make us white, 'Mid a
scorn Be in black - est night. O make us white, Fill our

p *poco.* *dim. e rit.* *pp* *ppp*

world of scorn, O fill our souls with songs of light, with songs of light. . . .
spir - it with morn; O teach us love and songs of light, Thy songs of light. . . .

p

pp *ppp*

world of scorn. Fill our souls with songs, with songs of light. . . .
spir - it with morn; Teach us love and songs, Thy songs of light. . . .

* Altos use tenor text.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana. *Spanish Melody.*

With expression.

No. 37

1. Flee as a bird to yon moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin; .
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing . tear;

f agitato.

Go to the clear-flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean. Fly, for th' a-
He will for-sake thee, Oh, nev - er, Shel - ter'd so ten - der - ly there. Haste then, the

a tempo.

ven-ger is near . thee, Call, and the Sav-iour will hear . thee, He on his bo-som will
hours are . fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and

rit.

bear . thee; Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
cry - ing, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

WELCOME, SWEET SPRING.

Rubinstein.

No. 40 *Moderato.*

1. Wel - come, sweet Spring-time! We greet thee in song. Mur - murs of glad - ness
2. Wel - come, sweet Spring-time! What joy now is ours, Win - ter has fled to

fall on the ear, . Voic - es long hush'd now their full notes pro - long, .
far dis - tant climes; Flo - ra thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow - ers,

A

Ech - o - ing far and near. Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from sleep,
Long - ing for thy com-mands. Brook - lets are whis - p'ring as on - ward they flow,

Joy - giv - ing in - cense floats on the air; Snow-drop and prim-rose both tim - id - ly peep
Songs of de-light at thy glad re - turn, Bound-less the wealth thou in love doth be - stow,

B

Hail - ing the glad new year. Balm - y and life - breath - ing breez - es are
Ev - er with lav - ish hands. How na - ture loves thee, each glad voice dis -

C

blow - ing, Swift - ly to na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing. Ah! how my
clos - es; Her - ald thou art of the time of the ros - es. Ah! how my

heart beats with rap - ture a - new, As earth's fair - est beau - ties a - gain meet my view.

D

Sing, then, ye birds! raise your voi - ces on high; Flow - 'rets, a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom!

Spring-time is come! and sweet Sum-mer is nigh. Sing, then, ye birds, O sing! .

THE MAGNET AND THE CHURN.

(FROM "PATIENCE.")

W. S. Gilbert. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

No. 41

Allegretto. SOLO.

1. A mag - net hung in a hard - ware shop, And all a - round was a
2. And i - ron and steel ex - pressed sur - prise, The nee - dles o - pened their

lov - ing crop Of scis - sors and nee - dles, nails and knives, Of - fer - ing love for
well drilled eyes, The pen - knives felt "shut up," no doubt, The scis - sors de - clared them

A

all their lives; But for i - ron the mag - net felt no whim, Tho' he
selves "cut - out;" The ket - tles they boiled with rage, 'tis said, While

B

charm-ed i - ron, it charmed not him, From nee-dles and nails and knives he'd turn, For he'd
ev - 'ry nail went off its head, And hith - er and thith - er be - gan to roam, Till a

CHORUS. SOLO.

set his love on a sil - ver churn! A Sil - ver Churn! A Sil - ver Churn!
hammer came up . . and drove them home. It drove them home, It drove them home;

C

His most aes - thet - ic, Ve - ry mag-net - ic, Fan - cy took this turn—"If
While this mag - net - ic, Pe - ri - pa - tet - ic Lov - er he lived to learn, By

CHORUS.

I can whee - dle A knife or a nee - dle, Why not a Sil - ver Churn?" His
no en - deav - or Can mag - net ev - er At-tract a . . Sil - ver Churn! While

most aes - thet - ic, Ve - ry mag- net - ic, Fan - cy took this turn— "If
this mag - net - ic Pe - ri - pa - tet - ic, Lov - er he lived to learn, By

rall.

I can whee - dle a knife or nee - dle, Why not a Sil - ver Churn?"
no en - deav - or Can mag - net ev - er At- tract a Sil - ver Churn!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Old Welsh. ***David Owen. Arr.***

Quietly.

No. 65

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at - tend thee, All thro' the night; Guard-ian an - gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep- ing, All thro' the night, While the wea - ry
3. Hark, a sol - emn bell is ring- ing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

God will send thee, All thro' the night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing,
world is sleep - ing, All thro' the night. O'er thy spir - it gen - tly stcal - ing,
heav'n-ward wing-ing, Home thro' the night. Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en,

Hill and vale in slum - ber steep-ing, I my lov- ing vi - gil keep-ing, All thro' the night.
Vi-sions of de - light re-veal - ing, Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel- ing, All thro' the night.
By good an- gels art thou tak - en, Soul im-mor- tal shalt thou wak-en, Home thro' the night.

ANVIL CHORUS FROM "IL TROVATORE."

Verdi.

No. 44

Allegro. 19 A

God of the na - tions, in glo - ry en-thron- ed, Up - on our lov'd coun - try Thy bless - ing pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the fu - ture, Let Peace dwell a - mong us for ev - er - more!

B

C *f*

Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with gold - en lus - ter! Bright - er each star shines in the glo - rious clus - ter! Hail! Hail! Hail! ban - ner of the free! And Peace and Un - ion, and Peace and Un - ion, throughout our hap - py land!

D

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Thomas Moore. *Old Irish.*

No. 43

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en- dear-ing young charms Which I gaze on so fondly to - day, . Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en-twine it - self ver - dant- ly still.

2. It is not while beau-ty, and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unpro-fan'd by a tear, . That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear. No, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow- er turns on her god when he sets The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Henry Russell.

No. 45 *Vivace.*

1. A life on the o - cean wave! A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the
2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift glid - ing craft; Set
3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have be -gun to frown, But

scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! A
sail! fare -well to the land, The gale fol - lows fair a - baft. Once
with a stout ves- sel and crew, We'll say let the storm come down! The

A

life on the o - cean wave! . A . home on the roll - ing deep! . Where the
more on the deck I stand . . Of my own swift glid - ing craft; . Set .
land is no lon - ger in view, . . The clouds have be - gun to frown, . But .

scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an
sail! fare -well to the land, The gale fol -lows fair a - baft. We
with a stout ves - sel and crew, We'll say let the storm come down! And the

B

ea - gle cag'd I pine . On this dull un -chang - ing shore, Oh,
shoot thro' the spark - ling foam . Like an o - cean bird set free; Like the
song of our hearts shall be, . While the winds and wa - ters rave, A

give me the flash - ing brine! The spray and the tem - pest's roar! . A
o - cean bird our home We'll find far out on the sea! . A
life on the heav - ing sea! A home on the bound - ing wave! . A

C

life on the o - cean wave! A . . home on the roll - ing

deep! Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els

D

keep, The winds, the winds, the winds their rev - els keep, The

winds, the winds, the winds their rev - els keep! . . . . . .

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

Franz Abt.

No. 47

1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ros - es scat - ter'd
2. When the white swan south-ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange
3. Hush! my heart, why thus com - plain? Thou must too thy woes con -

pp Stringendo.

lie, When from nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil -very night - in - gale; In these
groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these
tain; Though on earth no more we rove, Fond - ly breath-ing vows of love; Thou, my

Ritard. *Ten. a tempo.*

words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief impart, When I thus thy im - age lose,
words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief impart, When I thus thy im - age lose,
heart, must find re-lief, Yield-ing to these words belief; I shall see thy form a - gain,

Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose?
Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose?
Though to - day we part a - gain, Though to - day we part a - gain.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Robert Burns. *J. E. Spilman.*

No. 48

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gent - ly, I'll
2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides And winds by the

sing thee a song in thy praise: My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur- ing stream, Flow
cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As

A

gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis- turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re -
gath -'ring sweet flow -rets she stems thy clear wave. Flow gent- ly, sweet Af - ton, a -

sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorny den, Thou green-crested
mong thy green braes, Flow gent-ly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a -

lap- wing, thy screaming for - bear, I charge you dis - turb not my slum-ber -ing fair.
sleep by thy mur- mur -ing stream; Flow gent- ly, sweet Af - ton, dis-turb not her dream.

500590

MY SUNSHINE.

(O SOLE MIO.)

Henry Snow. *Eduardo di Capua.*

No. 42

Andantino.

2 ♯ 7 *p*

1. The love-ly sun-shine com-ing aft-er show-er, . Re-veals a
2. The day is end-ing, shad-ows deep are fall-ing, . A yearn-ing

di-a-mond on ev-'ry flow-er, . And all the gar-den, sweet with sum-mer
fills my heart, a voice is call-ing, . The sun no lon-ger on the rose is

ros-es, . . In dap-pled beau-ty 'neath the sun re-pos-es. . .
beam-ing, . But let me stand be-neath your case-ment gleam-ing. . .

REFRAIN. *rit.* *a tempo.*

But, oh, the sun-shine, . I dear-ly prize, . Is still the sun-shine
For, oh, the sun-shine, . I dear-ly prize, . Is still the sun-shine

f *p*

. . of your dear eyes; . My own, . the laugh-ing sun-shine of your dear

1 *a tempo* D.S. 2 *p* *dim.* *ppp*

eyes, . of your dear eyes. . . . . your eyes. . . . .

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. Willard. *J. P. Knight.*

No. 51

p

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds swept o'er the

sleep; Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to
brine; Or though the tem-pest's fier-ry breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and

A

save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's
death; In o-cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-

fall: And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the
ty; And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the

pp

deep: And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

THE HIRING FAIR.

(FROM "CHIMES OF NORMANDY.")

Robert Planquette.

No. 46

BASSES. (MEN SERVANTS.)

Than us you will not find bet - ter, If you groom or foot - man need, We

A

ne'er o- pen mas-ter's let - ter, For none of us can read! Language bad you'll ne'er hear

spo - ken, Our man - ners to us are dear, We pre - fer our vi - ands bro - ken, And

drink neither wine nor beer! Language bad you'll ne'er hear spo- ken, Our man - ners to us are

dear; We pre - fer our vi - ands bro - ken, And drink nei -ther wine nor beer!

B 8 C TENORS. (COACHMEN.)

Who are dri - vers lack - ing? Such a chance don't loose! Come a-long and choose!

By the way our whips are crack - ing, You may tell, we can drive well!

D

We know all a - bout oats, hay, clip-ping, doc - tor-ing and fir - ing, We're the sort of men for

hir - ing! We know all a - bout oats, hay, clip- ping, doc- tor- ing and fir - ing,

SOPRANO SOLO, OR SOPRANOS.

E 7

We're the sort of men for hir - ing, Just see how our whips we crack! Who are

F

want-ing maid -ens a - ble to keep house and wait at ta - ble? Such here you'll find,
cheek is fresh and glow-ing, Na- ture kind her health be-stow - ing, All here are so,

CHORUS. SOLO. G

Such here you'll find! Of dark and fair you see there's plen - - - - ty. And none of
All here are so! You'll find that all of us are stea - - - - dy, To do the

Chorus.

us is old as twen - - - - ty! So choose one to your mind, So choose one
dai - ly task quite rea - - - - dy! Not stu - pid, dull nor slow, Not stu - pid,

Solo. H

to your mind! Just look at that and look at this! Don't you think we're not a -
dull nor slow!

ril.

miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us

Chorus. Ah!

dear? Just look at that, and look at this! Don't you think we're not a - miss! A glance give

ril. 1 3 Solo. 2

there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear? Ev - 'ry dear.

I Tenors.

Who are driv - ers lack - ing? Such a chance don't loose!

Basses.

Than us you will not find bet - ter, If you groom or foot-man

Come a-long and choose! By the way our whips are crack - ing, You may tell, we can drive

need, We ne'er o - pen mas - ter's let - ter, For none of us can

J Sopranos & Altos.

Just look at that, and look at this! Don't you think we're not a -

well! We know all a - bout oats, hay, clip-ping, doc - tor - ing and

read! Lan-guage bad you'll ne'er hear spo - ken, Our man - ners to us are

miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us

fir - ing, We're the sort of men for hir - - - -

dear; We pre - fer our vi - ands bro - ken, And drink nei-ther wine nor

dear? Just look at that and look at this! Don't you think we're not a -

ing! We know all a - bout oats, hay, clip-ping, doc-tor-ing, and

beer! Lan-guage bad you'll ne'er hear spo - ken, Our man - ners to us are

rall.

miss? A glance give there, a glance give here, Tell us if you think us dear?

fir - ing, We're the sort of men for hir - ing, Just see how our whips we crack!

dear; We pre - fer our vi - ands bro - ken, And drink nei-ther wine nor beer!

No. 24 ECCE QUAM BONUM.

f *cres.* *rit.* *ff*

Ec - ce quam bo-num, quam-que ju - cun - dum, ha- bi - ta - re fra - tres in u - num.

f *cres.* *rit.* *ff*

A WARRIOR BOLD.

Stephen Adams.

No. 53

Con spirito.

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And bar - ons held their sway, A war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, . . Sang mer - ri - ly his lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com - pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die." death be nigh, I'll live for love or die. *ad lib.* love I die, . . *rall. e dim.* I've fought for love, For love, . for love I die."

2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, Went gai - ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a - way, . . His soul had pass'd a - way. The plighted ring he wore Was crush'd and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried, "I've kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love, for love, for love I die."

JUANITA.

Spanish Melody.

No. 54

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!

2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beaming, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh? In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

EVEN BRAVEST HEART MAY SWELL.

(FROM "FAUST.")

Charles Gounod.

No. 49

Andante.

E - ven brav - est heart may swell In the hour of fond fare - well,

Lov - ing smile of kin - dred kind, Qui - et home I leave be - hind,

A

Oft shall I think of you When pac - ing slow a sen - try's round,

Pac - ing slow a

When a - lone my watch I keep, While my com-rades lie a - sleep A -

lie . . . . . a-sleep A -

A -

mong their arms up - on the tent - ed bat - tle ground.

B

But when

sleep,

dan - ger to glo - ry shall call me, 'Tis I shall be first, shall be

first in the fray, As blithe as a knight in his bri - dal ar - ray,

C

As a knight in his bri - dal ar - ray! Care-less what fate may be - fall me,

TENOR *ad lib.*

Care - less what fate . . may be - fall me, When glo - - ry shall call me.

p D

Yet the brav - est heart may swell In the hour of sad fare-well,

p

cres. E *f*

Lov - ing smile of kin - dred kind, Qui - et home I leave be - hind, Oft shall I

cres. *f*

fond - ly think of you when far a - way, when far a - way.

CHORUS OF PEERS, FROM IOLANTHE.

MARCH MOVEMENT.

Arthur Sullivan.
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.

No. 55

Allegro maestoso. *f*

Loud - ly let the trump-et bray, Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra! bray, . .

f

bray, . .

Proud - ly bang the sound-ing brass - es, . . *ff* Bow, bow, ye

Tzing boom!

low-er mid-dle class - es! Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the trump-ets,

bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta - ra! Tzing, boom!

ff

Bow, bow, ye

low - er mid-dle class - es, Bow low, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass-es, Blow the trump-ets,

Note: It should be explained that the words of this chorus were intended as a satire on the British Parliament.

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

bang the brass - es! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

p *legato*

ra, tan - ta - ra, tzing, boom, tzing boom! We are Peers of high - est sta - tion,

p

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Par - a - gons of leg - is - la - tion, Pil - lars of the Brit - ish Na - tion,

tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra - tzing - boom, tzing boom, tan - ta - ra - tzing boom!

Bow low, ye mid - dle class - es, Bow, mass - es, Bow!

We are Peers of high - - est . . sta - tion,

p

We are Peers of high - est sta - tion, Par - a - gons of leg - is - la - tion,

p

Par - - - - a - gons of . . leg - - is - - la - tion,

Pil - lars of the Brit - ish na - tion, Pil - lars of the Brit - ish na - tion,

Pil - . - - lars of the Brit - - ish . . na - tion. .

We are Peers of high - est sta - tion, Par - a - gons of leg - is - la - tion.

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra. Tzing, boom.

f

Bow low, ye low - er mid - dle class - es, Bow low, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass - es,

f

Blow the trump-ets, Bang the brass - es, tan - tan - ta - ra Tzing boom! Bow, bow, ye

low - er mid- dle class - es, bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the trump-ets,

bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra,

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

f

Tzing boom! Bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es, Bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye

f

Tzing boom!

mass - es, Bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es, Trades - men, bow, ra, ra, ra

ff

4

ra! Tan - ta - ra! Tan - ta - ra! . . . . .

ff

SCOTLAND'S BURNING.

(ROUND.)

No. 32

1 2

Scot - land's burn - ing, Scot - land's burn - ing, Look out, look out!

3 4

Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on wa - ter, Pour on wa - ter.

WHEN THE FOEMAN BARES HIS STEEL.

(FROM "PIRATES OF PENZANCE.")

W. S. Gilbert. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

No. 59

Bass Solo or Chorus of Basses. *Allegro marziale.* Chorus of Basses and Tenors. Solo.

When the foe - man bares his steel! Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra! We un -

Chorus. Solo. Chorus.

com - fort - a - ble feel! Ta - ran - ta - ra, And we find the wis - est thing, Ta-ran - ta -

Solo. Chorus. Solo.

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, Is to slap our chests and sing, Ta - ran - ta - ra, For when

Chorus. Solo.

threat - ened with e - meutes, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, And your

Chorus. Solo.

heart is in your boots, Ta-ran - ta - ra, There is noth - ing brings it round Like the

A Chorus.

trum - pet's mar - tial sound, Like the trum - pet's mar - tial sound. Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -

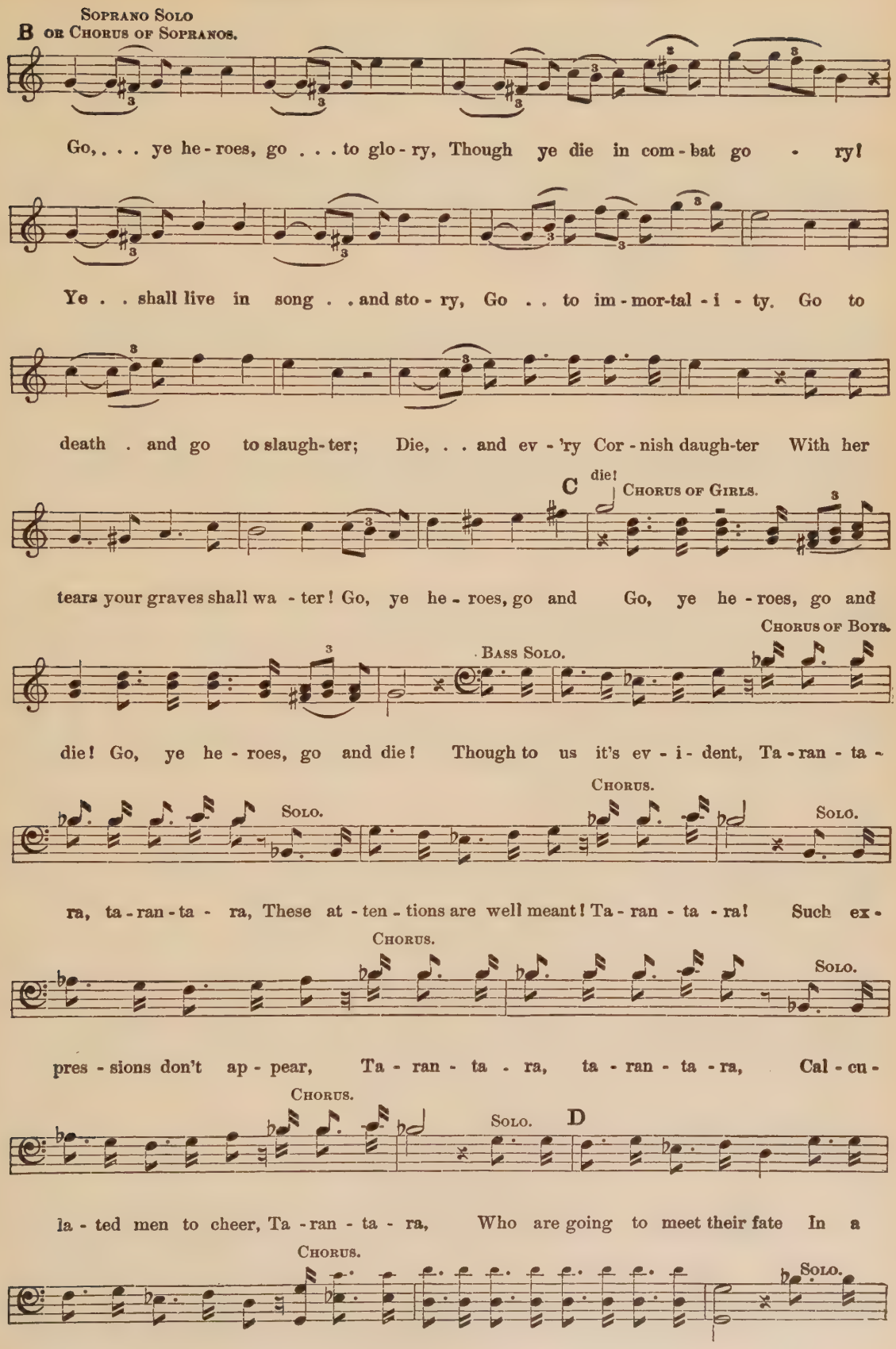
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

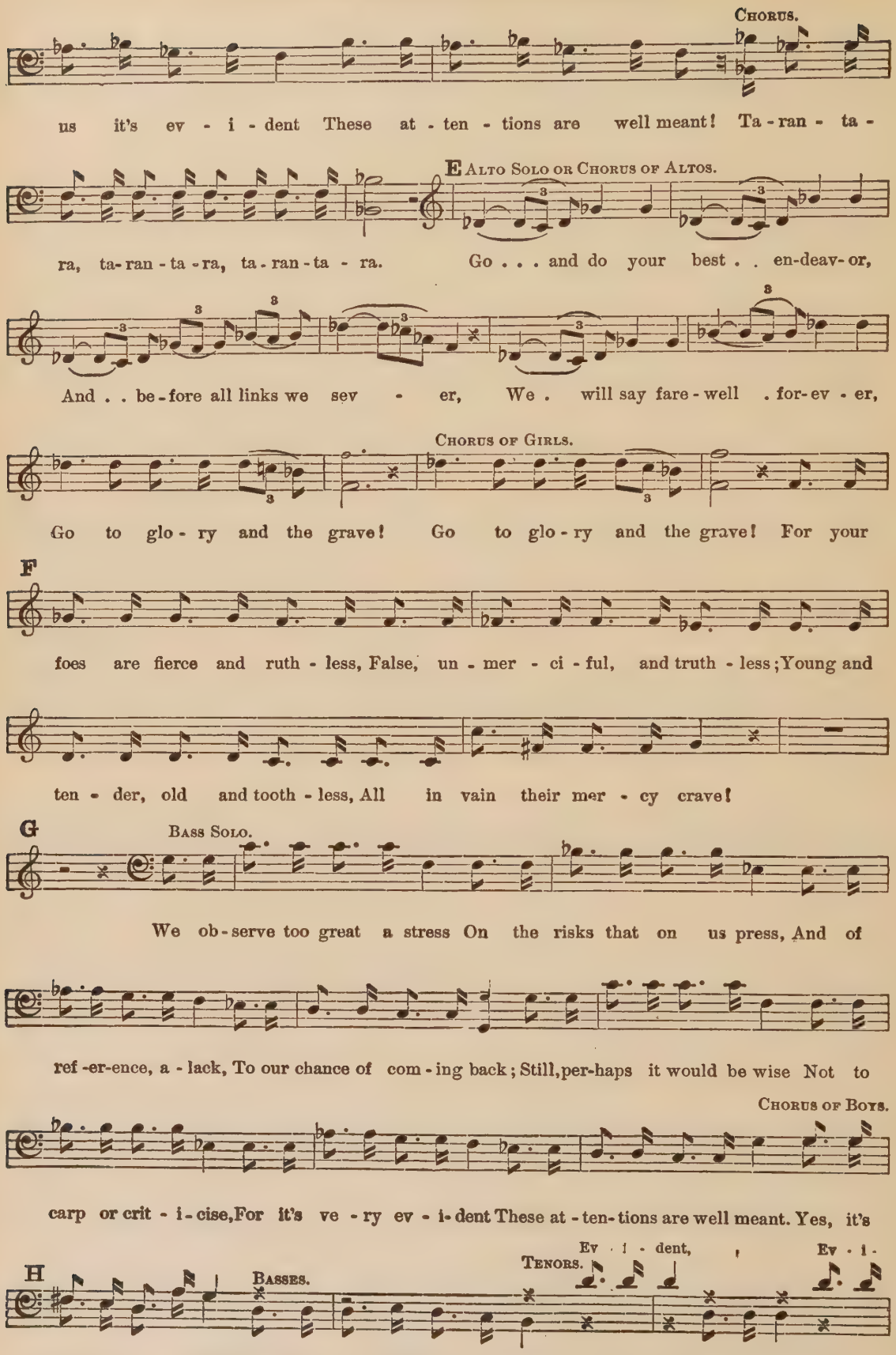
ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra,

ra, ra, ra ra, ra, ta-ran - ta -ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ta -ran - ta - ra!


Soprano Solo
B or Chorus of Sopranos.
Go, . . . ye he - roes, go . . . to glo - ry, Though ye die in com - bat go - ry!
Ye . . shall live in song . . and sto - ry, Go . . to im - mor-tal - i - ty. Go to
death . and go to slaugh-ter; Die, . . and ev - 'ry Cor - nish daugh-ter With her
C
die!
Chorus of Girls.
tears your graves shall wa - ter! Go, ye he - roes, go and Go, ye he - roes, go and
Chorus of Boys.
Bass Solo.
die! Go, ye he - roes, go and die! Though to us it's ev - i - dent, Ta - ran - ta -
Chorus.
Solo.
Solo.
ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, These at - ten - tions are well meant! Ta - ran - ta - ra! Such ex -
Chorus.
Solo.
pres - sions don't ap - pear, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, Cal - cu -
Chorus.
Solo.
D
la - ted men to cheer, Ta - ran - ta - ra, Who are going to meet their fate In a
Chorus.
Solo.
high - ly ner - vous state; Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, Still to


Chorus.
us it's ev - i - dent These at - ten - tions are well meant! Ta - ran - ta -
ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra.
E Alto Solo or Chorus of Altos.
Go . . . and do your best . . en-deav-or,
And . . be - fore all links we sev - er, We . will say fare - well . for-ev - er,
Chorus of Girls.
Go to glo - ry and the grave! Go to glo - ry and the grave! For your
F
foes are fierce and ruth - less, False, un - mer - ci - ful, and truth - less; Young and
ten - der, old and tooth - less, All in vain their mer - cy crave!
G
Bass Solo.
We ob - serve too great a stress On the risks that on us press, And of
ref - er-ence, a - lack, To our chance of com - ing back; Still, per-haps it would be wise Not to
Chorus of Boys.
carp or crit - i - cise, For it's ve - ry ev - i - dent These at - ten - tions are well meant. Yes, it's
H
Basses.
Tenors.
Ev - i - dent,
Ev - i -
ve - ry ev - i - dent These at - ten - tions are well meant,
yes, well meant,

I

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Go, ... ye he - - roes.

dent, Ah, yes, well meant! Go, ye

Ah, yes, well meant! When the foe - man bares his steel, Ta - ran - ta -

go . . . . . to glo - ry! Though . . . ye die in com-bat go - - ry,

he - - - roes, go to . . . glo - ry!

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra! We un-com-fort-a - ble feel, Ta-ran - ta - ra! And we

ye . . . . . shall live in song . . . . . and sto - ry,

ye shall, ye shall

find the wis - est thing, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, Is to

Go . . . . to im-mor-tal - i - ty!

J

live in sto - ry, Go to death, and go to

slap our chests and sing, Ta-ran - ta - ra! For when threaten'd with emeutes, Ta- ran - ta -

Die, ... and ev - 'ry Cor - nish daugh - ter With her

slaugh - ter; Die, and ev - - ry Cor - nish daugh - ter With her

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra! And your heart is in your boots, Ta-ran - ta - ra! There is

tears your grave shall wa - - - ter! Go, ye he - roes, go and

noth - ing brings it round Like the trum- pet's mar - tial sound, Like the trum-pet's mar - tial

K

die! Go, ye he - roes, go to

Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -

sound, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,

im-mor-tal - i - ty! Go, ye he - roes, go to im - mor- tal - i - ty! Tho' ye

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ta - ran - ta -

die in com - bat go - ry, Ye shall live in song and sto - ry; Go to

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ta - ran - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ra,

L

im - mor - tal - i - ty! A-way, a-way! These pi- rates slay!

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra! Yes, yes, we go! Ta - ran - ta -

M

Then do not stay! why this de-lay? Yes,
ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra! All right, we go! Yes, for-ward on the

for-ward on the foe, A-way, a-way, they go, they
foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe, We go, we

go! Yes, for-ward on the foe, A-way, a-
go! Yes, for-ward on the foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe,

way they go, they go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they real-ly, real-ly go!
We go, we go, we go, we go! We go, we go, we go, we go!

ON BILLOW ROCKING.

(FROM "CHIMES OF NORMANDY.")

Robert Planquette.

No. 56 *Moderato.*

1. "On bil-low rock-ing, At tem-pest mock-ing,
2. Sweet be thy slum-ber, Dreams with-out num-ber
3. Tho' heaves the bil-low, Soft is thy pil-low,

Gal-lant sail-or boy, o-cean's thy home. Calm-ly thou'rt sleep-ing
Float a-round thee, lad, vis-ions of home. Deep o-cean treas-ure,
O-cean croons to thee soft in thine ear. Tho' winds be scream-ing

Tho' gale be sweep-ing All the blue des-ert of wa-ter to foam."
Hon-or and pleas-ure, Fair lit-tle mer-maid-ens white in the foam.
And per-ils teem-ing, Our gal-lant sail-or boy nev-er doth fear.

THE MINUET.

(FROM "DON JUAN.")

Abbie Farwell Brown. *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.*

No. 60

Sweet la - dies in bro - cade and lace, Pow- der'd and patched is
Each proud gal - lant in rai - ment grand Leads his fair la - dy

Sweet la - dies in bro -cade and lace, Pow - der'd
Each brave gal - lant in rai-ment grand Leads his

ev - 'ry face, Step for- ward with a state - ly grace, To
by the hand, Trim in op - pos - ing rows they stand, To

hair and love - ly face, For- ward step with grace, With a state - ly
la - - - dy by the hand, In op - pos - ing rows, In op - pos - ing

dance the Min - u - et. Each la - dy now her fan un-furls,
form a dain - ty set. Each proud gal - lant ap-pears his best,

grace Dance the Min - u - et. Each la - dy now her fan, now her fan un -
rows Form a dain - ty set. Each gal - lant looks his best, looks his ver - y

Throws back her head of snow - y curls, Smiles to show a row of
All in his shin - y sat - in dressed, Lays his hand up - on his

furls, Nods her head of curls, snow - y curls, Then
best, In his sat - in dressed, gai - ly dressed, Then

milk - y pearls, And drops a curt - sey low. Now with a grace- ful
jew - el'd breast, And makes a gra - cious bow. Each gal - lant draws his

and slow. Now with a
so low. Each gal - lant

step and slow, For - ward and back they gai - ly go,
jew - eled blade, Held high, a glit - t'ring arch dis - played,

grace - ful step and slow, To and fro they gai - ly
draws his jew - eled blade, And a glit - - - t'ring arch is

Heads state - ly held and point - ed toe, And man - y a court - ly bow.
Now un - der this each mer - ry maid Must fol - low, one by one.

go, State -ly head and toe point-ed so, And deep, court - ly bow, so low.
made, Un - der this each maid, mer- ry maid, Must come one by one, such fun.

Hands cross'd with merry laugh and pout, Beaux cir-cling in a brave re- doubt,
See, as the la -dies pass be -low, Bent is the head of ev - 'ry beau,

And see the beaux cir-cling in a brave, brave redoubt, The
So slow-ly, bent is the head of each beau, each beau, The

Lit - tle shoes that twin- kle in and out, In man -y a curt - sey slow.
Maid -ens curt -sey then and whis- per low,— The Min - u - et is done!

and low.
is done!

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Robert Schumann.

No. 57

p *cres.*

1. When chil-dren lay them down to sleep, Bright an- gels come their watch to keep,
2. When morning light be - gins to break, And chil -dren from their sleep a- wake,

p

Cov - er them up, all safe -ly and warm, Ten - der - ly shield them from ev -'ry harm.
Still at their side, and all thro' the day An -gels keep guard as they work and play.

OH, ITALIA, BELOVED.

(FROM "LUCREZIA BORGIA.")

Gaetano Donizetti.

No. 61

Andantino.

mf

Oh, I - tal - ia, I -tal - ia be- lov - ed, Land of beau-ty, of sunlight and song! Tho' a -

mf

f *p*

far from thy bright skies re-mov - ed, Still our fond hearts for thee ev - er long! Oh, I-

A

tal - ia, I - tal - ia be - lov - ed, Land of beau - ty, of sun - light and song! Tho' a -

song, land of song!

f *p*

far from thy bright skies remov - ed, Still our fond hearts for thee ev - er long! Sweet thy

ev - er long!

f *p*

B *f*

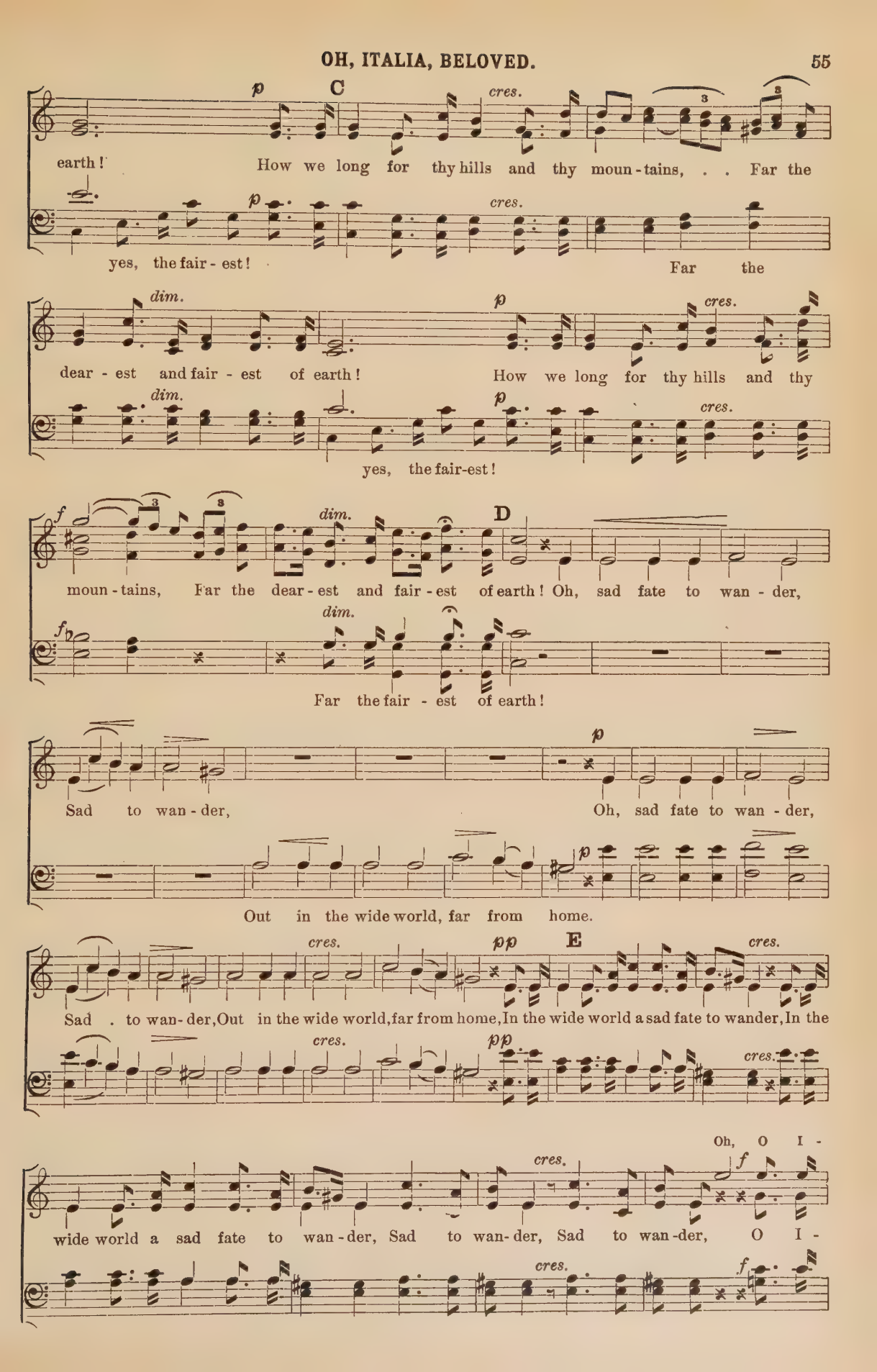
blue lakes, thy groves and thy foun-tains, Oh, thou dear land that gave us our birth, How we

f

dear land!

long for thy hills and thy moun - tains, Far the dear - est and fair - est of

moun-tains, thy mountains!


p
C
cres.
earth! How we long for thy hills and thy moun-tains, . . Far the
yes, the fair-est! Far the
dim.
p
cres.
dear-est and fair-est of earth! How we long for thy hills and thy
dim.
p
cres.
yes, the fair-est!
f
dim.
D
moun-tains, Far the dear-est and fair-est of earth! Oh, sad fate to wan-der,
f
dim.
Far the fair-est of earth!
p
Sad to wan-der, Oh, sad fate to wan-der,
p
Out in the wide world, far from home.
cres.
pp
E
cres.
Sad . to wan-der, Out in the wide world, far from home, In the wide world a sad fate to wander, In the
cres.
pp
cres.
Oh, O I-
cres.
f
wide world a sad fate to wan-der, Sad to wan-der, Sad to wan-der, O I-
cres.
f

OH, ITALIA, BELOVED.

tal - - - - - - - - - ia, I - tal - ia, I - tal - ia,

F

tal - ia, I - tal - ia be - lov - ed, Land of beau - ty, of sun - light, and

Dear land a far re - mov - ed,

song, Tho' a - far from thy bright skies re-mov - ed, Still our fond hearts for thee ev - er

p G *mf*

long. Sweet thy blue lakes, thy groves and thy foun -tains, Oh, thou dear land that gave us our

p *mf*

f

birth, How we long for thy hills and thy moun - tains, Far the dear -est and fair- est of

f

mountains, thy mountains!

p *cres.*

earth! How we long for thy hills and thy moun-tains, . . . Far the

p *cres.*

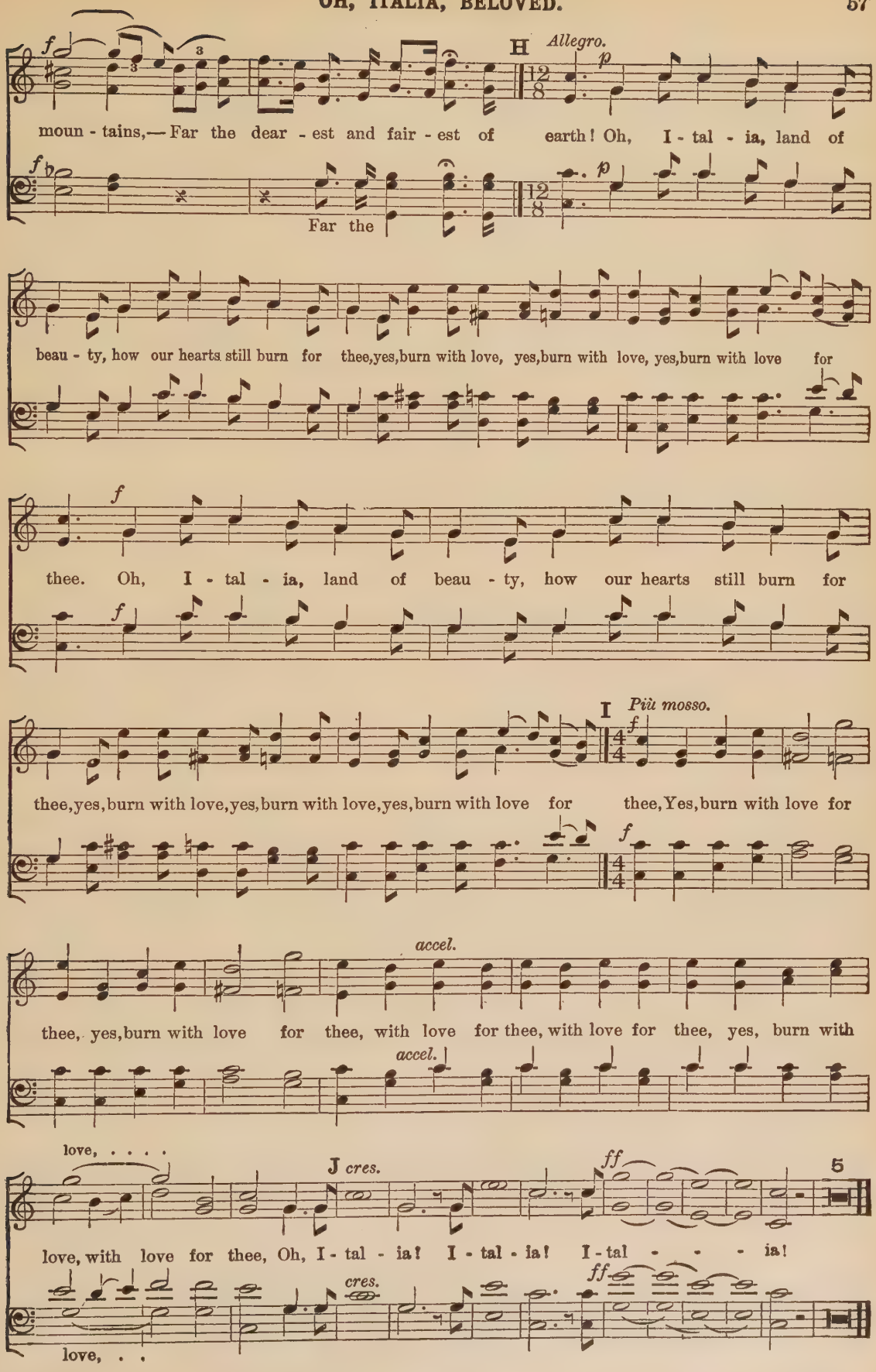
yes, the fair - est! Far the

dim. *cres.*

dear - est and fair - est of earth! How we long for thy hills and thy

dim. *cres.*

yes, the fair - est!


H
Allegro.
moun - tains,— Far the dear - est and fair - est of earth! Oh, I - tal - ia, land of
Far the
beau - ty, how our hearts still burn for thee, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love for
thee. Oh, I - tal - ia, land of beau - ty, how our hearts still burn for
I
Più mosso.
thee, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love, yes, burn with love for thee, Yes, burn with love for
accel.
thee, yes, burn with love for thee, with love for thee, with love for thee, yes, burn with
love, ...
J
cres.
ff
5
love, with love for thee, Oh, I - tal - ia! I - tal - ia! I - tal - - - ia!
cres.
ff
love, . .

FAREWELL, SUMMER.

(FROM "MARTHA.")

Abbie Farwell Brown. *Friedrich von Flotow.*

No. 62

Larghetto.

1. Fare you well, sweet sum-mer play-time, Hap-py days a-mid the flow'rs. Fare you
2. Fare you well, you can-not stay me, Flow-er friends and kind-ly trees, In whose

well, dear sum-mer day-time, Az-ure skies and shad-y bow'rs. All the
shade I long to lay me; Fare you well, sweet sum-mer breeze. Lit-tle

A

bove. . . . Sum-mer
sea, . . . Fare you

B

pleas-ant haunts that knew me, All the trees that bent a-bove, and all the haunts that
brook I loved to fol-low, Rac-ing gai-ly to the sea, the brook I loved to

All the haunts,
Lit-tle brook

scents . . . and sounds that drew . . me, To the Na-ture that I
well . . . . with thrush and swal-low, Lark and rob-in, dear to

knew me, all the trees that bent a-bove me, All the pleas-ant scents and sounds that
fol-low, rac-ing gai-ly to the sea, Fare-well, sweet lark and rob-in, dear to

love . . . To the Na-ture that I love. . .
me, . . . Lark and rob-in, dear to me. . . .

C

drew me to na-ture that I love. . . Ah! Fare you
me, lark and rob-in, dear to me. . . Ah! Fare you

well, . sweet sum - mer play - time, Hap - py days a - mid the flow'rs, Fare you

well, . dear sum - mer day - time, Fare you well, sun - ny skies, sha - dy bow'rs.

SWEET DAYS, FAREWELL.

(FROM "THE TRUMPETER OF SACKINGEN.")

Victor E. Nessler.

Andante con moto.

No. 63

1. How strange-ly is the course of life di - rect - ed, That love - ly ros - es bear sharp thorns a - bove, That sor - rows fall where joy was most ex - pect - ed, And dis - tance sep - a - rates the friends who love. My hap - py dream, through child-ish fan - cy beam - ing, May fade a - way till none its glow may see; And yet fare - well, if 'twas but i - dle dream - ing, Sweet days, fare - well, it was not so to be; . . Sweet days, fare - well, if 'twas but i - dle dream - ing, Sweet days, fare - well, it was not so to be.

2. I dream'd of youth - ful bliss in am - ple meas - ure, There was no place for aught but fair and sweet, Thro' vales of peace and hours of tran - quil pleas - ure, My child - ish fan - cy led my ea - ger feet. Then thro' my heart the flash of joy went gleam - ing, And I shall yet its ra - diant prom - ise

3. Dark clouds ap - pear, the wind sighs thro' the heath - er, A rain - storm wea - ther, Gray as the heav'n the world to youth - ful eyes. The fu - ture waits with joys of fair - er seem - ing, Yet would I fain my ear - ly fan - cy

A

ANNIE OF THARAU.

Simon Dach, Tr. — *Silcher.*

Moderato.

No. 64

1. An - nie of Tha - rau my love shall re - main, Dear to me
2. Tem - pests may gath - er and storms may de - stroy, We are to -
3. Straight as the palm - trees that, ris - ing on high, Fear not the

al - ways, in joy or in pain; An - nie of Tha - rau has giv - en her heart;
geth - er in sor - row or joy; Sick-ness, mis - for - tune and sor - row and pain,
storm-winds, the tem - pests de - fy, So shall our love for each oth - er be strong,

A

We shall be faith - ful till death shall us part. An - nie of Tha - rau, my
In our deep love, we count noth - ing but gain. An - nie of Tha - rau, my
Guid - ing us tru - ly, pro - tect - ing from wrong. An - nie of Tha - rau, my

sun - shine, my health, Soul of my bod - y and dear - est of wealth.

SANTA LUCIA.

Italian.

No. 69

1. Now 'neath the sil- ver moon O - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm bil - low
2. When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us,

Soft winds are blow - ing. Here balm - y zeph - yrs blow, Pure joys in - vite us,
All care al - lay - ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are giv - en,

A *f*

And as we gen- tly row All things de - light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry
Where smiles cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en. Hark, how the sail-or's cry

mf *f*

Joy- ous - ly ech-oes nigh. San - ta Lu - ci - a! San- ta Lu -ci - a, Home of fair

mf *f*

Po - e - sy, Realm of pure Har-mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu- ci - a!

SIR! PRAY BE SO GOOD.

(ROUND.)

1 *Allegro.* — *Henry Purcell, 1658–1695.*

No. 35

Sir! pray be so good, Have you seen a boy Run-ning like a hare to-wards the wood?

2

There he goes! hark, hark, a - way! He bursts a - cross the o - pen heath, We'll run him down be -

3

fore he hides be - neath the wood. O, I'm spent, I've lost my breath, I'll lie down here and

watch them pass; They lit - tle think a boy can hide in a tuft of grass.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

Wm. Shakespeare,
from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Franz Schubert.
Adapted by Frederic Field Bullard.

No. 50

4 *p*

1. Who is Syl - via what is she, . That all our swains com -
2. Is she kind as she is fair? . For beau - ty lives with
3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That Syl - via is ex -

4 *p*

mend her? (commend her?) Ho - ly, fair, and wise is she; The heav'ns such grace did
kind-ness; (with kindness;) Love doth to her eyes re - pair, To help him of his
cel - ling; (ex - cel - ling;) She ex - cels each mor - tal thing Up - on the dull earth

p

lend her, (did lend her,) That she . might ad - mir - ed . . .
blind - ness, (his blind - ness,) And be - ing helped in - hab - its . . .
dwell - ing; (here dwell - ing;) To her . let us gar - lands . .
mir - - -
hab - - -
gar - - -

p

3

be, . That she . might ad - mir - ed be.
there, And be - ing helped in - hab - its there.
bring, To . her . let us gar - lands bring.
- - ed be, .
- - its there,
- - lands bring,

3

CALL TO BATTLE.

(FROM "AIDA.")

Sylvia Child. *Giuseppe Verdi.*

Allegro maestoso

No. 68

BASSES.

Hark, the call of du - ty loudly sounded, Men, a-rise, the nation's gallant brave, Tune your

ALTOS.

hearts to hope and faith unbounded, High your re-solve our coun-try's flag to save. Foe-men

A

ral - ly, per - ils thick-en, Cow - ard hearts are ter - ror-stricken, But the brave with ar - dor

CHORUS B

quick-en, Men, a - rise, your country save. Hark, the call of du - ty loud- ly sounded, Men, a -

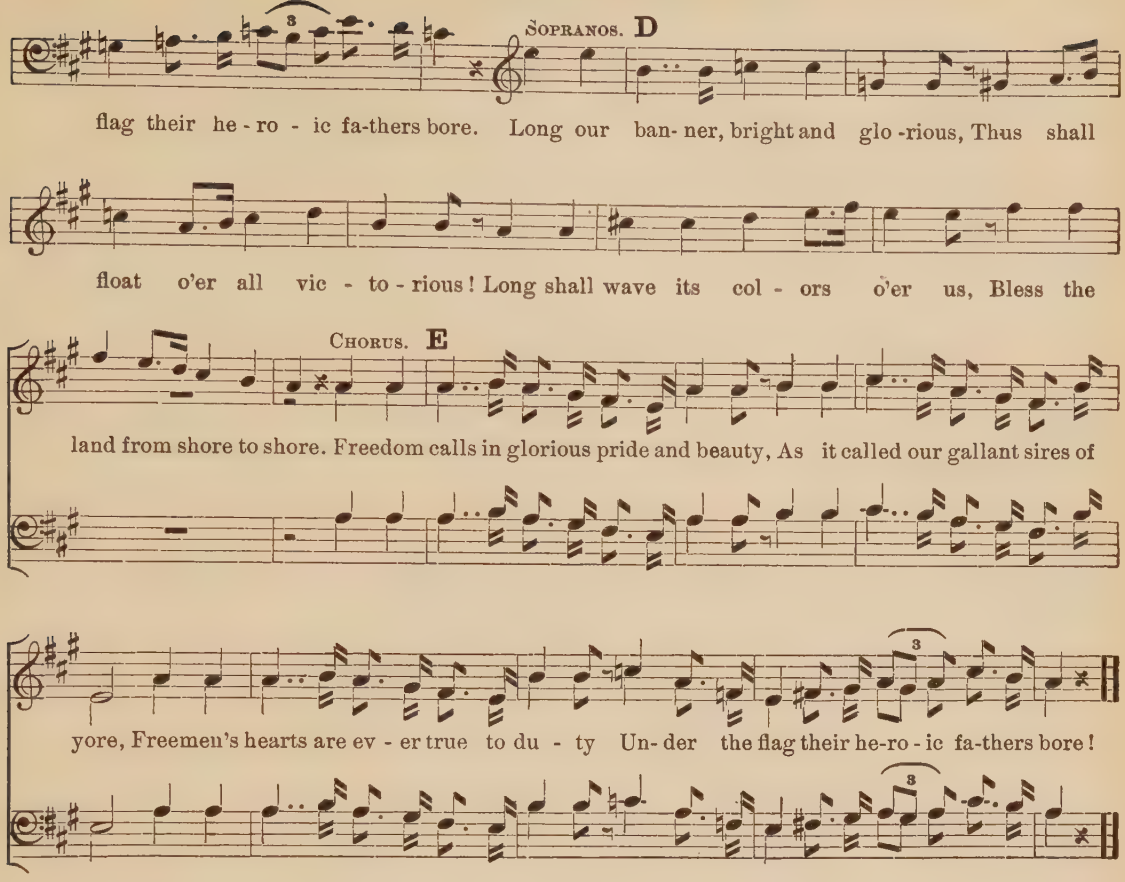
rise, the Fa - therland to save, Hearts beat high with faith and hope un-bound-ed, Thou, O my

C

coun-try, shall make us no - bly brave! Free-dom calls in glorious pride and beau - ty, As it

TENORS.

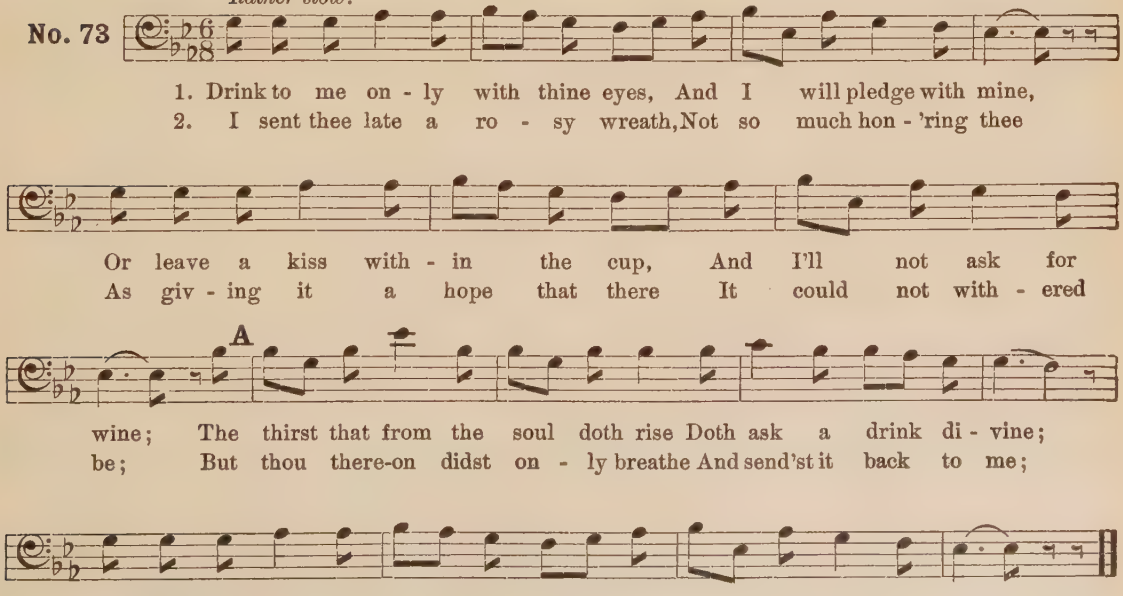
call'd our gal-lant sires of yore, Freemen's hearts are ev - er true to du - ty Un--der the



DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Ben Jonson. *Old English Air.*

No. 73 *Rather slow.*



LAST NIGHT THE NIGHTINGALE WOKE ME.

Halfdan Kjerulf.

No. 71

p Allegretto.

1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still,
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night,
3. Oh, think not I can for - get you, I could not if I would;

rit.

It sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out . . the wood - land hill. I
I wake and would you were here, love, And tears . . are blind-ing my sight. I
I see you in all a - round me, The stream, . the night, the wood. The

A

o - pen'd my win - dow so gent - ly, I look'd on the dream - ing
hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing
flow - ers that slum - ber so gent - ly, The stars a - bove the

dew; And oh! the bird, my dar- ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
through, And oh! the night, my dar- ling, Is sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
blue: Oh! heav'n it - self, my dar- ling, Is pray- ing, pray - ing for you, for you.

O FAIR DOVE! O FOND DOVE!

Alfred S. Gatty.

No. 74

p Allegro moderato.

1. Me - thought the stars were blink -ing bright, And the old brig - sails un -
2. My true love fares on this great hill, Feed - ing his sheep for

furled; I said I will sail to my love this night At the oth - er side of the
aye; I look'd in his hut, but all was still, My love was gone a -

cres.

world. I stepp'd a - board, we sail'd so fast, The sun shot up from the
way. I went to gaze in the for - est creek, And the dove mourn'd on a -

mf

bourne; But a dove that perch'd up - on the mast Did mourn, and mourn, and
pace, No flame did flash, nor fair blue reek Rose up to show me his

A *Poco lento con molto espress.*

mourn. O fair dove! O fond dove! And dove with the white, white breast!
place. O lost love! O first love! My love with the true, true heart! To

pp *rall.*

Let me a - lone, the dream is my own, And the heart is full of rest.
think I have come to this your home, And yet we are a - part.

mf

3. My love, he stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and sweet, Me -

cres. *mf* *dim.*

thought he said In this far land, Oh, is it thus we meet? Ah! maid, most dear, I

mf *f*

am not here; I have no place, no part, No dwell-ing more, by sea or shore, But

dim. e rall. *pp* B

on - ly in thy heart. O fair dove! O fond dove! till night rose o - ver the

dim. e rall.

bourne The dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE.

Mendelssohn.

No. 76 *Allegretto con moto.*

1. I would that my love could si-lent - ly flow in a sin - gle word, I'd
2. To thee on their wings, my fairest, that soul-felt word they would bear, Should'st

give it the mer-ry breez-es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, I'd give it the mer-ry
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, Should'st hear it at ev- 'ry

A

breez-es, They'd waft it a-way in sport; a - way in sport, away in sport, they'd
mo-ment And hear it ev - 'rywhere; and ev-'ry - where, and ev-'ry - where, and

waft it a - way in sport. 3. At night, when thine eye - lids in slum - ber have
hear it ev - 'ry where.

B

clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still there my love it will haunt thee e'en in thy deepest

dreams, Still there my love it will haunt thee e'en in thy deep - est
e'en in thy deep - est,

C

dreams, thy deepest dreams, E'en in thy deep-est, deep - est dreams.

SEND OUT THY LIGHT.

Charles Gounod.

No. 72

ff Adagio molto. *pp Moderato.*

Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them

cres. *dim.* *p* *cres.*

lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light and Thy

cres. *dim.* *p*

f *dim.* A

truth, let them lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy

f *dim.*

O let them lead me, O let them

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

ho - ly . . hill, let them lead, let them lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill.

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

O let them lead me, O let them

B *p* *cres.* *f* *ff*

Lord, we will praise Thee, Lord, we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp,

p *cres.* *f* *ff*

ff *ff*

O our God! on the harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God!

ff *ff*

pp C *cres.*

Send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, O, let them bring me to thy

pp *cres.*

dim. *p* *p* *cres.* *f*

ho - ly hill. Send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, O, let them

dim. *p* *p* *cres.* *f*

dim. *p* O let them lead me, O let them lead me,

bring me to thy ho - ly hill, un - to thy ho - ly hill, let them lead, let them lead me,

dim. *p*

O let them lead me, O let them lead me,

f *rit.* *dim.* *p* *ff* D *pp* *adagio.*

O, let them bring me to thy ho - ly hill; Send out thy light, O Lord our God! . .

f *rit.* *dim.* *p* *ff* *pp*

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Longfellow. *I. B. Woodbury.*

No. 101

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deep, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch, while, in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
slum-ber light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

I HEAR THE SOFT NOTE.

(FROM "PATIENCE.")

W. S. Gilbert. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

No. 78

Andante con moto.

1. I hear the soft note of the ech - o - ing voice Of an old, old love long dead— It whis-pers my sor - row - ing heart "re - joice"— For the last sad tear is shed— The pain that is all but a pleas - ure will change For the pleas - ure that's all but pain, And nev - er, oh, nev - er, this heart will range From that old, old love a - gain! Yes, the pain that is all but a pleas- ure will change For the pleas- ure that's all but pain, And nev - er, oh, nev - er, this heart will range From that

2. So sol - emn - ly, sweet - ly it falls on my ear That I scarce may note the tone, It com- forts and qui - ets each doubt and fear That my lone - ly heart has known. The pain that is all but a pleas - ure will change For the

p *cres.* *p* A *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

B

Oh nev - - er, oh nev - er this

old, old love a - gain! Oh nev - er, oh nev - er this heart, this heart will range, From that

heart will . . . range, oh nev - - - er, oh

old, old love a - gain! Oh nev - er, oh nev - er this heart, oh

nev - er this heart will range From that old, old love a - gain!

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Thomas Moore. *Old Irish Air*

No. 77

1. 'Tis the last rose of . sum-mer Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To . pine on the stem; Since the
3. So . soon may I . fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from

A

love - ly . com-pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow'r of her kin-dred, No
love - ly . are sleep-ing, Go, sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I . scat - ter Thy
Love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie with-ered And

B

rose-bud is nigh, . To re - flect back her blush-es Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, . Where thy mates of . the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
fond ones are flown, . Oh! . who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

THE ENDLESS SONG.

Joyously — *W. H. Neidlinger.*

No. 201

Seems to me the whole world's sing - ing some-thing joy - ful all the

Seems to me the whole world's joy - ful all the

cres. *rit.*

time; Mirth and gurg - ling laugh - ter ring - ing up and down, come flow'r or rime.

cres. *rit.*

time; Laugh - ter ring - ing up and down, come flow'r or rime.

p *In time.*

Bees and birds on sum - mer leas, Wind and wood - land mel - o - dies, And

Bees on sum - mer leas, Wood - land mel - o - dies, And

when the sum- mer's gone, From the pines and hem - lock trees,

cres. *mf* *cres.*

when sum-mer's gone, From the hem - lock trees, Cho - rus - es of chick - a - dees,

From the pines and hem - lock trees,

mf *cres.*

when sum-mer's gone, From the hem - lock trees, Cho - rus - es of chick - a - dees,

rit. *In time.* *f*

Keep the mu - sic go - ing on; Faith - ful home - folk nev - er wing -ing from the

rit. *In time.* *f*

Keep the mu - sic go - ing on; Faith - ful home - folk sing - ing,

ev - er-greens they love, Thro' all sorts of wea-ther sing - ing, "Chic-a - dee, look up a -

sing - - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, "Chic-a - dee, look up a -

accel.

Lis - ten, lis - ten, lit - tle one, to me, . . Face the sea - sons

bove! Lis - - - ten to me,

bove! Lis - - - ten to me,

cheer - i - ly, . . For there's noth - ing ev - er wrong, chick - y, if you'll on - ly see . .

rit.

Chic - - a - dee, . . Noth - ing is wrong, on - ly see

rit.

Chic - - a - dee, Noth - ing is wrong, on - ly see

In time

rit.

Like a lit - tle chic - a - dee, That the world's an end - less song;

rit.

Like a lit - tle chic - a - dee, That the world's an end - less song;

rit. cres. *ff*

Chick - y, if you'll on - ly see That the world's an end - less, end - less song."

rit. cres. *ff*

Chick - y, if you'll on - ly see That the world's an end - less, end - less song."

ROMAN WAR HYMN.

(FROM "RIENZI.")

Richard Wagner.

No. 82

Allegro maestoso ed energico.

ff San - to spi - ri - to ca - va - lie - re! * 5 *ff* A Ro - mans, a - rise, ye

bold and daunt-less na - tion, Un - to the foe to bring ex - ter - mi - na - tion!

Heav'n in His wrath their fa - tal end has sped, brand - ish your swords, their im-pious

B

blood be shed! To arms, to arms, the clar-ions bold - ly sound, hence to pro -

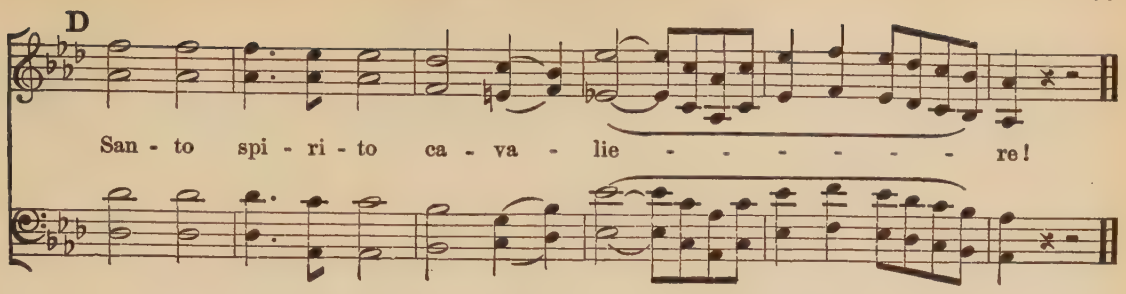
claim a day so glo - ri - ous, death to the foe, be ter - ror spread a-round, wher-e'er our

C

le - gions tread vic - to - ri - ous; our cry now e - cho far, ... now

e - - - cho! San - to spi - ri - to ca - va - li - re!

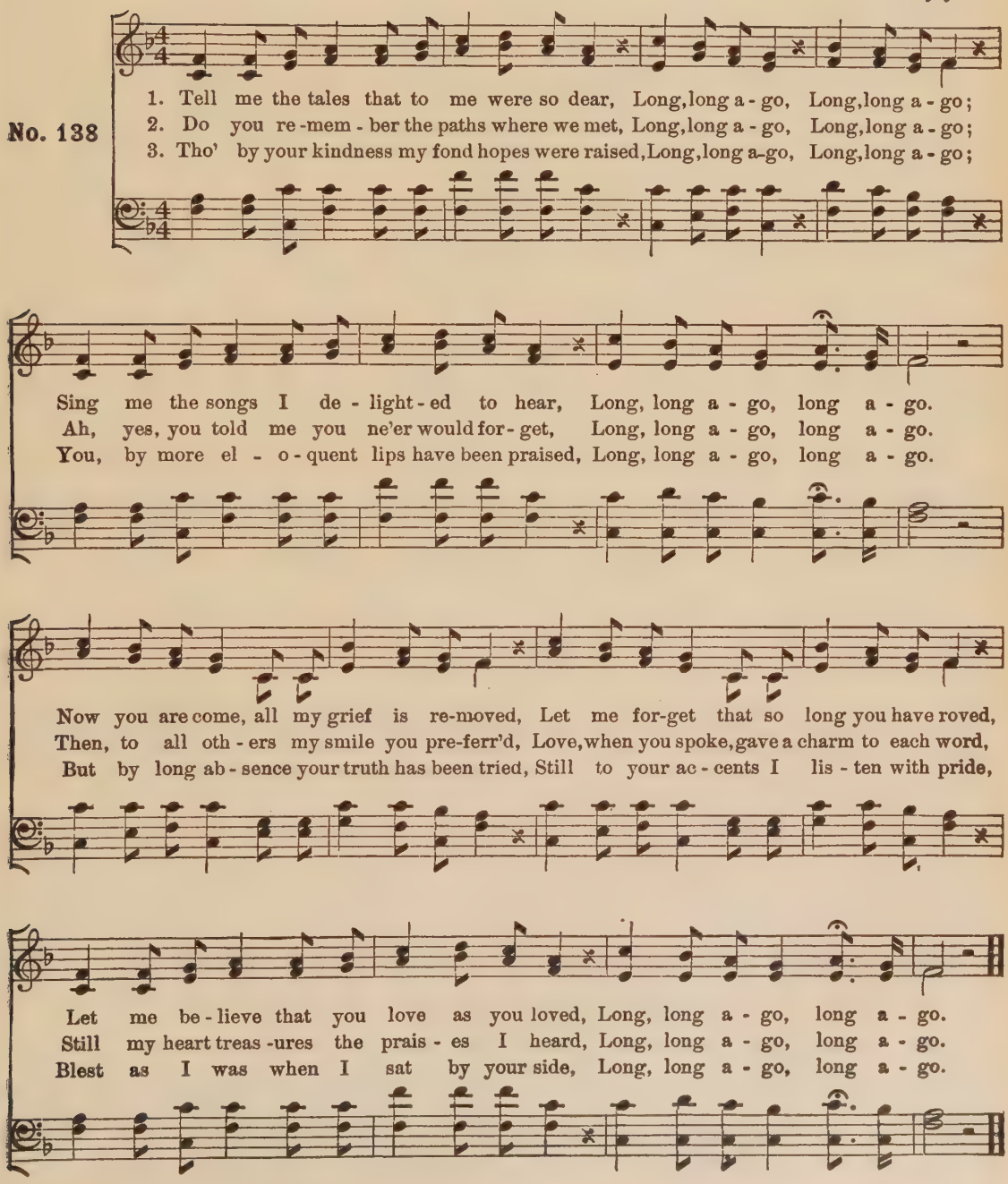
* Roman war cry.



LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. Bayly.

No. 138



BEDOUIN LOVE SONG.

Ciro Pinsuti.

No. 84

p *Allegretto moderato assai.*

1. From the des - ert I come to thee On my A - rab shod with fire,
2. From thy win - dow look and see. . . My pas - sion and my pain!

And the winds are left be - hind In the speed of my de - sire.
I lie on the sand be - low, And I faint in thy dis-dain.

A

Un- der thy win - dow I stand, . . And the mid - night hears my cry, I
Let the night winds touch thy brow . . With the breath of my burn - ing sigh, And

animando e cres. *f* *molto rall.*

love thee! I love but thee! With a love that shall not die! With a love that shall not
melt thee to hear the vow Of a love that shall not die! Of a love that shall not

a tempo. B *Meno mosso, con espress.*

die! . . . . Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old,

C D *cres.* *ff* *con tutta l' anima.*

And the leaves of the Judg-ment Book un - fold! Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old,

cres. *ff* *rall.* 1 2

And the leaves of the Judg - ment Book . . un - fold! Judg - ment Book un - fold!

NANCY LEE.

Stephen Adams.

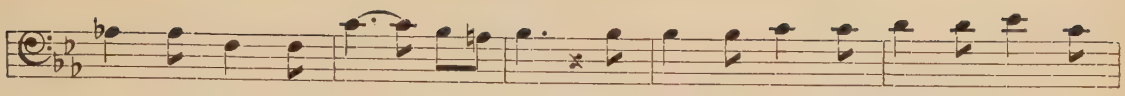
No. 85

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo
2. The har- bor's past, the breez - es blow, . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo
3. The boa - s'n pipes the watch be - low; . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo

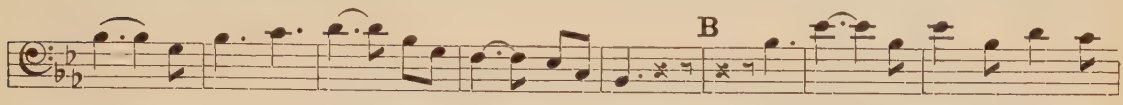
ho! yeo ho! There's none like Nancy Lee I trow, . . . Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo
ho! yeo ho! 'Tis long e'er we come back I know, . . . Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo
ho! yeo ho! Then here's a health before we go, ... Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

A

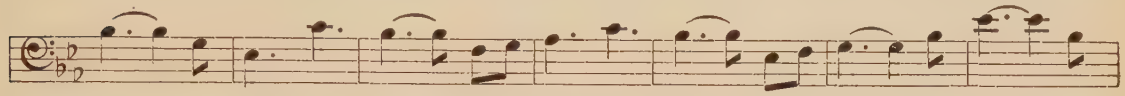
ho! See there she stands an' waves her hand up-on the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when
ho! But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an'
ho! A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea, An' keep my bones from



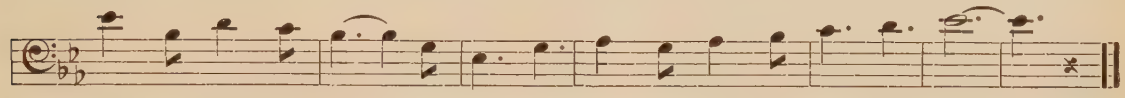
I'm a - way she'll watch for me, An' whis - per low when tem - pests blow, for
snug an' sweet for Jack at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an'
Dav - y Jones wher - e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as



Jack at sea; Yeo ho! lad! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
wel - come me; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's
Nan - cy Lee; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail-or's



star shall be, Yeo ho! . we go a - cross the sea; The sail - or's



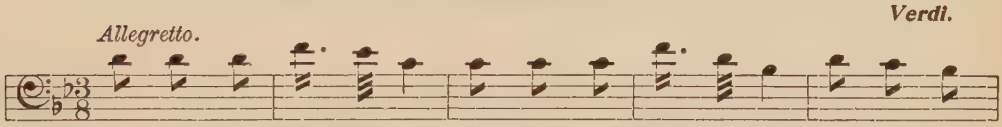
wife the sail - or's star shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be. .

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

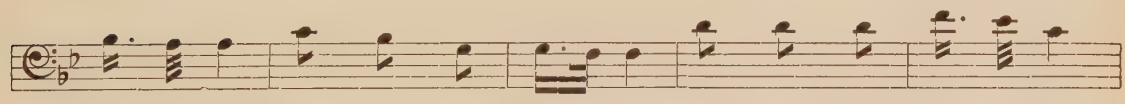
Verdi.

Allegretto.

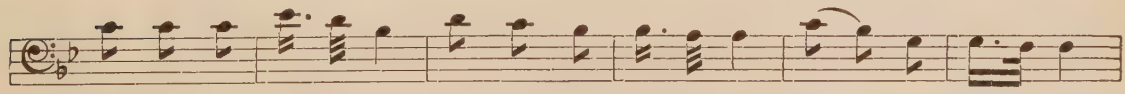
No. 86



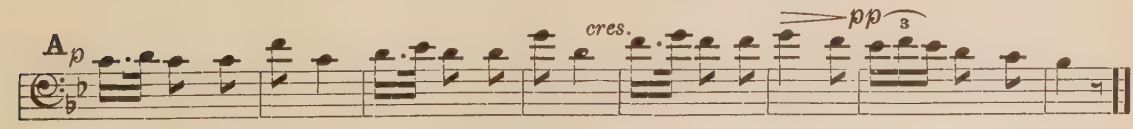
1. O - ver the sum - mer sea, With light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad
2. List to my round - e - lay As we glide on our way; Ne'er will my
3. Hark, there's a bird on high, Far in yon az - ure sky Fling- ing sweet



min-strel - sy Gai - ly we're roam - ing; Swift flows the rip - pling tide;
love de - cay, Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the wa - ters deep,
mel - o - dy, Each heart to glad - den; And its song seems to say,



Light - ly the zeph-yrs glide; Round us on ev - 'ry side, Bright crests are foam - ing.
Now our oars gai - ly sweep, True in the time they keep, What can grieve thee?
"Ban- ish dull care a - way; Nev - er let sor - row stay, Brief joys to sad - den."



Fond hearts, entwin-ing, Cease all re- pin-ing; Near us is shin- ing Beau - ty's bright smile.

JOIN IN PLEASURE.

(VOCAL GAVOTTE.)

Jakobowski in "Erminie."

No. 67

Allegretto.

1. Join in pleas - ure, dance a meas - ure, Fond - ly treas - ure hours so bright;
2. Step-ping spright-ly, laugh-ing light - ly, Nois - y chat - ter fills the throng;

Prim, se - date - ly, not too state - ly, Stiff-ness great-ly mars de - light. Light - ly
An - i - ma - tion, and e - la - tion, Fes - tive joys we'll still pro - long. When the

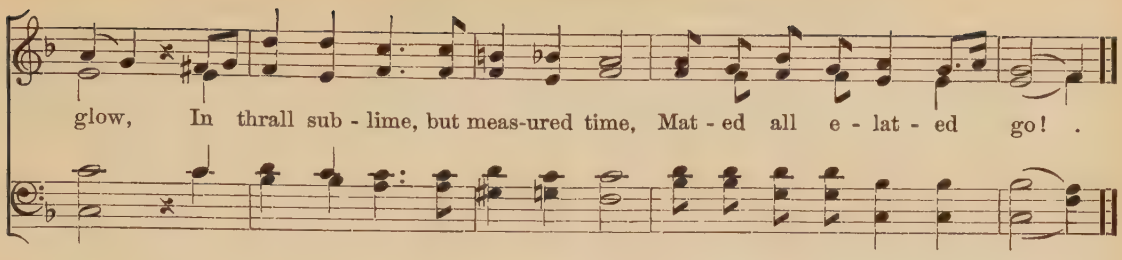
step with grace-ful bear-ing, Suit - a - ble pre - ci - sion show, Fin - ish comes of long pre-
mu - sic din is loud-est, Sigh-ing swains may seek their fate, Plead with meek-est, dare the

par - ing, Fac - es bright and hearts a - glow. O fair - est belle with brav-est beau, State-ly,
proud -est, In the ma - zy tete - a - tete. O fair - est belle with brav-est beau, State-ly,

but with hearts a - glow, In thrall sub-lime, but meas-ured time, Mat - ed all e - lat - ed

go! . . . . . O fair - est belle with brav - est beau, State - ly, but with hearts a -

all e - lat-ed go!

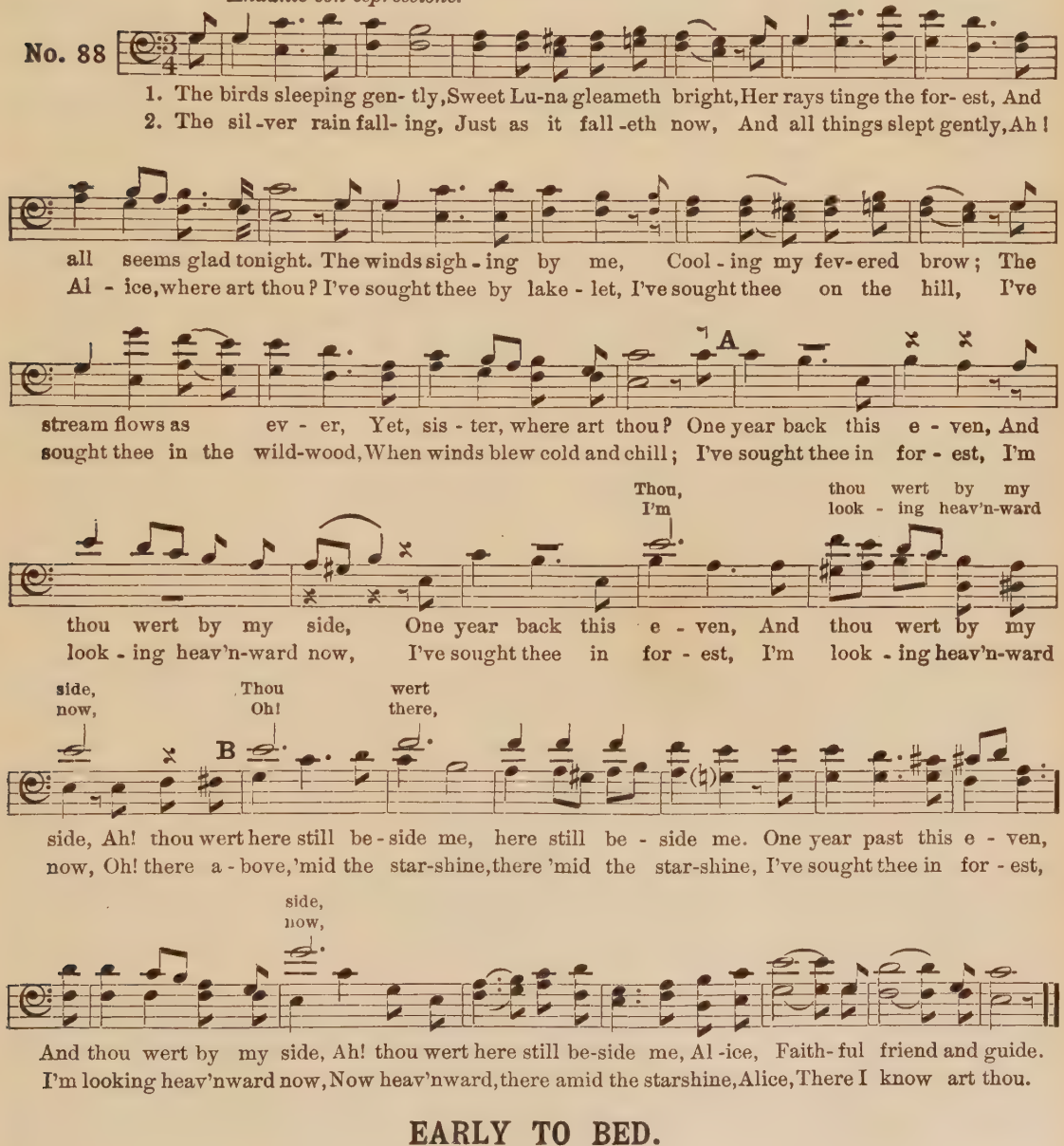


ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?

J. Ascher.

Andante con espressione.

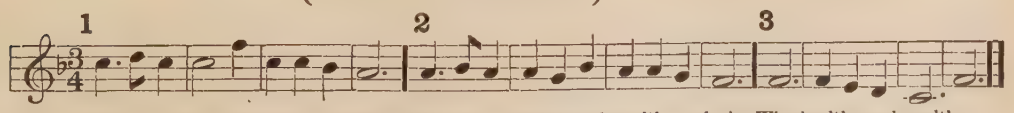
No. 88



EARLY TO BED.

(THREE-PART ROUND.)

No. 52



O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE.

Robert de Pearsall.

No. 83

Moderato. *f* *ff*

1. O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, O
2. I saw her bow'r at twi - light gray, 'Twas guard-ed safe and sure, I

f *ff*

p **A**

who will up and fol - low me, To win a blush - ing bride? Her fa - ther he has
saw her bow'r at break of day, 'Twas guard -ed then no more! The var - lets they were

p

ff

locked the door, Her moth- er keeps the key; But nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My
all a - sleep, And none was near to see The greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be -

ff

rit. *f* *ff*

own true love and me! 3. I prom-ised her to come at night, With comrades brave and true, A
tween my love and me!

rit. *f* *ff*

pp **B**

gal - lant band with sword in hand, To break her pris - on through: I prom - ised her to

pp

cres. **C**

come at night, She's wait - ing now for me, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll

cres.

rall. *ff* *rit.*

set my true love free, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free!

rall. *ff* *rit.*

SILENT, PEACEFUL NIGHT.

Joseph Barnby.

No. 94

p Larghetto. *pp*

1. Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright; Si - lent night!
2. Ho -ly peace! Kind-ly peace! Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease; Ho - ly peace!

p *pp*

cres - - cen - - do. *mf* *mp*

Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam- ing bright, Now the stars are gleam-ing bright. Moon-beams rest on
Kind- ly peace! Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease, Wea - ry hands from toil re-lease. Wea - ry eyes now

cres - - cen - - do. *mf*

cres. *dim.* *p* *pp rall.*

crag and tow'r, Sil-v'ring stream and mead and bow'r, Si - lent, peace-ful night! Si - lent, peace-ful night!
close in sleep, Com-fort give to them that weep, Com-fort, rest and peace! Com-fort, rest and peace!

cres. *p* *pp rall.*

BONNIE DOON.

Robert Burns. *James Millar.*

No. 87

1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2. Oft have I roamed by bon - ny Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine twine; Where

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, While I'm so wae, and full of care? Ye'll
il - ka bird sung o'er his note, And cheer-ful - ly I joined with mine: Wi'

A

break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That wan - der thro' that flow'r - ing thorn; Ye
heart-some glee I pu'd a rose, A rose out of yon thorn - y tree; But

mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
my false love has flown the rose, And left the thorn be - hind wi' me.

THE NAVY.

(FROM "BOCCACCIO.")

Sylvia Child. *Franz von Suppe.*

No. 123

Allegro.

SOPRANO SOLO, OR ALL SOPRANOS.

1. The gal - lant ships of Un - cle Sam are float - ing free, The
2. The decks are white, the brass - es glit - ter bright with sun, The

Un - ion Jack is streaming, The col - ors bright are gleaming, The salt-wind blows from the
war - ship is a beau-ty, And each man knows his du - ty; Pre-par'd for work or for

A

sea, A Mid- dy's life for me! Then let the mer - ry breez - es blow, Yeo, heave
fun, The Man be - hind the Gun! Then let the mer - ry breez - es blow, Yeo, heave

ho! yeo, heave ho! Gai - ly a-cruis - ing we will go, Mer - ri - ly oh, mer - ri - ly oh!

CHORUS.

Then let the mer - ry breez - es blow, Yeo, heave ho! yeo, heave ho! Gai - ly a -

cruis -ing we will go, Mer - ri - ly oh, mer - ri- ly oh! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

(FROM "ST. PAUL.")

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

No. 89

Andante.

But the Lord is mind-ful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil -

rit.

dren. But the Lord is mind-ful of His own; The Lord re - mem-bers His

2 *p* A

chil - dren, re - mem - bers His chil - dren. Bow down be-fore Him, ye might - y,

cres. *cres.*

for the Lord is near us! Bow down be-fore Him, ye might - y, For the Lord is

f B *p*

near us! Yea, the Lord is mind-ful of His own; He re - mem-bers His chil -

cres. *f*

dren. Bow down be - fore Him, ye might - y, for the Lord is near us!

WHO TREADS THE PATH OF DUTY.

(FROM "THE MAGIC FLUTE.")

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

No. 95 *Larghetto.*

1. Who treads the path of du - ty, Nor shrinks when hon - or calls, De -
2. Who in their hearts would cher - ish Vile rage or bit - ter hate, Or

A

serves the smiles of beau - ty, Nor e'er in - glo - rious falls! His step the
see an - oth - er per - ish And tri - umph o'er his fate? Not such are

great O - si - ris leads By gen - tle paths to gen - tle deeds, And with glad
found with-in . . . these walls, Here the soft tear of pi - ty falls, Each oth - er's

B

wel-come greets him here, A pil-grim to a . . bright-er sphere, And with glad
fail - ings all for - give, And all in peace-ful . con - cord live. Each oth - er's

wel-come greets him here, A pil-grim to a brighter sphere, a bright- er, bright-er sphere.
fail - ings all for-give, And all in peaceful con-cord live, and all in con - cord live.

O FLY WITH ME.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

No. 79

p *Andante.* ♪ = 144.

1. O fly with me, and be my love, And let my home thy dwell-ing be;
2. But if thou wilt not, here I'll die, And drear-y wilt thou be, and lone,

f *p* *f*

And when a-far a-way we rove, O let my heart be all to thee, And when a-far a-
For tho' from home thou dost not fly, Home joys are fled, when I am gone, For tho' from home thou

f *p* *f*

O let . . . . . my heart be all to thee. . . . . .
Home joys . . . . are fled when I am gone. . . . . .

p

way we rove, O let my heart be all . . . to thee.
dost not fly, Home joys are fled when I . . . . am gone.

p

to thee.
am gone.

THE LOST CHORD.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Sir Arthur Sullivan (Arranged.)

Andante moderato.

No. 91

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease,

And my fin-gers wan-dered i-dly O-ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was

cres. *dim.*

play-ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the

cres. *f* *poco rall.* *dim.* 3

sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great . . A - men.

Sop. and Alto Unison.

It flood - ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it

dim.

lay on my fe-vered spir - it, With a touch of in - fi-nite calm; It qui - et - ed pain and

cres. *dim.*

sor - row, Like love o - ver-com - ing strife; It seemed the har - mo-nious ech - o From

tranquillo sempre. Bass and Tenor Unison.

our dis - cor-dant life: It linked all per-plex - ed mean-ings In - to one per-fect peace,

f agitato.

And trem-bled a-way in - to si-lence, As if it were loathe to cease. I have sought, but I seek it

poco a poco più animato.

vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-tered in - to mine.

Unison. *f grandioso.*

It may be that Death's bright An-gel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in

Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright An - gel Will speak in that chord a -

ff rit.

gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. . .

THE FAREWELL.

Ludwig van Beethoven.

No. 70

Adagio.

1. Fare thee well, thou true and lov - ing - heart - ed! Brief and few our last sad words must be; Oh! when I am gone, when far we're part - ed, Mem - 'ry may bring back past joys to thee.
2. Thou may'st prize each fond and sim - ple to - ken, Though wide seas be - tween us dark - ly roll; Ev - 'ry ten - der truth these lips have spo - ken, Deep - ly hid with - in thy faith - ful soul.
3. Pain - less paths thy gen - tle heart is wend - ing, May thy days in peace and joy de - cline; Oh! at last, to bright-er realms as - cend - ing, May my heart com - mun - ion hold with thine.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

(FROM "MARITANA.")

William Vincent Wallace.

No. 90

Andante.

1. Scenes that are brightest May charm a - while, Hearts which are lightest And eyes that smile: Yet o'er them a - bove us, Tho' na - ture beam, With none to love us How sad they seem, With none to love us How sad they seem!
2. Words cannot scatter The thoughts we fear, For tho' they flatter, They mock the ear. Hopes will still de - ceive us With tear - ful cost, And when they leave us The heart is lost, And when they leave us The heart is lost!

A

ritard.

PALM BRANCHES.

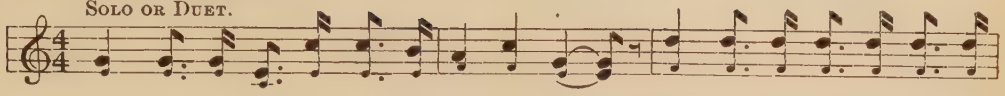
(EASTER.)

English version by Sidney Rowe.
Sylvia Child.

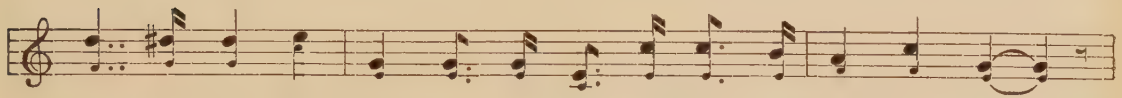
Jean Baptiste Faure.

Andante maestoso.
SOLO OR DUET.

No. 97

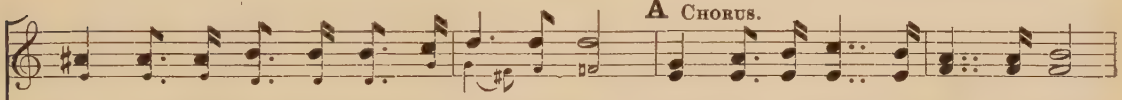


1. O'er all the way are palms and blos-soms gay, Strewn on this day in fes - tal
2. Thou, too, re-joice, oh, blest Je - ru - sa - lem. Let all thy chil-dren sing the
1. Now dawns the bright and hap-py Eas - ter day, See how the sun is danc-ing
2. Win - ter and all the drear-y time is past, Now from their chains of ice the

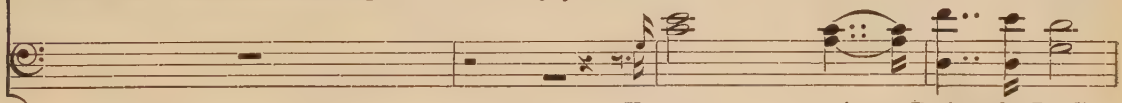


prep - a - ra - tion; Com - eth our Lord to take our grief a - way,
lib - er - a - tion; By grace di - vine, the God of Beth - le - hem
o'er the mead-ows! Chas - ing the cold of win - ter far a - way,
brooks are burst - ing; Spring from her heav - y sleep has waked at last,

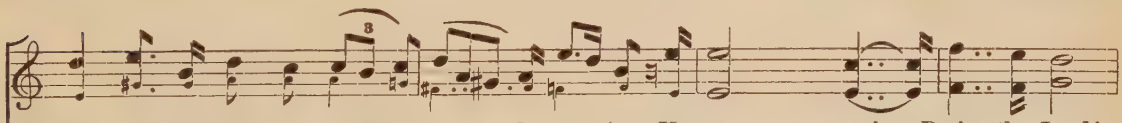
A CHORUS.



Lo! now the throngs ap-proach and hom-age pay. Sing and re-joice! All peo - ple, sing!
Crown-eth our hope with faith, its di - a - dem.
Bring-ing the spring in all her bright ar-ray. Eas - ter is here! on ev - 'ry bough
Each hu - man heart with hope is beat-ing fast. Eas - ter is here! our lips de-clare!

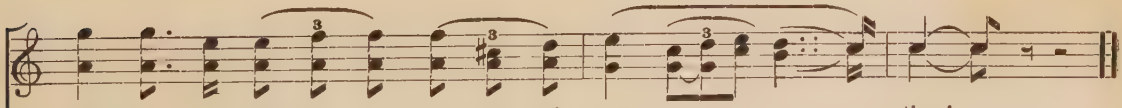


Ho-san - na! . . Praise the Lord!
Eas - ter! 'Tis Eas - ter now!
Eas - ter! 'Tis Eas - ter fair!

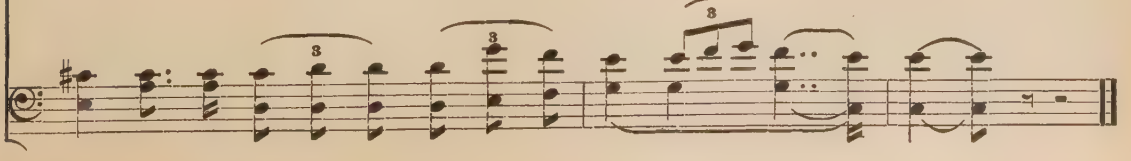


Let ev - 'ry voice be rais'd in ac - cla - ma - tion, Ho-san - na! . Praise the Lord!
Sweet birds the mes - sage joy - ous are re - peat-ing, Eas - ter! 'Tis Eas - ter now!
Eas - ter the spring-time of the soul's a - wak-ing, Eas - ter! 'Tis Eas - ter fair!

Sing and re-joice! All peo - ple sing!
Eas - ter is here! 'Tis Eas - ter now!
Eas - ter is here! 'Tis Eas - ter fair!



Praise Him who com - eth to bring us sal - va - - - - tion! .
Fair blos - soms hold up their fa - ces in hap - py . . greet - ing! .
Now on our lives the dear sun - light of spring is . . break - ing! .



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Henry Smart.

No. 98

Andante non lento.

Soprano. 8 *p*

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I nev - er shall want, For
2. Thou art my Shep-herd and with me al - way, Thy

Alto. 8 *p*

cres.

lack of His mer - cies my soul shall not pant; In pleas - ant green pas-tures I
rod and Thy staff are my com - fort and stay; My ta - ble Thou spreadest in

cres.

f

dai - ly a - bide, He leads me the peace - ful still wa - ters be - side.
pres - ence of foes, My head Thou a- noint - est, my cup o - ver - flows;

f

A

p (Second Stanza to be Sung by Soprano only.)

cres.

Thy good-ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me still, While life's ear - nest du - ties I

(First Stanza to be Sung by Alto.)

My soul He re-stor-eth, and for His Name's sake, The path of true right-eous-ness

(Both Stanzas.)

B *f*

Yea, though I pass thro' death's dark val - ley and shade, I
dai - ly ful - fil; Till joy - ous my spir - it shall claim its re - ward, And

f (Both Stanzas.)

bids me, bids me to take: yea, though I pass thro' death's dark shade,
My spir - it shall claim its re - ward,

cres.

will not by e - vil be ev - er dis- may'd, I will not by
dwell ev - er - more in the house of the Lord, And dwell ev - er

cres.

I will not by e - vil be ev - er dis - may'd, by
And dwell ev - er - more in the house of the Lord, ev - er

f *p* C

e - vil be ev - er dis - may'd. The Lord is my
more . . in the house of the Lord! The Lord is my

f *p*

rit. 1 6 *p* 2

Shep- herd, I nev - er shall want! For want!

6 *p*

SLEEP AND REST.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

No. 99 *Andante.*

1. Sleep, oh, my dar - ling, and rest, Birds are a - sleep in their nest,
2. Lis - ten, no sound can be heard, Through the house noth - ing has stirred,
3. Who is so hap - py and blest— Noth - ing but pleas- ure and rest,

Gar - den and mead - ow are still, Bees hum no more by the rill.
Lit - tle gray mouse is not near, Cel - lar and kit - chen are clear,—
Free from all la - bor and care, Lov - ing ones guard - ing thee e'er?

A

In through the win - dow so bright Shines the moon's sil - ver - y light;
On - ly my ba - by so bright Ly - ing a - wake in the night;
Moth - er her vi - gil will keep, Ba - by so gen - tly will sleep;

Nes - tle your head on my breast; Sleep, oh, my dar-ling, and rest; oh, sleep, . . . and rest.

A MERRY LIFE.

From the Italian. *Denza.*

No. 66

SOLO.

1. Some think . the world is made for fun and frol - ic, . And so do I! . .
2. Ah, me, .'tis strange that some should take to sigh -ing, . And like it well! .

CHORUS. SOLO.

And so do I! . . Some think . it well to be all mel - an - chol - ic, . .
And like it well! . For me, . I have not thought it worth the try - ing, .

CHORUS. SOLO.

To pine and sigh; To pine and sigh; . But I, . . I love to spend my time in
So can - not tell! So can - not tell! . With laugh . and dance and song the day soon

CHORUS. SOLO.

sing - ing . Some joy - ous song, Some joy - ous song; To set . . the air with
pass - es, . Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone; For mirth . was made for

f CHORUS.

mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing . Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
joy - ous lads and lass - es . To call their own! . To call their own! .

f *1st time* SOLO.

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! . Hark - en!

p

Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la -

mf *f*

la, tra - la - la - la! Joy is ev - 'ry-where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!

MERRILY, MERRILY.

ROUND.

No. 132 *English.*

1 2

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn: Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn.

3 4

Hark! to the ech - oes, hear them play, O'er hill and dale, and far a - way.

THE BROKEN RING.

J. v. Eichendorff. *Gluck.*

No. 103

Slowly.

1. With - in a sha - dy val - ley The mill - wheel turn - eth still, My lov'd one has de - part - ed, That dwelt with - in the mill, My lov'd one has de - part - ed, That dwelt with - in the mill.
2. To me her vows were spo - ken, A ring she gave me too, Her plight - ed faith is bro - ken, The ring has sprung in two. Her plight - ed faith is bro - ken, The ring has sprung in two.
3. I fain would wan - der ev - er, For - er - er - more de - part, Our blight - ed lives to sev - er And ease my break - ing heart. Our blight - ed lives to sev - er And ease my break - ing heart.
4. For in the val - ley lone - ly I ev - er hear the mill, And long for death, that on - ly My ach - ing heart can still. And long for death, that on - ly My ach - ing heart can still.

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

Balfe.

No. 102

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, to weak-est hopes will . . cling, To thought and im - pulse while they flow, that can no com - fort bring, That can, that can no com - fort bring; With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, o'er pleasure's path - way thrown; but mem-'ry is the on - ly friend that grief can call its own, That grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.
2. The mind will, in its worst de - spair, still pon-der o'er the . . past, On mo - ments of de - light that were too beau - ti - ful to last, That were too beau - ti - ful, too beau - ti - ful to last; To long de-part - ed years ex-tend its vi - sions with them flown; for mem-'ry is the on - ly friend that grief can call its own.

A

rall.

B

C

MEMORIAL DAY MARCH.

(ARRANGED FROM "THE FUNERAL MARCH.")

Abbie Farwell Brown. *Frederic Chopin.*

No. 104

Lento. *p*

Hark to the tread! Hark to the tread! Hark to the tread of a man - y march - ing feet, Hark to the sound of the drum with muf - fled beat.

A

Sol - emn mu - sic steal - ing, While the bells are peal - ing, Hark to the tread of the Hark to the tread! Hark to the tread!

B

Com - rades old and bro - ken, bring a lov - ing to - ken, crowd that mourns the dead. Hark to the tread! Hark to the tread!

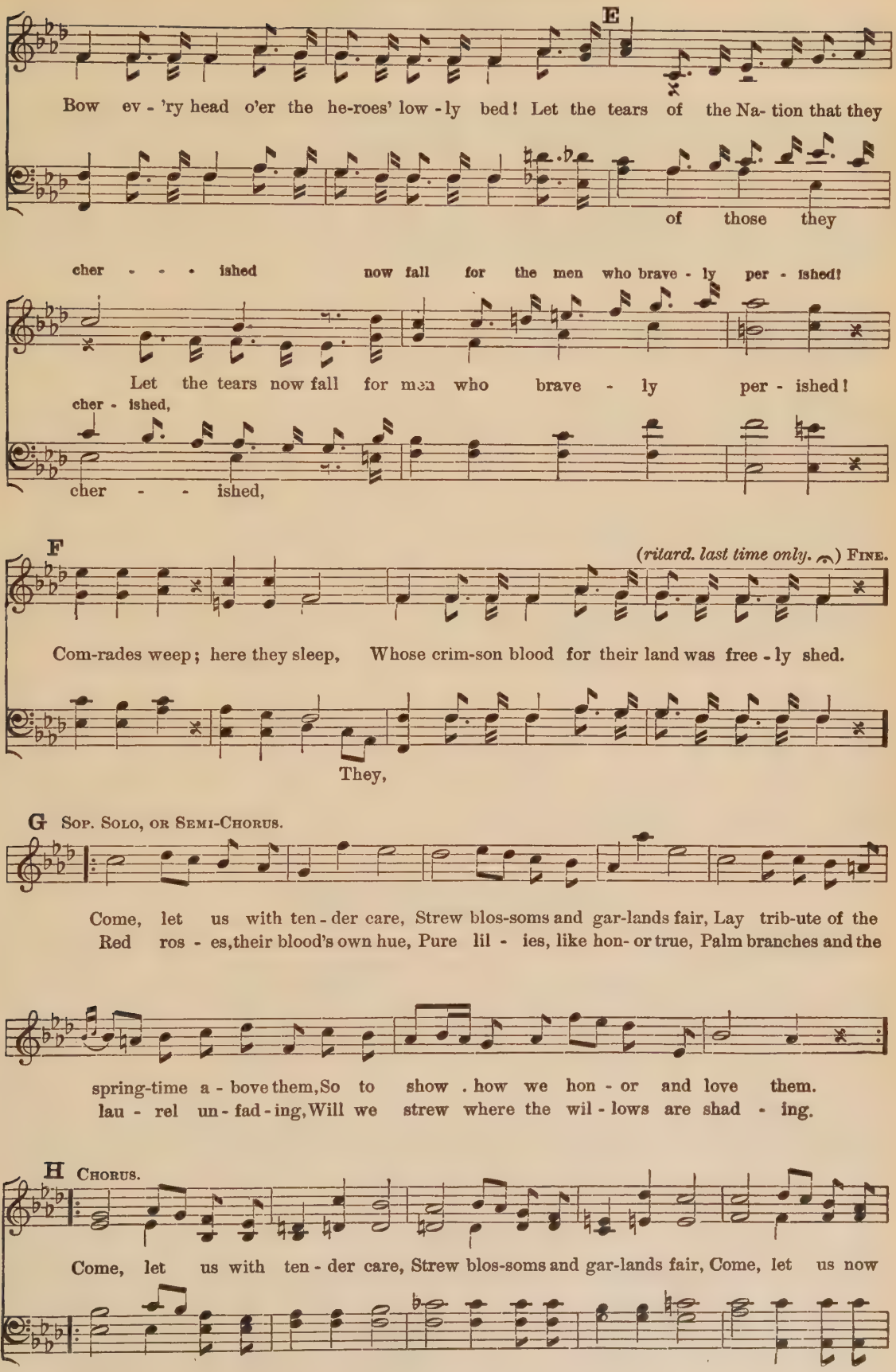
C

Bear - ing the flag for whose sake the he - roes bled. Oh see! where the com-rades brave are ly - - ing, Its stars and its rud - dy stripes are fly - ing! where com - rades

D

where the comrades lie, Its stars and stripes are fly - ing! Let it wave o'er their grave. ly - ing, where comrades lie, ly - ing,

Now


E
Bow ev - 'ry head o'er the he-roes' low - ly bed! Let the tears of the Na- tion that they
of those they
cher - - - ished now fall for the men who brave - ly per - ished!
Let the tears now fall for men who brave - ly per - ished!
cher - ished,
cher - - ished,
F
(ritard. last time only.) Fine.
Com-rades weep; here they sleep, Whose crim-son blood for their land was free - ly shed.
They,
G Sop. Solo, or Semi-Chorus.
Come, let us with ten - der care, Strew blos-soms and gar-lands fair, Lay trib-ute of the
Red ros - es, their blood's own hue, Pure lil - ies, like hon- or true, Palm branches and the
spring-time a - bove them, So to show . how we hon - or and love them.
lau - rel un - fad - ing, Will we strew where the wil - lows are shad - ing.
H Chorus.
Come, let us with ten - der care, Strew blos-soms and gar-lands fair, Come, let us now

I

SOP. SOLO OR SEMI CHORUS.

Red ros - es, their bring the gifts of spring, Our love to sing, to sing them! *Humming.*

blood's own hue, Pure li - lies, like hon - or true, Palm branch-es and the

D.C. al FINE.

lau - rel un - fad - ing, Will we strew where the wil - lows are shad - ing.

HIGHLAND CRADLE SONG.

Robert Burns. ***Robert Schumann.***

No. 105 *Andante.*

1. Slum - ber sweet - ly, lit - tle Don - ald, Im - age of the great - er Ron - ald, Lit - tle thief, from whom thy name,
2. Thou hast eyes like coals re - veal - ing How a foal thou'lt soon be steal - ing; Brave - ly to the val - ley go,
3. In the Low - lands thou shalt tar - ry, Boot - y from the plains to car - ry; Steal till for - tune swell thy train,

ritard.

Let the no - ble Clan pro - claim, Let the no - ble Clan pro - claim.
Thence bring home a Car - lisle cow, Thence bring home a Car - lisle cow.
Then the High - lands seek a - gain, Then the High - lands seek a - gain.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Rather slowly.

No. 141

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'm-bye hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, — No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

No. 106

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' thro' the rye,
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' frae the town,
3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly love my - sel', But

CHORUS.

If a bod - y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod - y cry? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad-die;
If a bod - y greet a bod-y, Need a bod - y frown?
what's his name, or where's his hame I din - na choose to tell.

nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

CRADLE SONG.

Andante tranquillo. **Schubert.**

No. 80

p

1. Slum-ber, slumber, ten-der lit - tle flow-er, Mother's loving care doth around thee twine;
2. Slum-ber, slumber, lit - tle fad - ed flow-er, Still doth moth-er's love around thee glow;
3. Slum-ber, slumber, lit - tle an - gel flow-er, Tho' thou li - est 'neath the mossy sod,

f *p*

Sweet and rest - ful be this hour, Sooth-ing fall this lul - la - by of mine.
Stron - ger is it than death's power, Guard-ing thee wher-e'er thy spir - it go.
Thou shalt wake in ro - sy bow - er; Ros - es grow a - round the throne of God.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne. **H. R. Bishop.**

No. 139

1. 'Mid pleas- ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain. Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home. A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly that

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else-where.
came at my call, Give me them with the peace of mind dear - er than all.

CHORUS.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

LARGO.

Thomas Williams. *Handel.*

No. 107

Largo.

Fa - - ther in heav'n, Thy chil - dren hear, As they a -

mf A *p*

dor - ing bow, O Thou Al-might - y One, Our weak-ness heed; Strength - en our faith;

f B

With hope in - spire our hearts, Flam - ing our souls . . with love Like un - to

pp *f*

Thine. Then shall Thy works a-bound, Men shall pro - claim that God our Lord is

C *p*

God a - lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name, And ho - ly is His name;

ff CHORUS

God our Lord is God a - lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

ff

KILLARNEY.

Michael W. Balfe.

No. 108

mp

1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and wind-ing bays,
2. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints,
3. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny,

cres. *dim.* *p* A

Moun - tain paths and wood-land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays. Boun-teous na - ture
Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by Ver - dure broi - ders or be-sprints. Vir - gin there the
Ma - ny voic'd the cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ec - sta - cy. With the charm-ful

loves all lands; Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands,
green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn spring's na - tal day. Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
tints be - low, Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know

p B

But her home is . . sure - ly there. An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus - ing there Doubt if E - den
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft

cres. *f*

of the west: Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
were more fair, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
light di - vine, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

SOLDIERS' CHORUS.

(FROM "FAUST.")

Charles Gounod.

No. 109

f *Tempo marziale.*

Glo - ry and love to the men of old,— Their sons may cop-y their vir- tues bold; —

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Both read- y to fight and read- y to die for

p A

Fa - ther-land! Who needs bid - ding to dare by a trum - pet blown?

cres. *f*

Who lacks pit - y to spare when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe

B

. . if a - lone, or last? And boast he was true, as cow- ard might do when

pp C *cres.*

per - il is past? Glo - ry and love to the men of old! Their sons may

cres. molto.

cop - y their vir - tues bold, Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, All

cres. molto.

ff *p* D

read - y to fight for Fa - ther - land. Now to home a - gain we come, the

ff *p*

long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle o - ver; Rest is pleas - ant

af - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stran-ger sun. . . . . .

cres.

hard, ... as hard as ours be-neath a stran-ger sun, And

p E

Man - y a maid - en fair . . is wait - ing here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier

p

F *cres.*

lov - er, And man - y a heart . . will fail and brow . . . grow pale to

cres.

will fail . . . . . and brow grow pale . . . . to

dim. *p* *cres.*

hear, . . to hear the tale of cru - el per - il he has run, . . . And man - y a

dim. *p* *cres.*

hear, to hear... . . . And man - - y a

cres.

heart, and man - y a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to

cres.

heart, a heart will fail, and man - y a

f *dim.* *p* G *cres. molto.*

hear the tale of per - il he has run. We are at home, we are at

f *dim.* *p* *cres. molto.*

home, We are at home, we are at home. H *ff* Glo - ry and love to the men of old;

ff

Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold! Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, All

I

read - y to fight for Fa - ther-land! All read - y to fight, or read - y to

die — for Fa - ther - land! All read - y to fight, or read - y to

rit.

die, or read - y to die, for Fa - ther - land!

rit.

GOOD-NIGHT, FAREWELL.

K'cken.

No. 110 *Moderato.*

1. Good-night, fare-well, my own true heart, A thou-sand times good-night, Each
2. I see thy heart re - flect - ed by A star with - in the stream, It

A

thought of thee bids grief de - part, And ren - ders joy more bright. Tho' far, thy
shines forth from thy clear blue eye, And sheds o'er me its beam. And tho' no

f B

im - age dwells with me, Thou art my guid - ing star, . When o'er me dark-'ning
more than one bright glance I e'er of thee pos - sess'd, . That look my heart will

clouds I see, Thy love guides me a - far, . . When o'er me dark - 'ning
e'er en - trance, and ren - der ev - er blest, . . That look my heart will

C *p*

clouds I see, Thy love guides me a - far. Fare - well, . my own true
e'er en -trance, And ren - der ev - er blest. Fare - well, . my own true

f

heart, A thou - sand times fare-well! Good-night, fare-well, my own true heart. .

IN THE GLOAMING.

Annie Fortescue Harrison.

No. 112 *Andante.*

1. In the gloaming, oh, my dar - ling, when the lights are dim and low; And the
2. In the gloaming, oh, my dar - ling, think not bit - ter - ly of me! Tho' I

Agitato. A

qui - et sha -dows fall - ing, soft - ly come, and soft - ly go; When the winds are sob - bing
pass'd a - way in si - lence, left you lone-ly, set you free; For my heart was crush'd with

B *con anima*

faint - ly, with a gen - tle un-known woe, Will you think of me, and love me, as you
long - ing, what had been could nev - er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for

1 2 C *rall.* *cres.*

did once long a - go?
you and best for me; It was best to leave you thus; Best for you and best for me. . .

SILENT HEROES.

(FROM "CHIMES OF NORMANDY.")

Moderato. Robert Planquette.

BASS SOLO OR CHORUS OF BASSES.

No. 111

1. Oh! see their good brands notch'd in bat - tle, Their ar-mor dimm'd by ma-ny a field,
2. Your good swords rust, your spears are shivered; 'Tis oth - er times with us to - day,

On each hau - berk and on each shield, Me - thinks I hear the i - ron rat - tle!
Than when pay - nims in dis - ar - ray, Be - fore your on - set bent and quiv - er'd!

A

Fade - less lau - rel will be your due, By his-t'ry's muse your praise be spo - ken; For
Tho' we fight not for love of fame, And chiv - al - ry be now de - part - ed, Oh!

when in fight your mail was bro - ken, For when in fight your mail was bro - ken, Foes found your
trust me, fa - thers, li - on-heart - ed, Oh! trust me, fa - thers, li - on-heart - ed, Your spir - it

B

CHORUS.

heart was i - ron too! Si - lent he - roes from out the
lives in us the same!

might - y past, Still o - ver your line keep - ing watch and ward,

C

Lo! here your child, sole of his race and last! Last of the line they own as

Lord, . .

Lord, own as Lord, Last of the line they own as Lord.

Hauberk. A coat of mail.
Paynims. Pagans. The Saracens from whom the Crusaders sought to wrest the Holy Land.

FAIRY WALTZ.

(FROM "BEGGAR STUDENT.")

Abbie Farwell Brown. *Carl Millöcker.*

No. 113

Waltz time.

1. Come, Fair - ies, ap - pear, Your play - time is here, Oh, let us dance
2. The flow'rs in their beds Are nod - ding their heads, The bird - ies sleep

A

mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly! The moon glan - ces bright, And
cos - i - ly, cos - i - ly, cos - i - ly, But Fair - ies a - wake In

FINE.

sweet is the night, The crick - ets pipe cheer-i - ly, cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly!
bush and in brake, Their cheeks flush- ing ros - i - ly, ros - i - ly, ros - i - ly!

B

Come a - way, . . . come a - way, . . . Let us laugh, ... let us play, . . . Hap - py
Come a - long! . . . come a - long! . . . With a laugh, ... and a song, . . . Let us

Come a -way, Come a- way, Let us laugh, let us play,
Come a -long! Come a -long! With a laugh, and a song!

night, ... Hap - py night, . . . Full of joy . . . . and de - light. . . . .
prance, ... Let us glance, . . . Let us whirl . . . in the dance. . . . .

D.C. al Fine.

Hap -py night, Hap-py night, Full of joy, and de - light!
Let us prance, Let us glance, Let us whirl in the dance.

THE ANGEL

Jane Landon. *Rubinstein.*

No. 114

1. There winged thro' the heav-ens an an - gel of light, And glad was the
2. And wing-ing to earth-ward he bore in his flight The slum-ber-ing

song that he sang. The moon and the bright stars that reign in the night Re - ech-oed his
soul of a child That hymn full of rap - ture, that song of de - light The lit - tle one

He sang of the joys in the realm far a - bove, Pre -
Though harsh was the strife and though sad were the tears On

theme as it rang. Of joys . . . . in the realm far a-bove, that are
heard as it smiled. The strife . . . and though sad were the tears that were

pared for the chil - dren of men; The glo - ry of God, His
earth with its woe and its pain, Still high in its heart, and

there pre-pared for the chil - dren of men; The glo - ry of God, His
heard on earth with its woe and its pain, Still high in its heart, and

pow'r, and His love, Till heav - en re - sound - ed a - gain.
on through the years There sound - ed that heav'n - ly re - frain.

pow'r and His love, Till heav'n, till heav'n sound - ed a - gain.
on thro' the years There sound - ed still heav'n - ly re - frain.

ROSEBUD OF THE WILDWOOD.

Johann W. von Goethe. *Franz Schubert.*

Allegretto.

No. 115

p

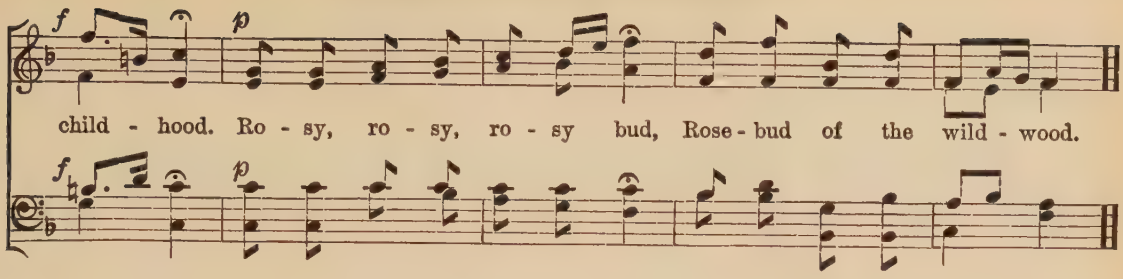
1. Once a boy a rose es - pied Bloom - ing in the wild - wood;
2. Said the boy, "I long to break Rose - bud of the wild - wood;"
3. But the boy would fain pos - sess Rose - bud from the wild - wood;

p

cres.

Blush-ing on the thick - et side, He its dain - ty bud de - scried With the glee of
Rose-bud answer'd "If you break, I my own de - fence must take, 'Gainst the pranks of
But as from the stalk 'twas torn, Prick'd him deep the cru - el thorn, Lit - tle grief of

cres.

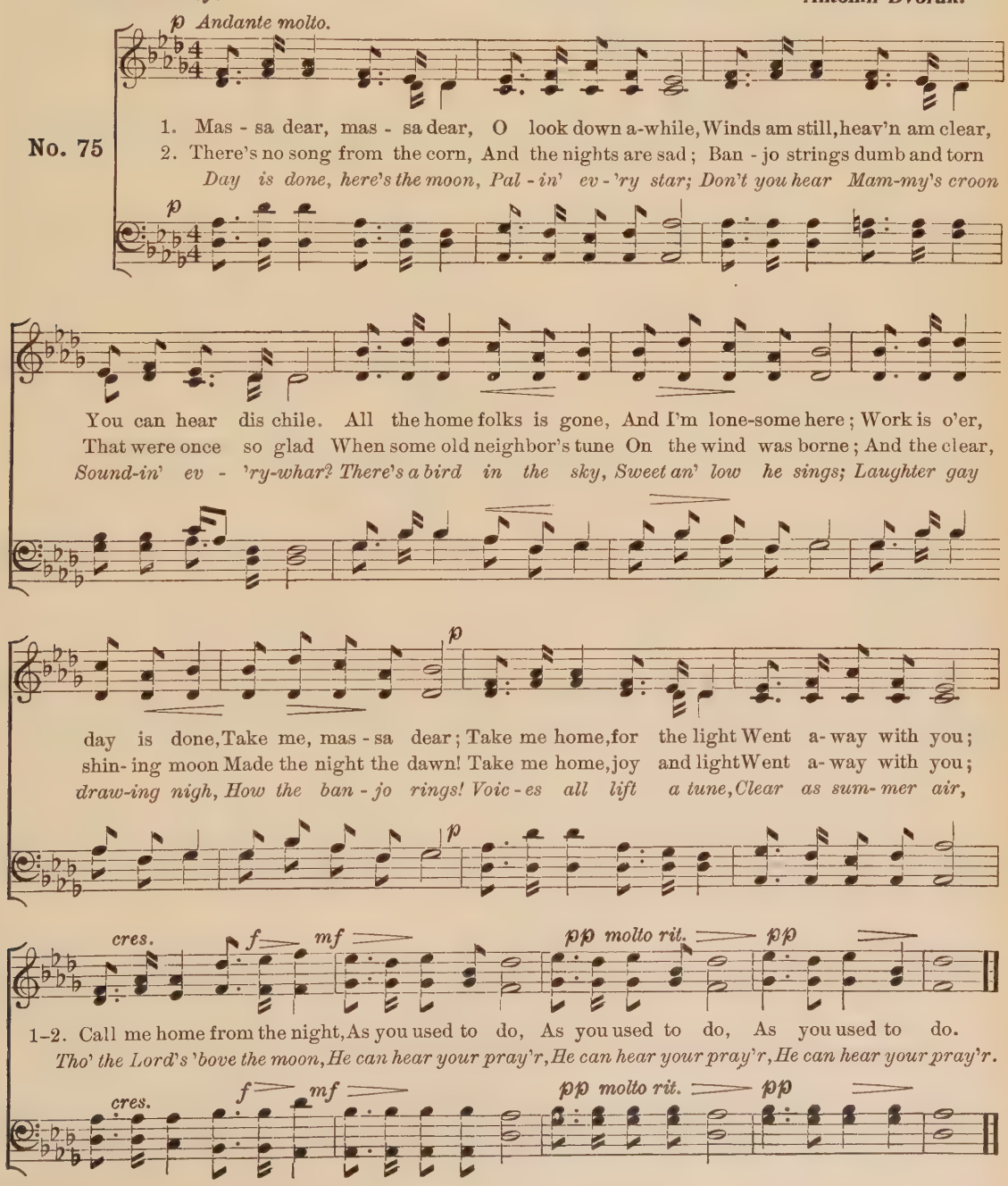


MASSA DEAR.

(FROM THE "NEW WORLD" SYMPHONY.)

Frederic Manley. *Antonín Dvořák.*

No. 75



HAIL TO THE HEROES.

(FROM "AIDA.")

Sylvia Child. *Giuseppe Verdi.*

No. 117

Allegro maestoso.

Hail to the Heroes brave and true, Back to their home returning, With pride our hearts are burn - ing, With pride our hearts are burn-ing. Oh, pay, pay them the hon - or due, With lau - rel green and ros - es The he - ro's head en - wreath - ing, The flow'rs, sweet perfume breath - ing, Shade of old griefs shall hide. Oh, shout each man and maid - en, Your hearts . . . with joy o'er - la - - den, Sing, hon - or to them bring - ing, Hon - or the Your hearts with joy o'er - la - den, Sing, hon - or bring - ing to the he - roes, our bless - ing and pride! O hail, hail, O hail, all hail, to the he - roes brave!

Let us burn - ing, With pride our hearts are burn-ing. Oh, pay, pay them the hon - or due, With

Let us

A

B

Oh, shout . . . each man and maid - en, Your

C

ALTO *ad lib.*

O huz-zah, huz-zah! O huz-zah, O huz-zah! To the Brave, ban- ners wave; Hail, O

hail, all hail; let the ban-ners wave, O huz-zah, huzzah; O huz-zah, O huz-zah, to the

D

Unison.

Brave! Let the banners fly, let the drum beat high, Let the trumpet cry, huz-zah, huz-zah! All

E

hail, hail, O hail, all hail, to the he - roes brave, O huz-zah, huz-zah! O huz-

F

Sopranos *ad lib.*

zah, O huz-zah, to the Brave! O sing, sing, O sing a - loud, how they

faced the foe, O huz - zah, huz-zah, O huz-zah, O huz-zah, faced the

HAIL TO THE HEROES.

foe, blow for blow! Sing, O sing a-loud, how they faced the foe, O huz-zah, huzzah, O huz-

zah, O huz-zah, blow for blow! G Let all the ban-ners fly, Let the

Unison.

drums beat high, Let the trum-pet cry, . huz-zah, . huz-zah! H All hail, hail, O

hail, all hail, to the he-roes brave, O huz-zah, huz-zah, O huz-

zah, O huz-zah, to the Brave! I Hail to the he-roes brave and true,

Back to their home re-turn-ing. With pride our hearts are burn-ing, With pride our hearts are

Let us

burn-ing, Oh, pay, pay them the honor due. Hail to the Brave! Hail to the Brave!

Let us

OUR PATRIOT FATHERS.

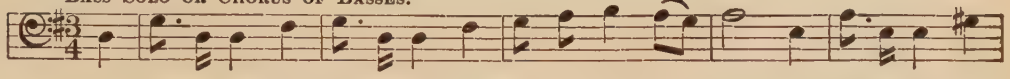
(FROM "IOLANTHE.")

Abbie Farwell Brown. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

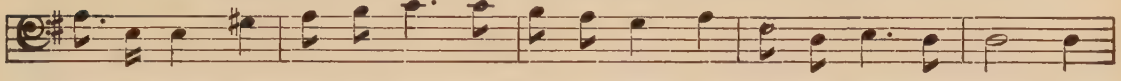
Maestoso.

BASS SOLO OR CHORUS OF BASSES.

No. 118

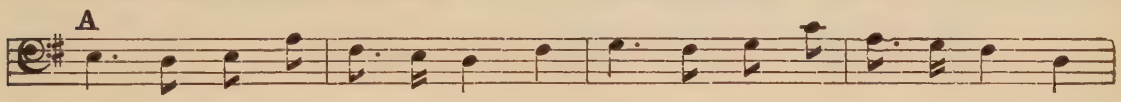


1. Long years a - go when first our flag In free-dom's land un - furled, Our fa-thers stood, a
2. From sim-ple homes, from lives of toil The gal-lant farm-ers came, From field and for - est,
3. Not ships nor armies great and strong, Nor stores of mint-ed gold, It is not these our

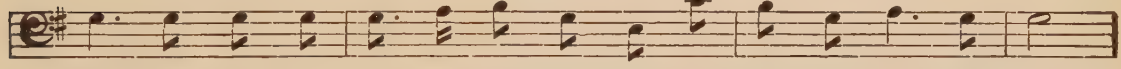


home-spun band, And fired, with rough and toil-worn hand, "The shot heard round the world." No
barn and fold, With rug - ged hearts and tem - per bold To win a death - less name. No
coun -try needs, But hearts at- tuned to no - ble deeds, And spir - its as of old; Grim

A

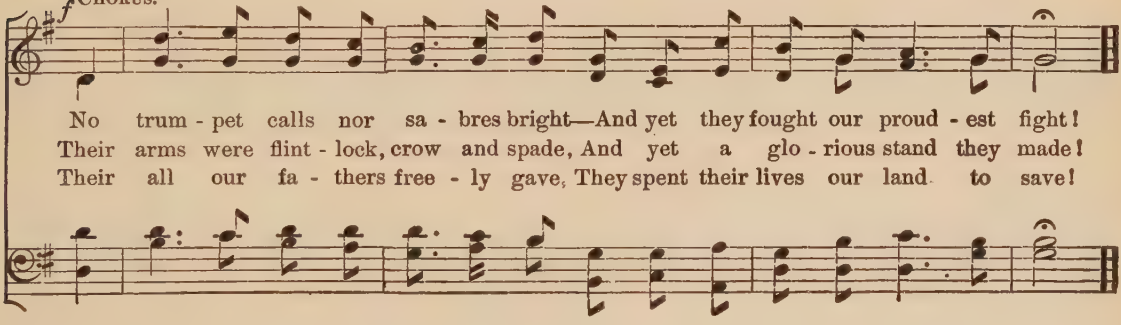


silk - en flags, no col - ors gay, No u - ni - forms nor fine ar - ray, No
arts had they but cour - age high, No mar - tial skill but how to die, Their
will the com - mon risk to share, And shoul - ders firm the load to bear; Their



trum - pet calls nor sa - bres bright—And yet they fought our proud - est fight!
arms were flint - lock, crow and spade, And yet a glo - rious stand they made!
all our fa - thers free - ly gave, They spent their lives our land to save!

f CHORUS.

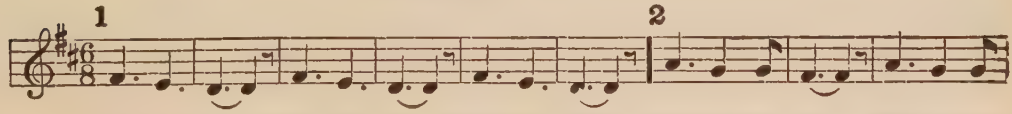


No trum - pet calls nor sa - bres bright—And yet they fought our proud - est fight!
Their arms were flint - lock, crow and spade, And yet a glo - rious stand they made!
Their all our fa - thers free - ly gave, They spent their lives our land to save!

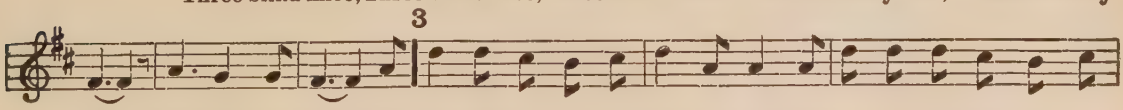
THREE BLIND MICE.

ROUND.

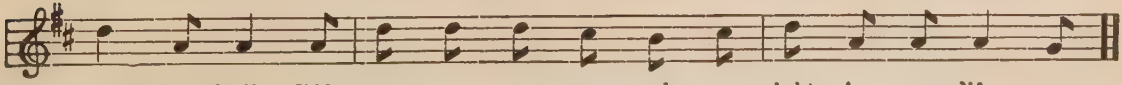
No. 119



Three blind mice, Three blind mice, Three blind mice! See how they run, See how they



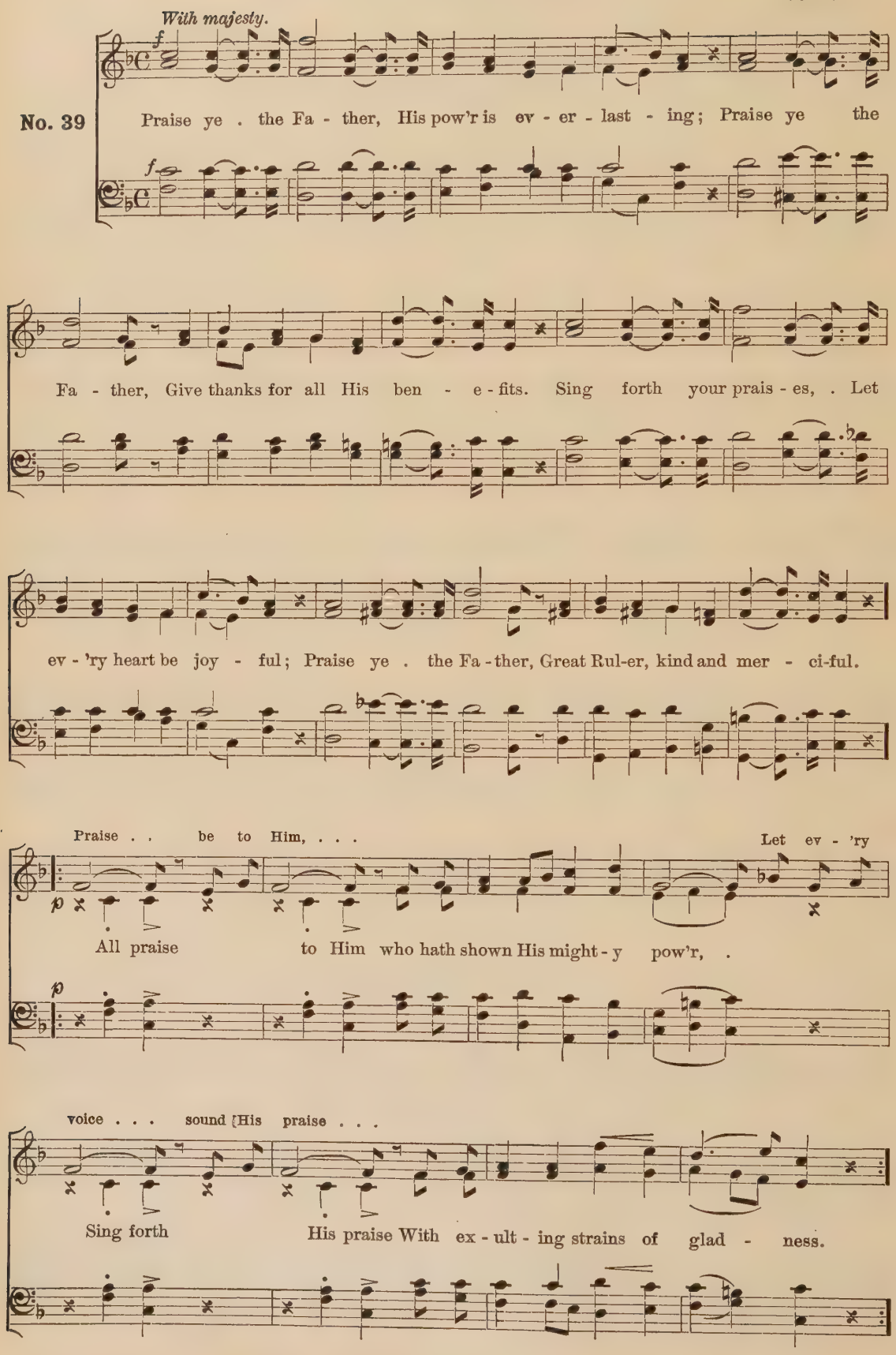
run, See how they run! They all ran off to the farm-er's wife, She cut off their tails with a

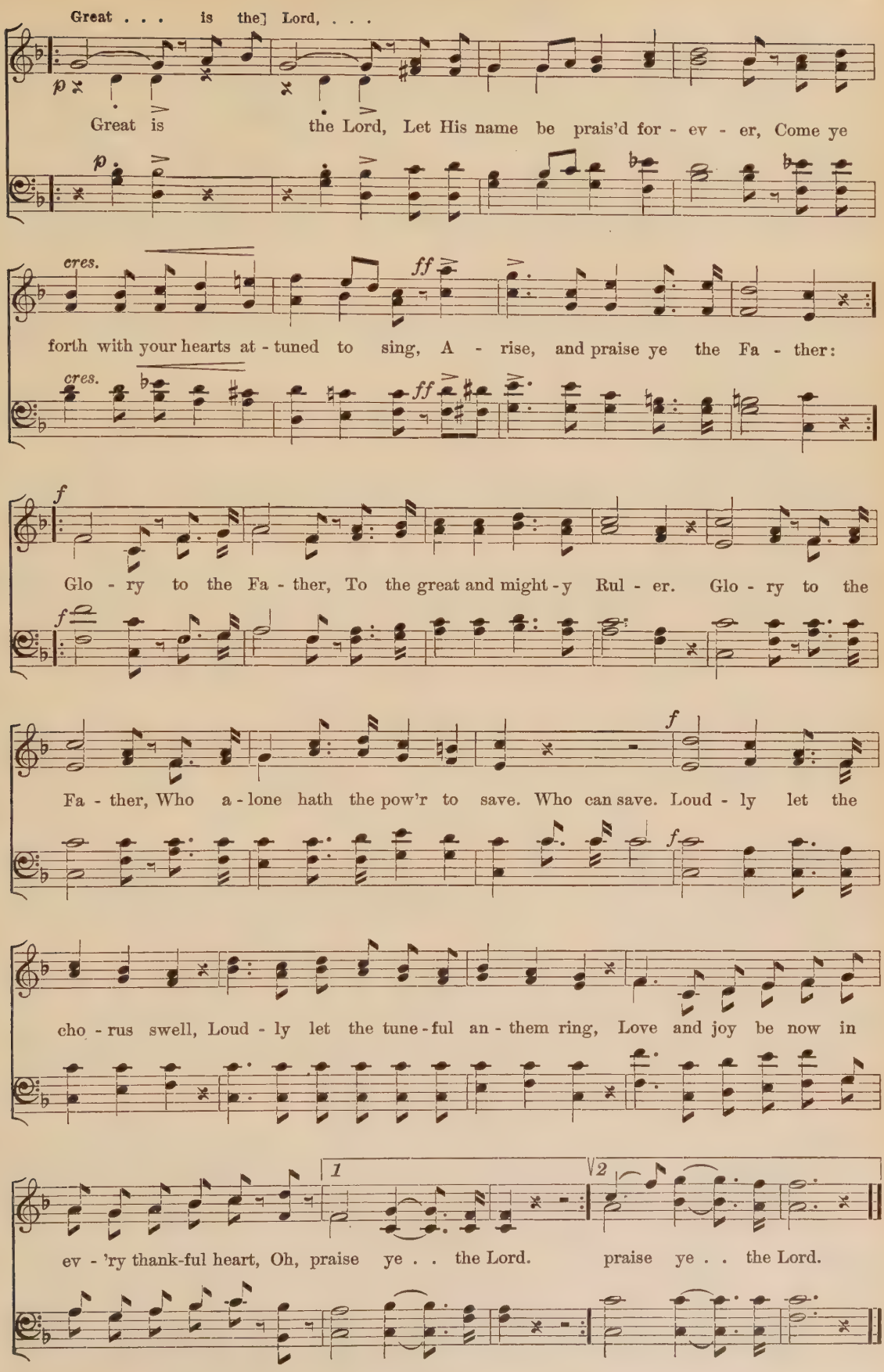


carv - ing knife; Did ev - er you see such a sight in your life as

PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

Gounod.




Great . . . is the] Lord, . . .
Great is the Lord, Let His name be prais'd for - ev - er, Come ye
cres.
ff
forth with your hearts at - tuned to sing, A - rise, and praise ye the Fa - ther:
f
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, To the great and might - y Rul - er. Glo - ry to the
Fa - ther, Who a - lone hath the pow'r to save. Who can save. Loud - ly let the
cho - rus swell, Loud - ly let the tune - ful an - them ring, Love and joy be now in
1
2
ev - 'ry thank-ful heart, Oh, praise ye . . the Lord. praise ye . . the Lord.

SWEET AND LOW.

Tennyson. *Joseph Barnby.*

No. 120

Larghetto.

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. . Rest, rest on

sf *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. . O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. . Fa - ther will come to his

(ALTO.) O - - - ver the
Fa - - - ther will

pp *f*

wa - ters go; Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow; Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, (A.B.) Come . . . from the moon and blow,
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west:

dim. *p* *rall. e dim - in - u - en - do.*

me, . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

THE LINDEN TREE.

Mueller. *Schubert.*

No. 121

p

1. Be - side the old stone foun - tain, There stands a lin - den tree; Be -
2. To - night, a home-less wan - d'rer, I passed the lin - den tree; Its
3. The i - cy wind was blow - ing So sharp - ly in my face, I

p

neath its spread-ing branch - es, Glad dreams have come to me. Up -
wave - ing branch - es nod - ding, It seemed to speak to me; "Come,
could not stay nor lin - ger Be - side that rest - ing place, But

on its back I chis - eled Dear names so long a - go, I sought its peace in
wea - ry, heart-sick com - rade, Be - neath my shad-ow rest, When earth - ly strife or
wan - d'ring ev - er on - ward, Strange voi - ces seemed to say, "Come back, thou wea - ry

glad - ness, I sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
sor - row Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest."
com - rade; Come, rest thee on thy way, Come, rest thee on thy way."

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

Weber.

No. 122

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou, who sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

JINGLE, BELLS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

No. 135

Allegro.

1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh;
2. A day or two a - go, I thought I'd take a ride, And
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;

O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on bob -tail ring,
soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis -
Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two -

Mak -ing spir - its bright, What fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night!
for-tune seem'd his lot; He got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
for - ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a

one - horse o - pen sleigh! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

ANNIE LAURIE.

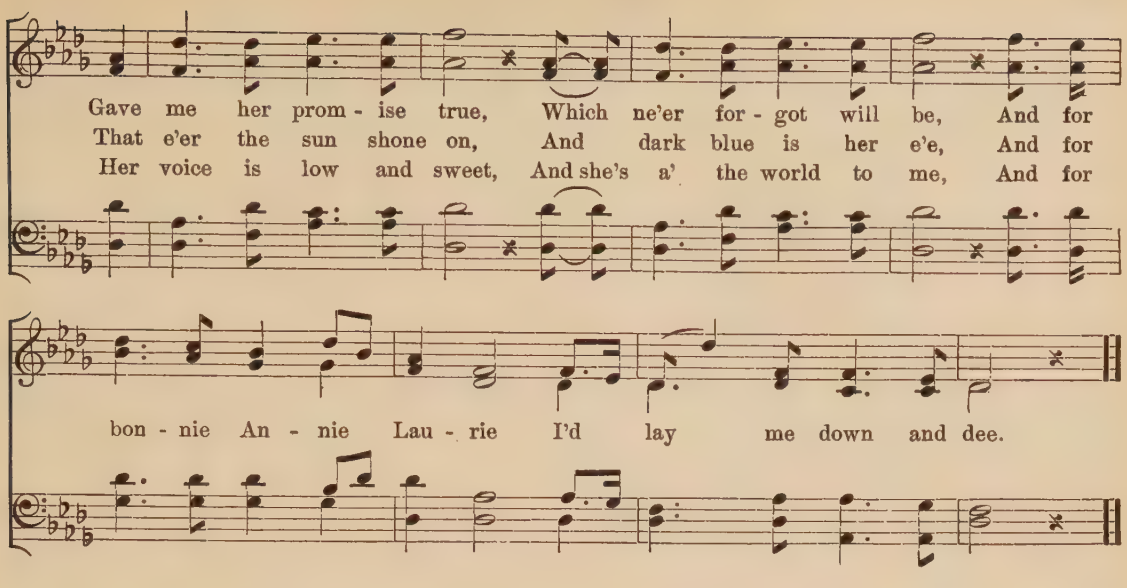
SONG AND CHORUS.

Douglas of Fingland. *Lady John Scott.*

No. 145

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fair - y

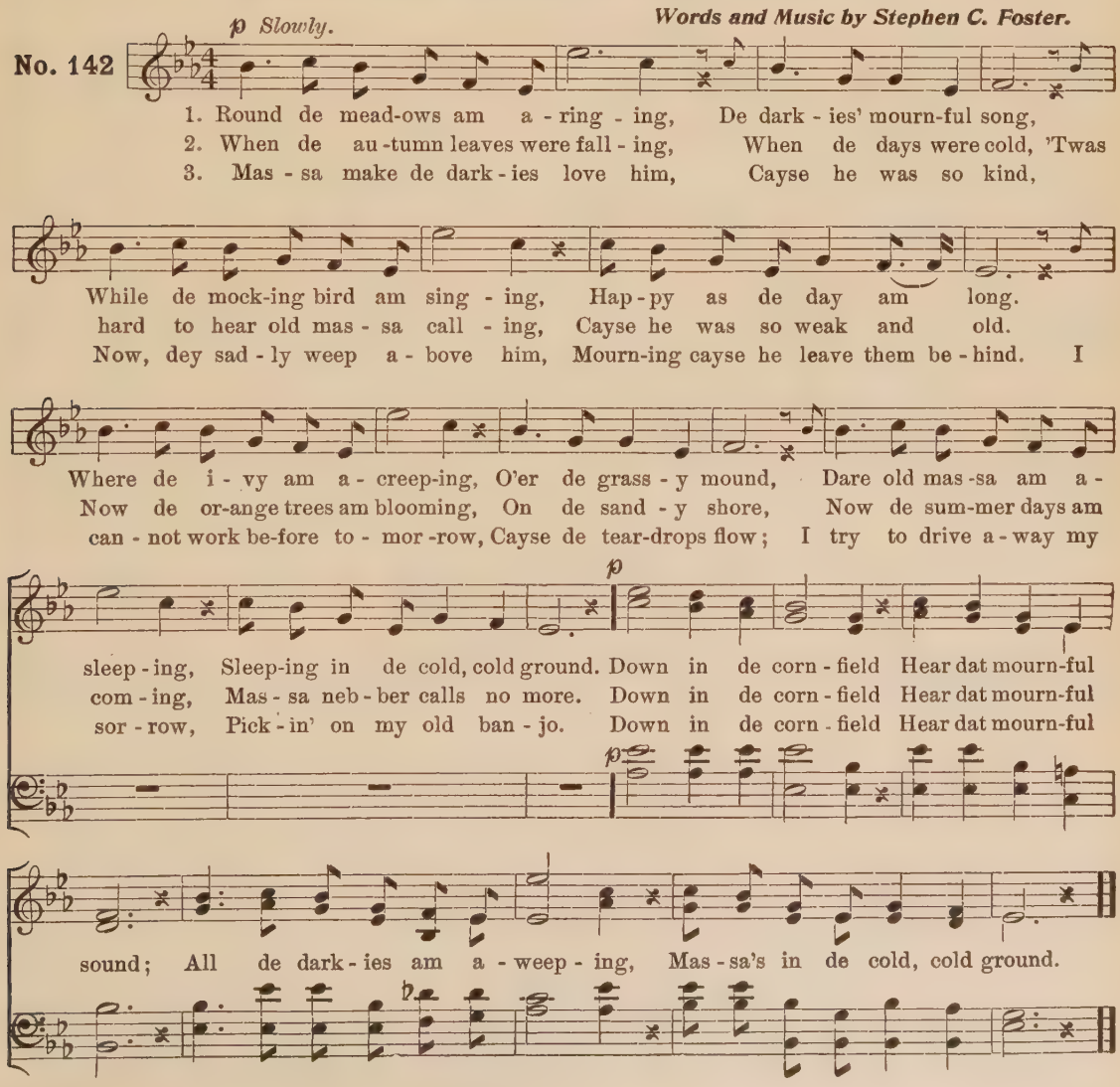
dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true;
swan; Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on.
feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet,



MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

No. 142

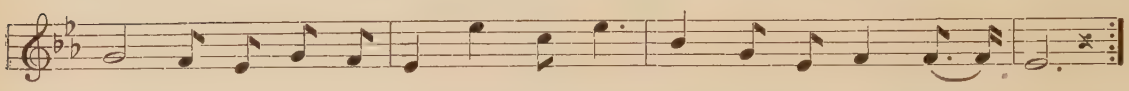


OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

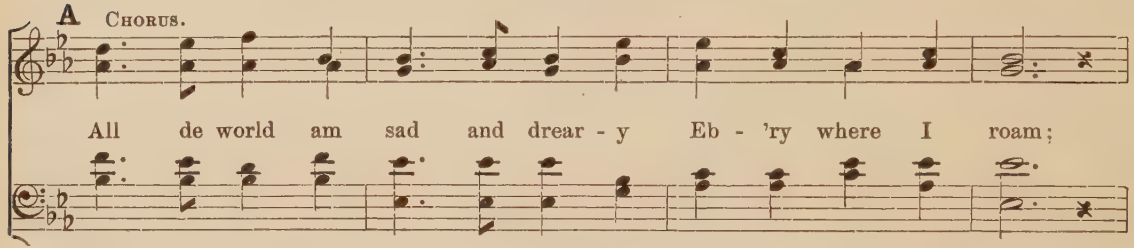
No. 143

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
   All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was young,
   When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,
   When will I see de bees a - hum-ming, All 'round de comb?

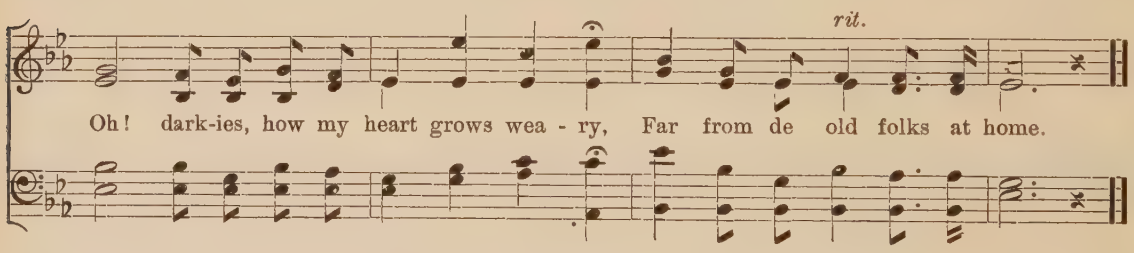


Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay;
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man - y hap - py days I squan-der'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming Down in my good old home?

A CHORUS.



All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - 'ry where I roam;

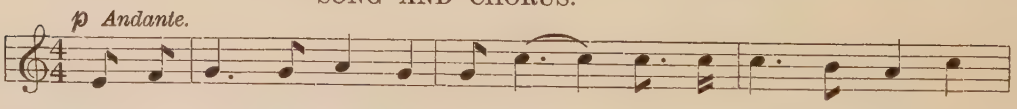


Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

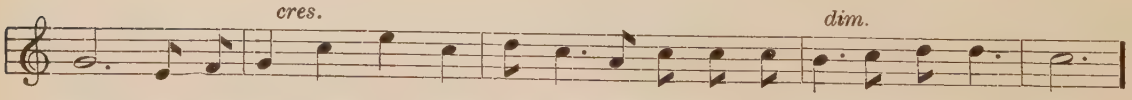
THE QUILTING PARTY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

No. 136



1. In the sky the bright stars glit - ter'd, On the bank the pale moon
2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, Rest - ed light as o - cean
3. On my lips a whis - per trem - bled, Trem-bled till it dared to
4. On my life new hopes were dawn - ing, And those hopes have lived and



shone; And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt- ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel- lie home.
foam; And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt- ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel- lie home.
come; And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt- ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel- lie home.
grown; And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt- ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel- lie home.

cres.

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, . . I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

dim. e rit.

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

SONG AND CHORUS.

George F. Root.

No. 134

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re - flects a gold - en light . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
3. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is lost on eve - ning's breast, . As the pen - sive beau - ties die.

Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
Then, O then the lov'd ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,

While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

LULLABY.

(ERMINIE.)

Jakobowski.
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.

No. 131

Moderato.

p

Dear moth-er, in dreams I see her, With lov'd face sweet and calm, And hear her voice With love re-joice When nest-ling on her arm. .
Ah! e'en when her life was eb-bing, Her words were all of me; . My fu-ture years Were all her fears, Her fate 'twas not to see. .

I think how she soft-ly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist-'ning eye, . As her watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lull-a-by. . And my moth-er's plaint In her ac-cents faint, This ten-der, sweet lull-a-by. . Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye.

My fa-ther, I heard you weep-ing, As in sor-row you stood close

mf *p*

L'istesso tempo.

p

Bye bye, drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing, Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids sleep.

Bye bye, Watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing, Dar-ling, be thy slum-ber deep.

mf

Bye bye, drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing, Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids sleep. Bye bye,

mf

Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye

rall. dim. * *pp*

watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing, Dar-ling, be thy slum-bers deep! bye bye bye bye. .

rall. dim. *pp*

bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye. .

pp

* The small notes are to be sung by a few solo voices.

DIXIE'S LAND.

Words and Music by Dan Emmett.

No. 153

mf Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for - got - ten, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly . on . . one frost - y morn - in,' Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie - land.
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry . . "Will - de - wea - ber," Wil - lium was a gay de - ceab - er, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. But when he put his . arm a - round 'er, He smiled as . . fierce as a for - ty pound - er, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie - land.
3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's clea - ber, But dat did not seem to greab her, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old Mis - sus act - ed the fool - ish part, And died for a man . dat broke her heart, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie - land.
4. Now here's a health to the next old mis - sus, And all de girls dat want to kiss us, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. But if you want to . drive 'way sor - row, Come and hear . dis song to - mor - row, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie - land.
5. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' . . In - gen' bat - ter, Makes you fat, or a lit - tle fat - ter, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie Land. Den hoe it down and . scratch your grab-ble, To Dix - ie's . Land . I'm bound to trab - ble, Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Look - a - way! Dix - ie - land.

f

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down South in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down South in Dix - ie.

THE ARMY.

(FROM "ERMINE.")

M. Louise Baum. *E. Jakabowski.*

Tempo di Marcia. TENORS AND BASSES.

No. 124

p

1, 2, 3. Hark to the call of the trum - pets to - day, The

A

ar - my is gath - er'd in bat - tle ar - ray! The in - fant - ry is form - ing, the
ar - my is gath - er'd in bat - tle ar - ray! The ca - val - ry ad - vance as the
ar - my is gath - er'd in bat - tle ar - ray! Th' ar - til - ler - y is heard o'er the

men stand in line, Their ri - fles are gleam-ing, their bay - o - nets shine; The
charge sounds a - far, Then wild - ly they gal - lop, all play - ing at war. The
hill as it comes, 'Mid shriek - ing of shrap - nel and burst - ing of bombs. The

sol - diers are wait - ing the word of com-mand, "At - ten - tion! Pre - sent arms!" How
hors - es are pranc-ing and danc - ing like fun, The spur is not need - ed, O
rat - tle of gun-carts is loud on the ear, They bring re - in - force-ments A -

C *cres.* *rall.* *a tempo.* *mf*

firm - ly they stand! The drum sets the pace, dou - ble - quick must it be! And
see how they run! They storm up the hill, to their force all must yield, No
guard - ing our rear, The ranks wide - ly scat - tered are gath - ered a - gain, While

rall.

loud calls the cap - tain, "March for - ward, In - fant -
foe could with - stand them, their charge would clear the
gun - ners and can - non move out a - cross the

D

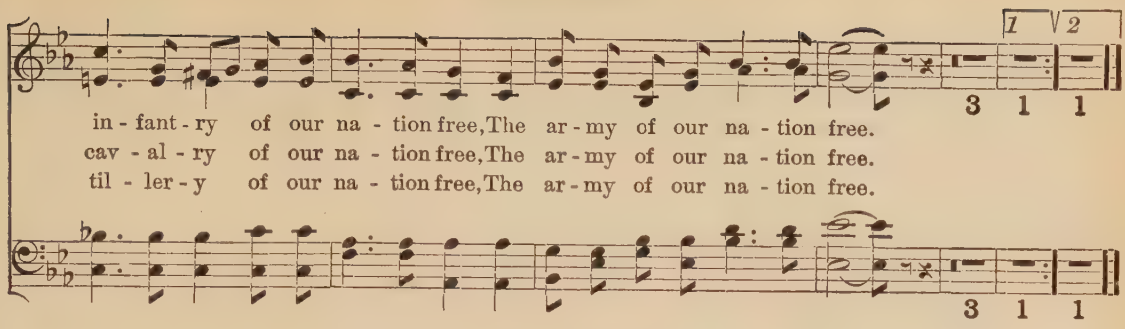
ry!" Then, O see how they marching go, All a - cross the field, a mar - tial
field. Then, O see how they pranc-ing go, All a - cross the field, a dash - ing
plain. Then, O see how they rumbling go, All a - cross the field, a daunt-less

row, The in - fant - ry of our na - tion free, O but they make a splen- did show!
row, The ca - val - ry of our na - tion free, O but they make a splen- did show!
row, Th' ar-til - ler - y of our na - tion free, O but they make a splen- did show!

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

f

Then, O see how they march-ing go, All a - cross the field, a mar - tial row, The
Then, O see how they pranc- ing go, All a - cross the field, a dash-ing row, The
Then, O hear how they rum-bling go, All a - cross the field, a daunt-less row, Th' ar -



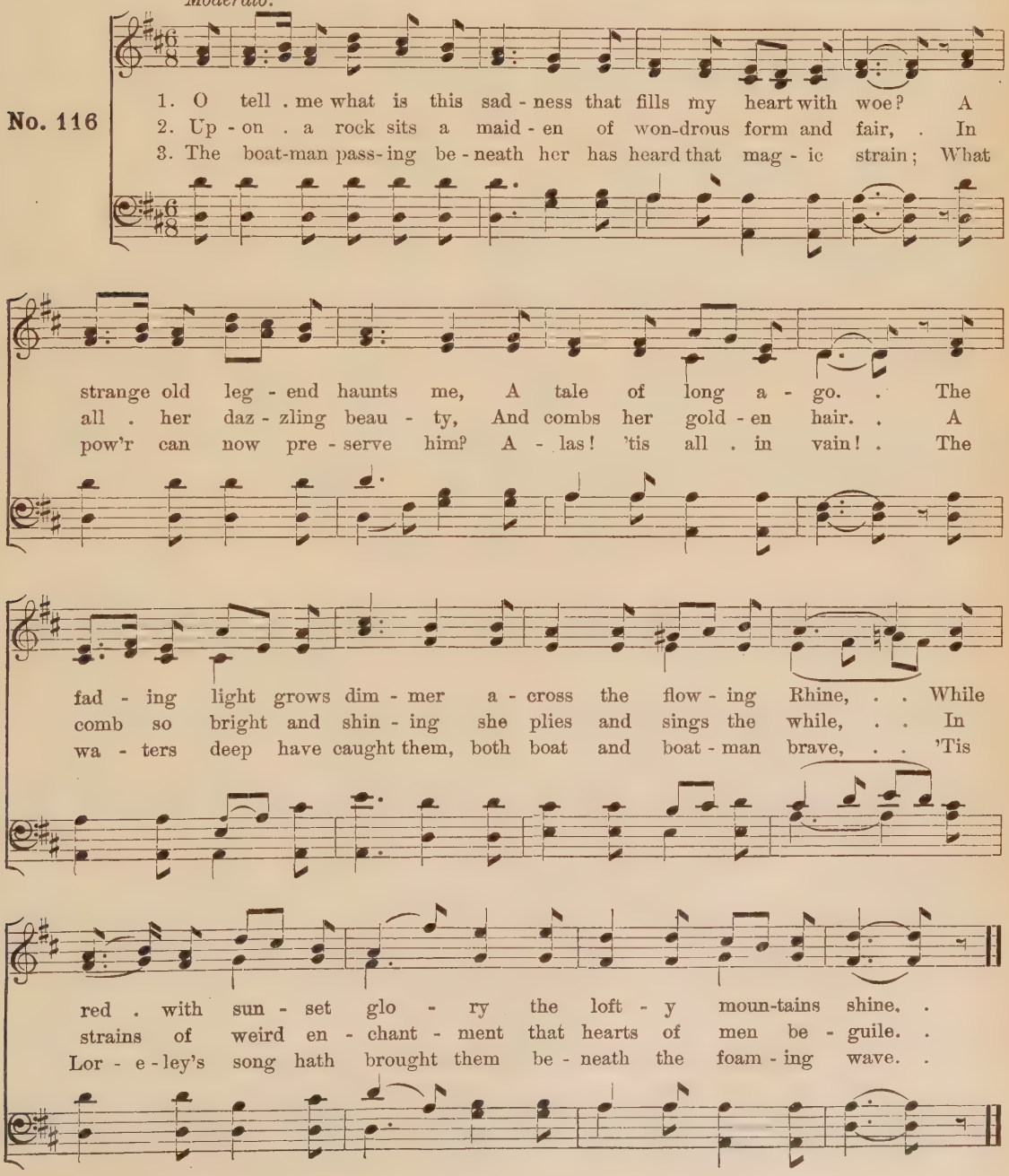
THE LORELEY.

From the German of Heinrich Heine.
by David Stevens.

Friedrich Silcher.

Moderato.

No. 116



AMERICA.

Samuel F. Smith. *John Bull.*

No. 146

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing. Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song! Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing! Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

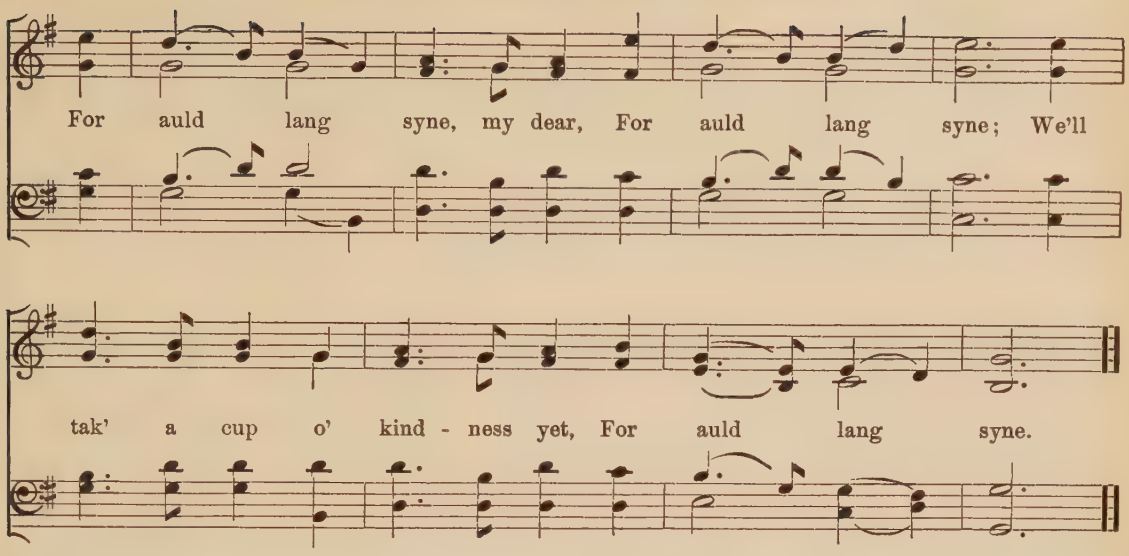
AULD LANG SYNE.

Scotch Air.

No. 144

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for- got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa' hae run a - boot the braes And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've
3. We twa' hae sport - ed i' the burn, Frae morn - in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien'. And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll

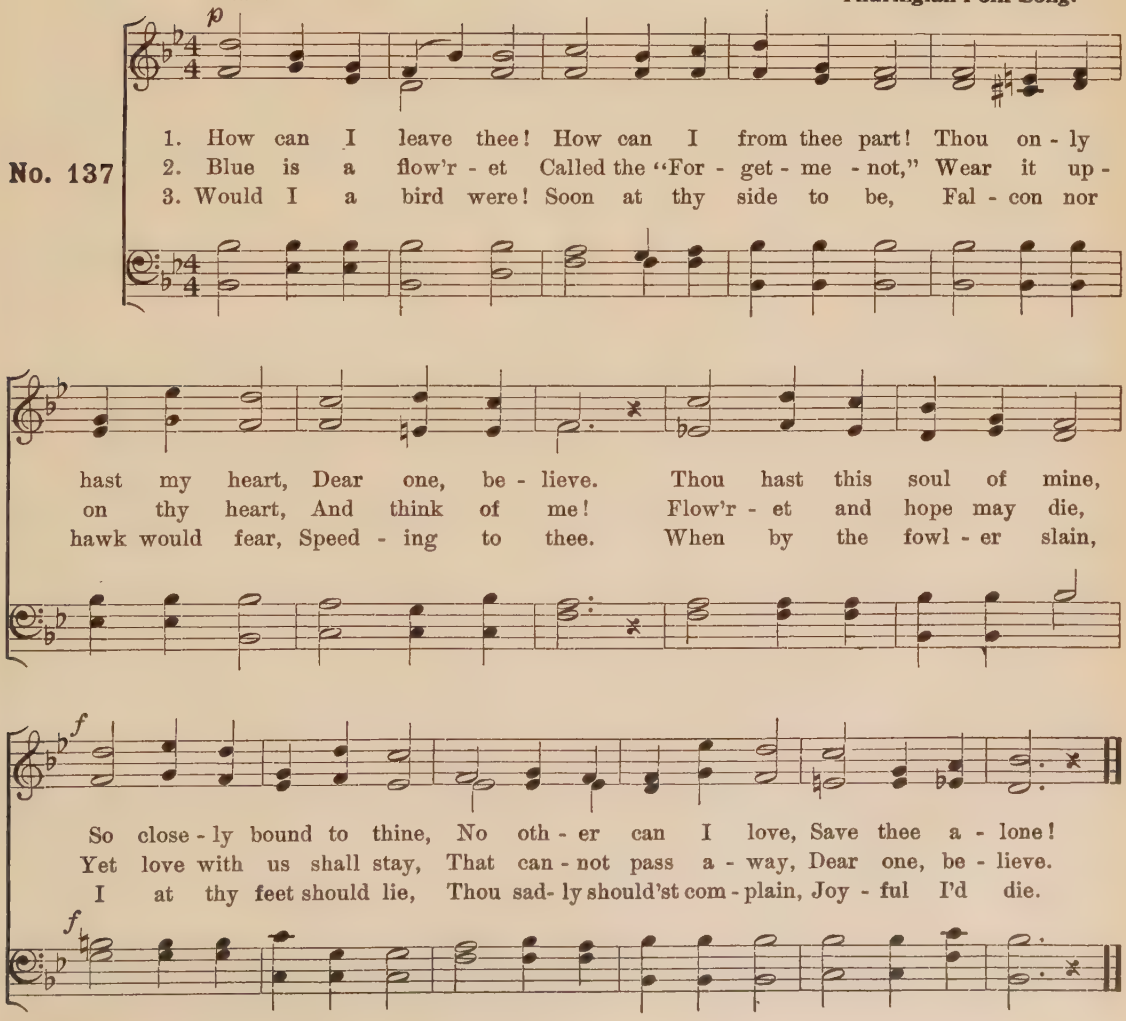
auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
wan - der'd mon - y a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
seas be - tween us braid hae roared Sin' auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, Sin' auld lang syne.



HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

Andante con moto. — *Thuringian Folk Song.*

No. 137



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Francis Scott Key. *John Stafford Smith.*

No. 148

SOPRANO SOLO, OR ALL SOPRANOS.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam- ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight O'er the ram-parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream- ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream? 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

3. And where is that band who so vaunt -ing - ly swore, That the hac - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul foot-step's poi - ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star-span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and grim war's des - o - la - tion. Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

DUET, OR SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

CHORUS.

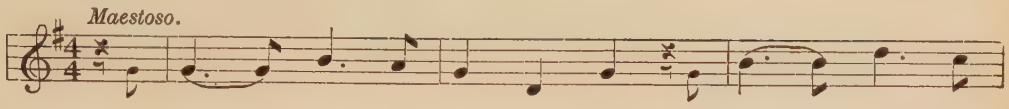
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Joseph Hopkinson. *Philip Phyle.*

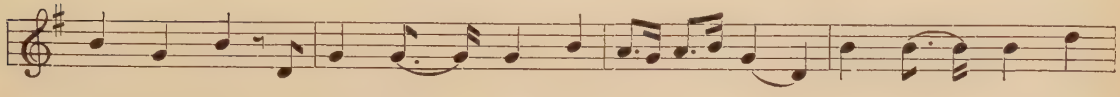
SOLO OR ALL SOPRANOS.

Maestoso.

No. 150

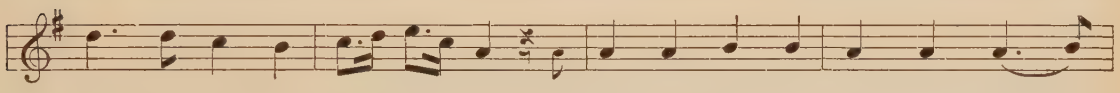


1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de -
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let . . Wash - ing -
4. Be - hold the chief, who now com - mands, Once more to serve his

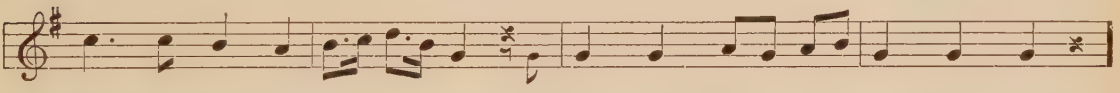


heav'n-born band! Who fought and . . bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in
fend your shore; Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with
ton's great name Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Ring thro' the world with
coun - try stands, The rock on . . which the storm will beat! The rock on which the

Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let
im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize, While
loud ap-plause! Let ev - 'ry clime to Free-dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With
storm will beat! But, arm'd in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you! When

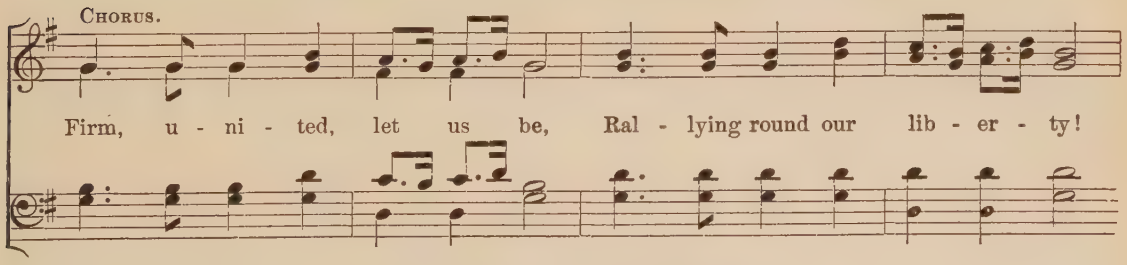


in - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, . .
of - f'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

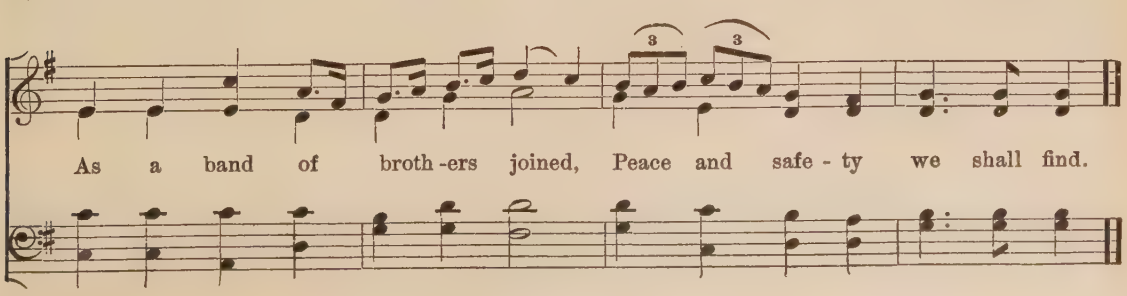


ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice shall pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death, or lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.



Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty!



As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Words and Music by David T. Shaw.

No. 152

Con spirito.

1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee; Thy mandates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!

2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threat-en'd the land to de-form, The ark then of free-dom's founda-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew; With her flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS

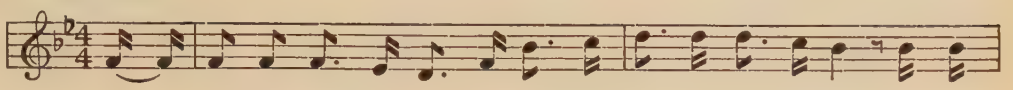
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!

The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!

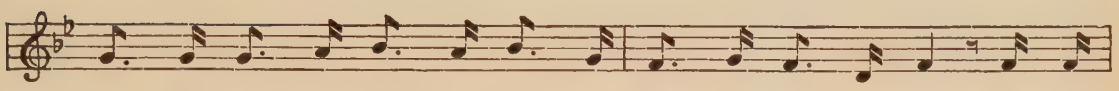
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Julia Ward Howe.

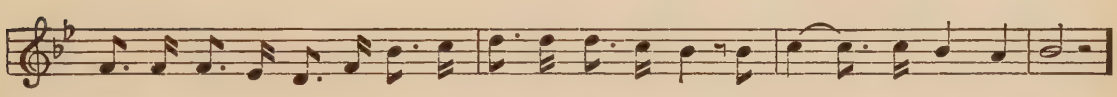
No. 154



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir-cling camps, They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in burnish'd rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

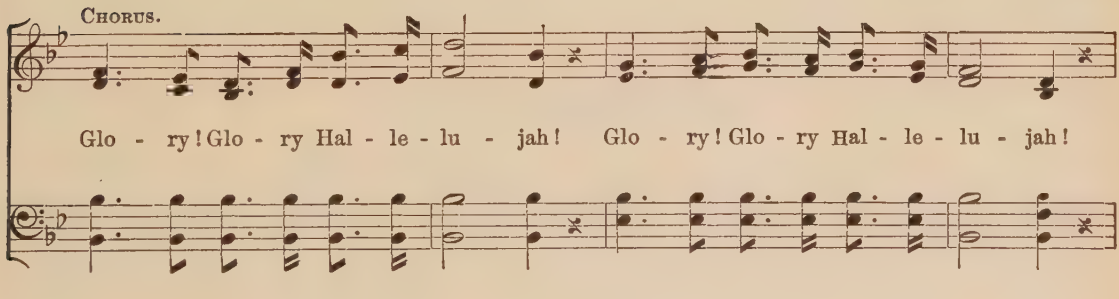


tramp - ing out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal:" Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He

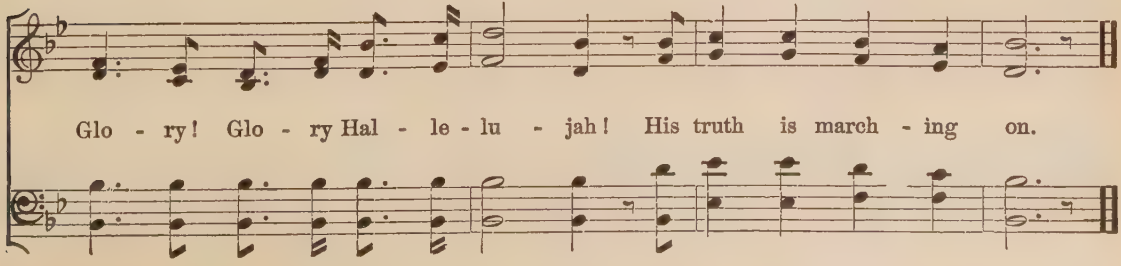


loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
He - ro born of wo-man crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

English words adapted from Longfellow.

Old German Folk Song.

No. 151

1. O hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! How faith - ful are thy branch - es! O
2. O night - in - gale! O night - in - gale! What pro - mise fair thou giv - est! O

hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! How faith - ful are thy branch - es! Not
night - in - gale! O night - in - gale! What pro - mise fair thou giv - est! As

green a - lone in sum - mer-time But green in win - ter's frost and rime! O
long as sum - mer laughs, you sing Your pro - mise to re - turn with spring! O

hem - lock tree! O hem - lock tree! How faith - ful are thy branch - es!
night - in - gale, O night - in - gale! What pro - mise fair thou giv - est.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

Words and Music by W. T. Wrighton.

No. 140

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me, Is home, . . sweet home! The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, . . sweet home, I've

A *piu mosso.*

fair - y land I long to see, Is home, sweet home! There, how charm'd the sense of hear-ing!
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home! There, where vows are tru - ly plight-ed,

dim. e rall.

There, where love is so en-dear- ing, All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home!
There, where hearts are so u - ni - ted, All the world be-sides I've slighted For home, sweet home!

CHORUS.

The dearest spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home, The fair-y land I long to see, Is home, sweet home!

THE HEAVENS RESOUND.

Andreas Hofer. *Two measures prelude* *Arr. from Beethoven.*

No. 96

f *sf*

1. The heav'ns re - sound with His prais - es e - ter - nal, In might and glo - ry
2. The Lord is God! He is king of cre - a - tion; In His right hand He

sf

p *cres.*

they com - bine To tell His name thro' earth and the o - ceans That man may hear the
holds them all; His chil- dren, we, in love and de - vo - tion, Be - fore His might and

cres.

word di - vine, He holds the suns in the blue vault-ed heav-ens, He plants His
pow - er fall. O Fa - ther, hear! we, Thy sons, bring our blessings, Our pray'r-ful

f

foot up - on the world; Thy myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The
thanks to Thee we raise; The heav'ns re - sound; break, O earth, in - to glo - ry, To

ff

u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd.
serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise!

THE AMERICAN HYMN.

Words and Music by Matthias Keller.

No. 147

Maestoso.

f

1. Speed our re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high! Lead us in path - ways of jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the
2. Fore - most in bat - tle for free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a - roused by its call; Still as of yore, when *George*
3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe— Will - ing to die in hu - man - i - ty's cause— Thus we de - fy all ty -
4. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear

mf *cres.*

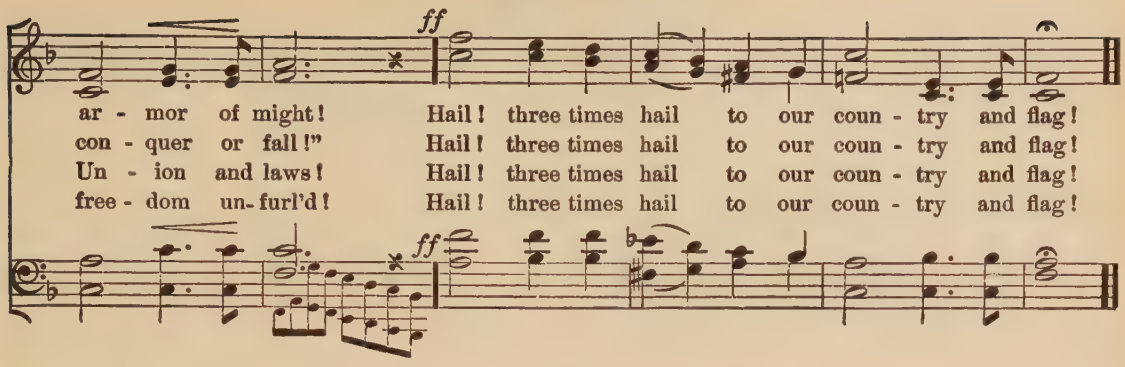
f **A**

ruled, "One and all," Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might!
Wash - ing - ton led, Thun - ders our war - cry: "We con - quer or fall!"
ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our Un - ion and laws!
ban - ner of old— Show that it still is for free - dom un - furl'd!

ff **B** *mf*

Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all," Gir - dle with vir - tue the
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Still as of yore, when *George Wash - ing - ton* led, Thun - ders our war - cry: "We
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old— Show that it still is for

cres. *f* *cres.*



TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root.

No. 129 *Tempo di Marcia.*

1. In the pris-on cell I sit Think-ing, mother dear, of you, And our bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
2. In the bat-tle front we stood When their fiercest charge they made, And they swept us off a hun-dred men or more, But be - fore we reached their lines They were beat - en back dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
3. So with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall come to o - pen wide the i - ron door, And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

CHORUS. march - - ing, cheer up, com - rades, they will

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, come,

they will come, And be - neath the star - ry flag, We shall breathe the air a - gain, Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Thomas Tallis, 1520-1585.

No. 58

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread.
And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A - MEN.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Words and Music by Walter Kittredge.

No. 130

p Moderato.

1. We're . . tent - ing to - night on the old Camp - ground,
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old Camp - ground,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp - ground,
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old Camp - ground,

pp *p*

Give us a song to cheer Our . . wea - - ry hearts, a
Think - ing of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that
Man - y are dead and gone, Of the brave . . and true who've
Man - y are ly - ing near; —— Some . . are dead, and

pp

song of . . home, And friends we love so dear. . .
gave us the hand, And the tear . . that said "Good - bye!" .
left their homes, —— Oth - ers been wound - ed long. . .
some are dy - ing, —— Man - y —— are in tears. . .

p CHORUS.

Man - y are the hearts that are wea - ry to-night, Wish - ing for the war to cease,

p

mf

Man - y are the hearts that are look - ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

mf

Last stanza very slowly and softly.

pp

1,2,3. Tent - ing to - night, Tent- ing to - night, Tent-ing on the old Camp - ground.
4. Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing on the old Camp - ground.

pp

YANKEE DOODLE.

Dr. Shamburg. ***Old Air, Origin Unknown.***

No. 149 *Vivace.*

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap- tain Good - win, And there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
2. And there we see a thou- sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
3. And there was Cap - tain Wash-ing - ton Up - on a slap-ping stal - lion, A - giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
4. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They look'd so ver - y fine, ah! I want - ed pesk - i - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.

CHORUS.

Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,
Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

5 And there I see a swamping gun,
Big as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

6 And every time they fired it off
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7 And there I see a little keg,
Its heads all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks
To call the folks together.

8 And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

9 The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

10 It scared me so I hooked if off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

(FRENCH NATIONAL HYMN.)

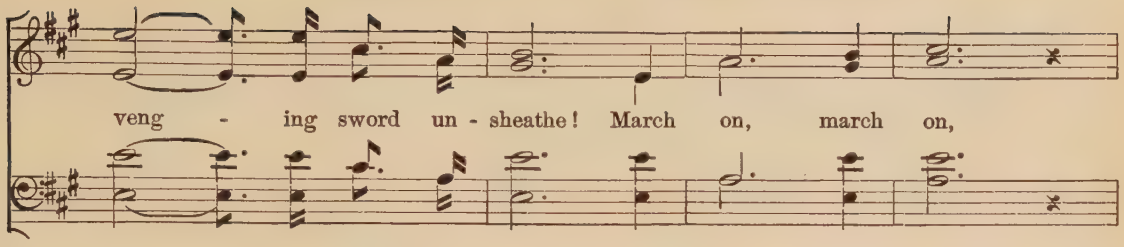
Rouget de Lisle.

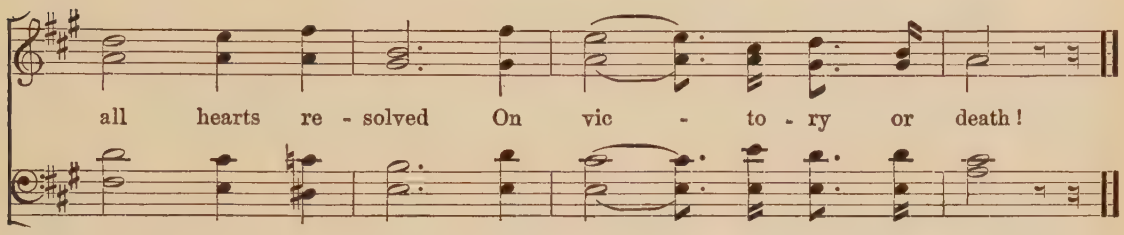
No. 127

1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark what myr-iads bid you rise! Your chil-dren, wives and grand-sires hoa-ry: Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants mis-chief breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and des-o-late the land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing? To arms, to arms ye brave! Th' a-

2. With lux-u-ry and pride sur-round ed, The vile, in-sa-tiate des-pots dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un-bound-ed, To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur-den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a-dore; But man is man, and who is more? Then shall they lon-ger lash and goad us? To arms, to arms ye brave! Th' a-

3. O, lib-er-ty! can man re-sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy gen-'rous flame? Can dun-geons, bolts and bars con-fine thee? Or whips thy no-ble spir-it tame? Or whips thy no-ble spir-it tame? Too long the world has wept be-wail-ing That false-hood's dag-ger ty-rants wield; But free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un-a-vail-ing. To arms, to arms ye brave! Th' a-





NATIONAL HYMN. GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

Daniel C. Roberts. *George W. Warren.*

No. 100

ff

Trumpets before each verse.

1. God of our Fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in splen-dor thro' the skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past; In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our Rul - er, Guard-ian, Guide and Stay; Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
3. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di- vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING.

F. R. L. Canitz. *Franz Joseph Haydn.*

No. 155

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing! Now is break - ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day: Come, to Him Who made this splen- dor, See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
2. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en - deav - or, When thine aim is good and true; But that He may ev - er thwart thee, And con - vert thee, When thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue.
3. Think that He thy ways be - hold - eth; He un - fold - eth Ev - 'ry fault that lurks with - in; He the hid - den shame glossed o - ver Can dis - cov - er, And dis - cern each deed of sin.
4. On - ly God's free gifts a - buse not, Light re - fuse not, But His spir - it's voice o - bey; Thou with Him shalt dwell, be - hold - ing Light en - fold - ing All things in un - cloud - ed day.

OLD HUNDRED.

Isaac Watts. *The Genevan Psalter.*

No. 156

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem- er's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

ITALIAN HYMN.

C. Wesley. *F. De Giardini.*

No. 157

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our prayer at-tend;
3. Come, Ho - ly Com- fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;
4. To the great One in Three The high- est prais - es be, Hence ev - er-more;

Fa-ther all glo - ri- ous, O'er all vic - to - ri- ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
Come, and Thy peo- ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend.
Thou, who al-might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir- it of pow'r!
His sov-'reign maj-es - ty May we in glo -ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a- dore.

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

DENNIS.

H. G. Nageli.

No. 158

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell,
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap- proved, Un - changed from day to day;

Come cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n- ly Fa - ther's throne And peace and com - fort find.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

LORD, THY GLORY.

(FROM "THE NINTH SYMPHONY.")

R. Mant. *Ludwig van Beethoven.*

No. 159

1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais - es, Breth-ren, let our tongues u - nite,
3. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful - ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
While our thoughts His great - ness rais - es, All our love His gifts ex - cite;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

Heav'n is still with an - thems ring - ing; Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,
With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly church be - low,
Thus to Thee our trib - ute bring - ing, Ech - o we the an - gels' cry,

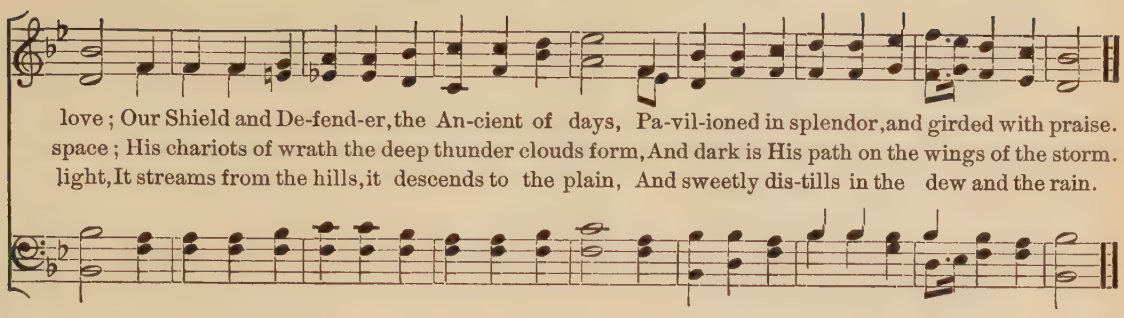
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly sing - ing; Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.
Thus u - nit - ed, we a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly sing - ing, Thou, the Lord our God most high.

OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

R. Grant. *Franz Joseph Haydn.*

No. 160

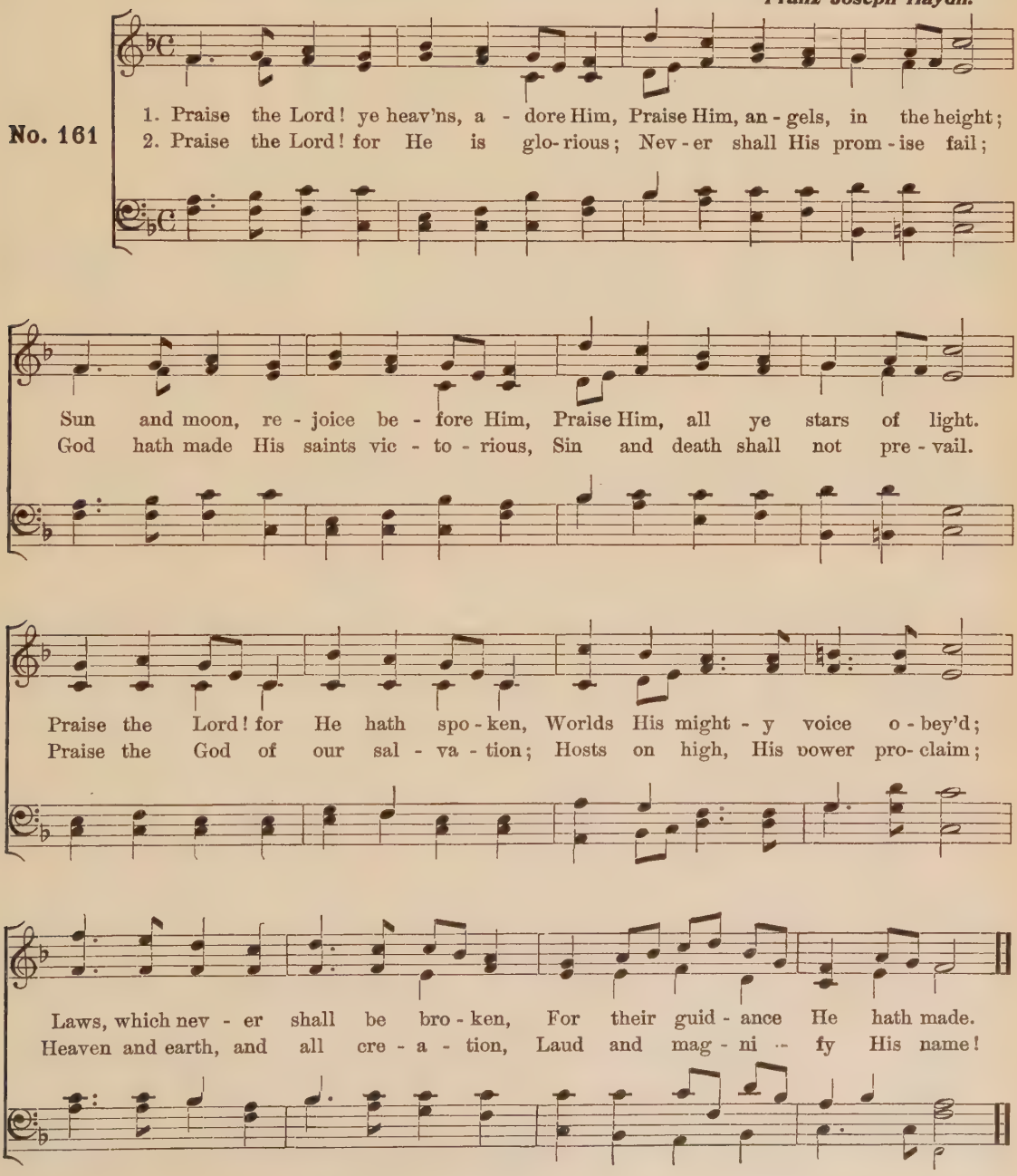
1. Oh, wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly sing His won - der-ful
2. Oh, tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, Whose can-o - py
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, It shines in the



AUSTRIAN HYMN.

Franz Joseph Haydn.

No. 161



AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

Katharine Lee Bates. *Samuel A. Ward.*

No. 162

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, . For pur - ple moun-tain maj -es - ties A - bove the fruit -ed plain. A - mer - i - ca! A -mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, . And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern im - pas-sioned stress . A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat - A - cross the wil -der - ness. A - mer - i - ca! A -mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, . Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes prov'd In lib - er - at - ing strife, . Who more than self their coun-try lov'd, And mer-cy more than life. A - mer - i - ca! A -mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine . Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years . Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Undimm'd by hu -man tears. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, . And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

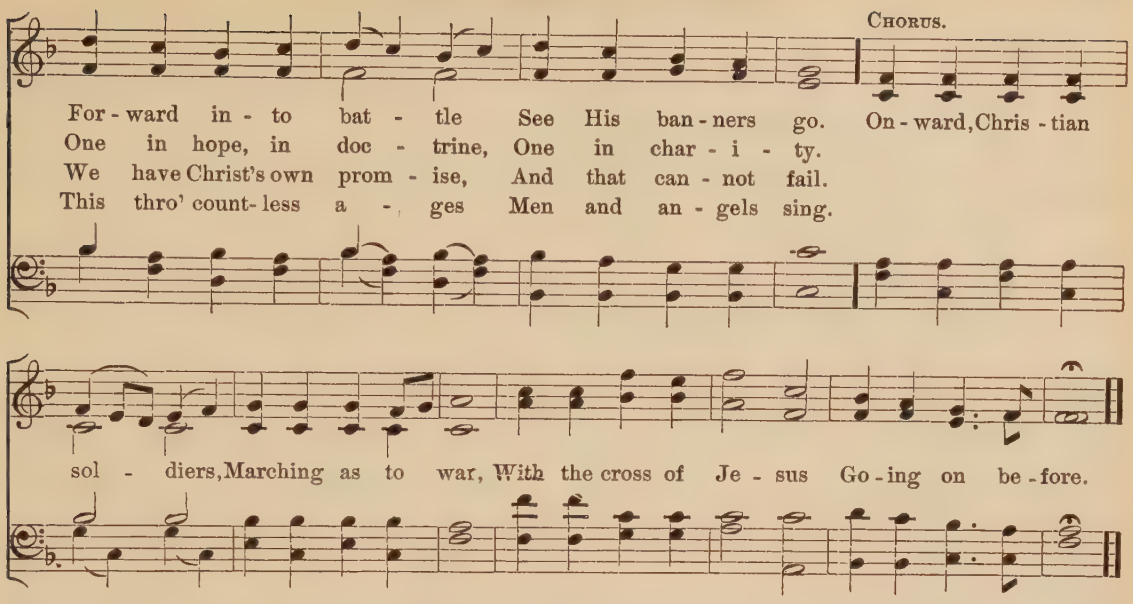
f

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *Sir Arthur Sullivan*

No. 163

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March- ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe:
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth- ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of Hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church prevail;
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri -umph song. Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King!

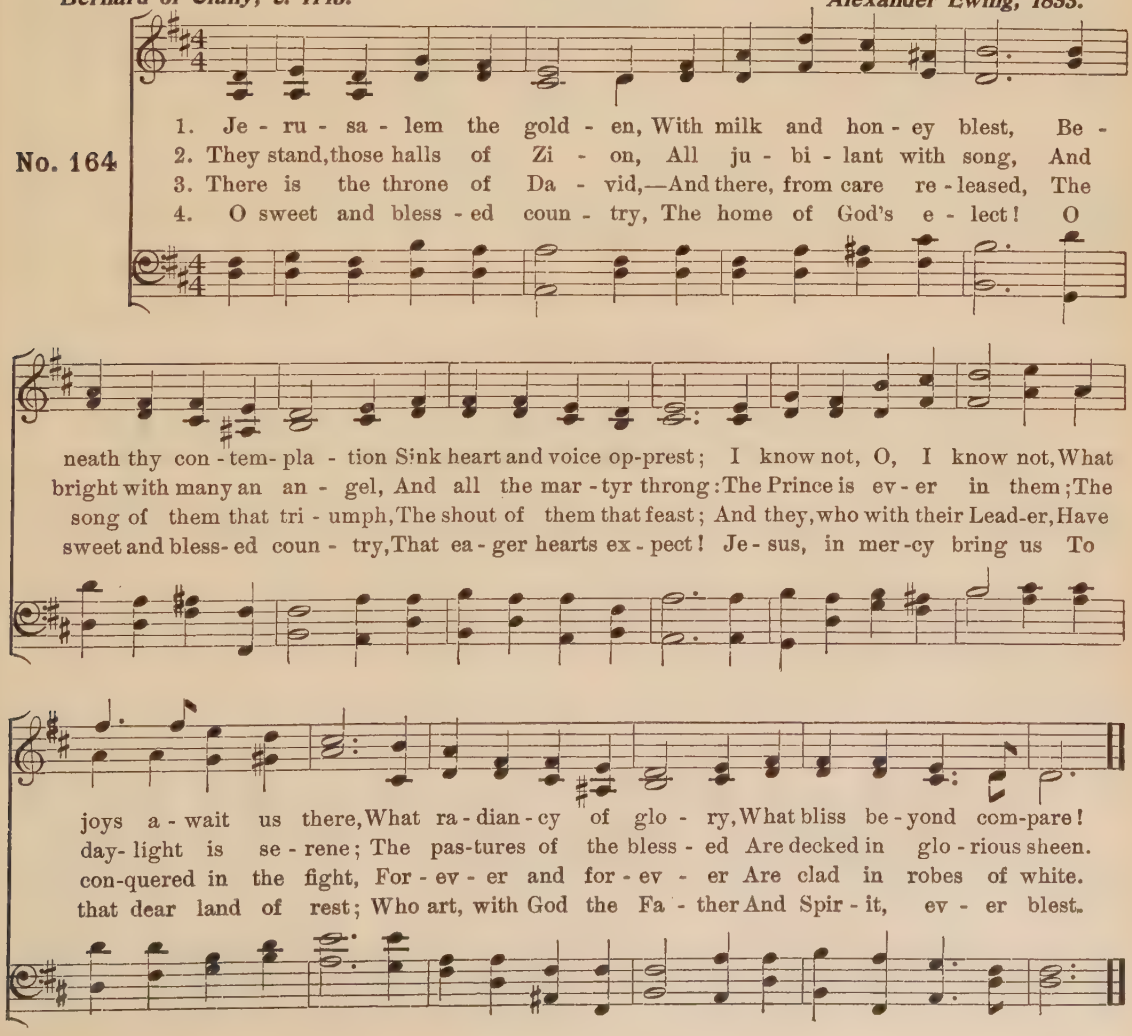


JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

(EWING.)

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145. *Alexander Ewing, 1853.*

No. 164



THY WAY, NOT MINE.

H. Bonar. *Carl Maria von Weber.*

No. 165

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be! Lead me by
2. The king-dom that I seek Is Thine: so let the way That leads to
3. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sick - ness or my health; Choose Thou my

Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me. I dare not choose my lot; I would not
it be Thine, Else I must sure- ly stray. Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or
cares for me, My pov -er - ty or wealth. Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or

if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.
sor - row fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill.
great or small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wis - dom and my all.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

P. Doddridge. *George Friedrick Handel.*

No. 166

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A
2. A cloud of wit- ness - es a - round Hold Thee in full sur - vey; For -
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis
4. Blest Sav- iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun; And,

heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an im -mor- tal crown, And an im - mor- tal crown.
get the steps al - rea- dy trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
His own hand presents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye, To Thine as - pir- ing eye.
crowned with vic-t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon- ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

OH, COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.)
Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841.

J. Reading, 1692.

No. 167

1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri-umph - ant, Oh, come ye, oh,
2. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of An - gels;
ci - ti-zens of heaven a - bove: Glo - ry to God . . In . the . high - est;
Thee be . . glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

After each verse.

Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

f

GOD BE WITH US.

(DUKE STREET.)

Leonard Bacon, 1838.

John Hatton, c. 1793.

No. 168

1. O God! be-neath Thy guid - ing hand; Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea;
2. Thou heardst, well-pleas'd, the song, the prayer; Thy bless-ing came; and still its power
3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those ex - iles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's chil - dren shall a - dore.

And, when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm . . they wor - shipped Thee.
Shall on-ward thro' all a - ges bear The mem-'ry of . . . that ho - ly hour.
And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a - dorns . . the earth no more.

FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS.

A. Steele. *Lowell Mason.*

No. 169

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm and thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend:

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The bless - ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

VESPER HYMN.

Thomas Moore. *Russian Air.*

Allegretto.

No. 170

mf 1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear;
2. Now like moon-light waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long;
3. Once a - gain sweet voic - es ring - ing, Loud - er still the mu - sic swells;

Near - er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear. Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te!
Now like an - gry surg-es meet-ing, Breaks the mingled tide of song. Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te!
While on sum-mer breezes wing-ing, Comes the chime of vesper bells. Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te!

Ju - bi - la - te! A - men, Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te!
Ju - bi - la - te! A - men, Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te!
Ju - bi - la - te! A - men, Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te!

A - men. Far - ther now, and far - ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
A - men. Hark! a - gain, like waves re - treat-ing To the shore it dies a - long.
A - men. On the sum-mer breez - es wing-ing, Fades the chime of ves - per bells.

PRAYER.

F. H. Himmel.

No. 171

Andante sostenuto. *p* — *f agitato e piu moto.*

1. Fa - ther, I cry to Thee, Black though the smoke that rolls
2. Fa - ther, O lead Thou me, Thy might - y hand in the
3. Fa - ther, I feel Thee near, Near in the whis - p'ring of
4. Fa - ther, O bless Thou me, In - to Thy hand I com -

p — *f*

ff

threat - en - ing o'er me; Bright tho' the light - ning that flash - es be - fore me,
tu - mult shall guide me, Thy will be done, what - so - e'er may be - tide me:
na - ture's sweet won - der, Near in the roll - ing of dread can - non thun - der,
mend me; O save me! Thou canst but take what Thy hand a - lone gave me.

ff

sostenuto. *cres.* *p* *pp*

Mas - ter of Bat - tles, I cry to Thee, Fa - ther, O lead Thou me.
Vic - tor or van - quished, O lead Thou me! Fa - ther, I feel Thee near.
Source of all mer - cy, I feel Thee near; Fa - ther, O bless Thou me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing, O bless Thou me, Fa - ther, I praise Thy Name.

p *pp*

FATHER, HEAR THE PRAYER WE OFFER.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

No. 172

1. Fa - ther, hear the prayer we of - fer! Not for ease that prayer shall be,
2. Be our strength in hours of weak-ness, In our wand'rings be our guide;

But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives cour - age - ous - ly.
Through en - deav - or, hard - ship, dan - ger, Fa - ther, be Thou at our side!

Not for - ev - er by still wa - ters Would we i - dly, qui - et stay,
Ours to sow the seed in sor - row, Thine to bid it spread and grow;

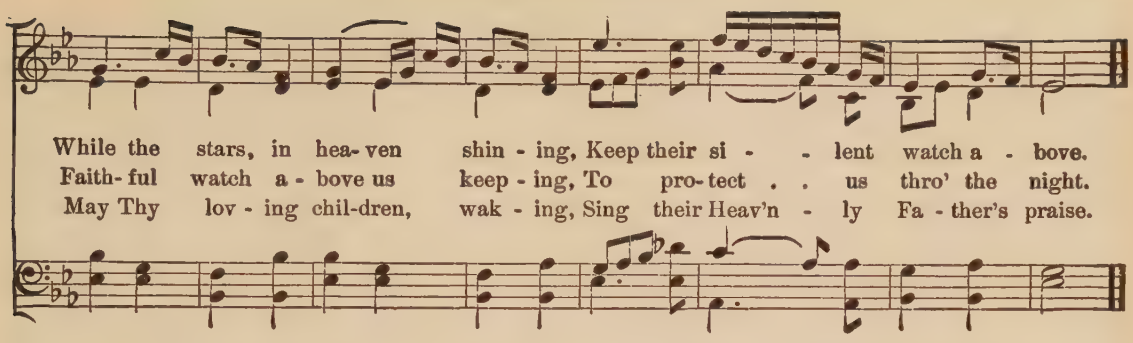
But would smite the liv - ing foun - tains From the rocks a - long our way.
And the gold - en days of au - tumn Will a pre - cious har - vest show.

EVENING PRAYER.

Carl Maria von Weber.

No. 173

1. Soft - ly sighs the breath of eve - ning, Steal - ing thro' the shadowy grove,
2. Heav'n-ly Fa- ther, while we're sleep - ing, Send Thy guar- dian an - gels bright,
3. When the morn-ing, gent - ly break - ing, Tints the sky with gold - en rays,

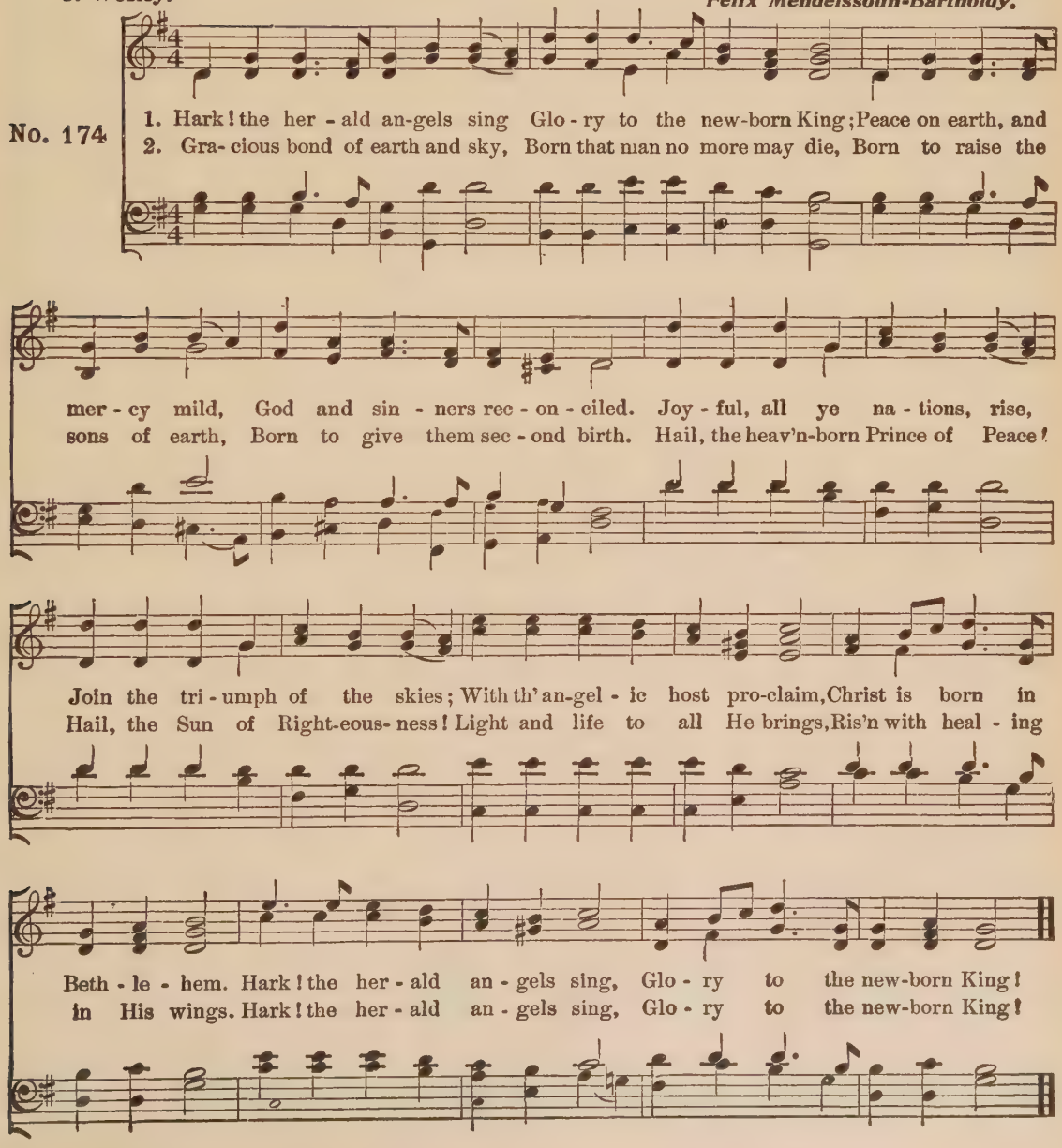


CHRISTMAS HYMN.

(FROM "HYMNS OF PRAISE.")

C. Wesley. *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*

No. 174



HOLY NIGHT.

Franz Gruber.

No. 175

pp

1 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight,
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

pp

Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child, Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, . . Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! . . Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth! . . Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth!

HOLY SPIRIT, LIGHT DIVINE.

(ARR. FROM "LAST HOPE.")

A. Reed. *Louis Moritz Gottschalk.*

No. 176

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Light Di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r Di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy Di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, All Di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound- ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

(DOMINUS REGIT ME.)

H. W. Baker. *J. B. Dykes.*

No. 177

1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ters flow My ran - somed soul He lead - eth, And, where the ver - dant past - ures grow With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing brought me.
4. And so through all the length of days, Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er: Good Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

(MERRIAL.)

S. Baring Gould, 1865. *Joseph Barnby, 1868.*

No. 178

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . . Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, . . With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
3. Through the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread . . Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . . Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
bless - ing May our eye - - - - - lids close.
bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
sin - less In Thy ho - - - - - ly eyes.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

John Henry Newman. *John B. Dykes.*

No. 179

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a -mid th' encirc-ling gloom, lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
I loved to choose and see my path: but now— lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
O'er moon and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone; And, with the morn, those

do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, . Pride rul'd my will;—re-member not past years!
an-gel fa - ces smile . Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while. A - MEN.

LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER.

J. Edmeston. *Franz Joseph Haydn.*

No. 180

1. Lead us, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest - uous sea;
2. Spir - it of our God, de - scend-ing, Fill our hearts with heav'n-ly joy;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend - ing, Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy:

Yet pos - sess - ing ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
Thus pro - vid - ed, par - don'd, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.

ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.

(EVENTIDE.)

Henry F. Lyte. *William H. Monk.*

No. 181

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
4. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where,
gloom, and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morn - ing breaks! and

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
earth's vain shad-ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

(ST. AGNES.)

Isaac Watts. *J. B. Dykes.*

No. 182

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;
2. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise:
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a - broad a Fa - ther's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

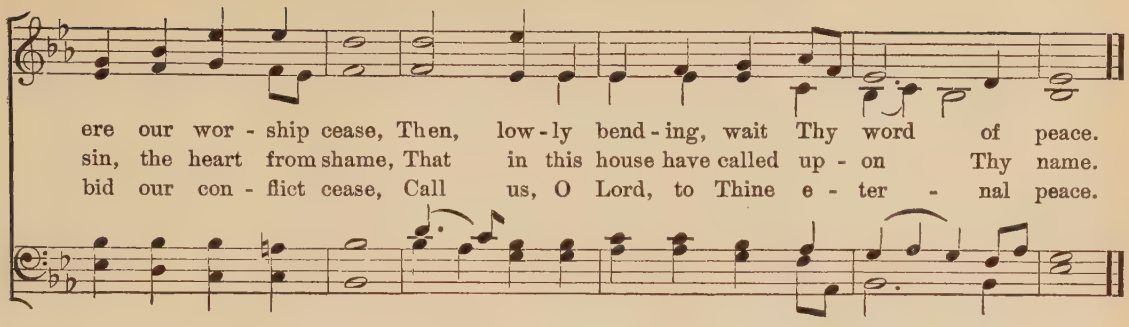
FATHER, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

J. Ellerton. *J. B. Dykes.*

No. 183

1. Fa - ther, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

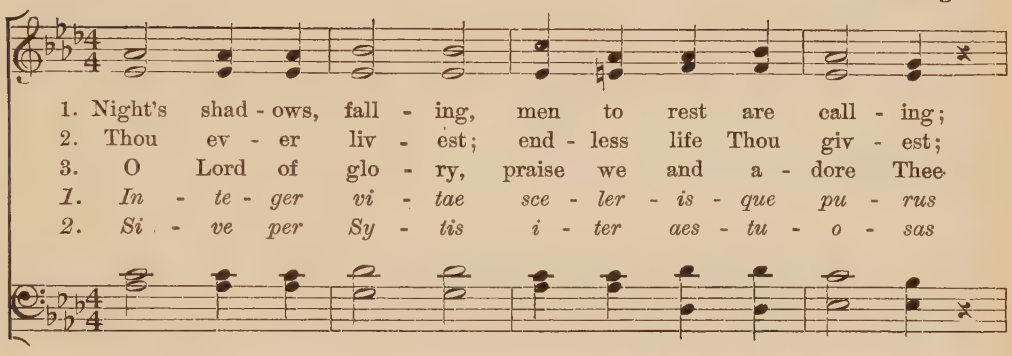


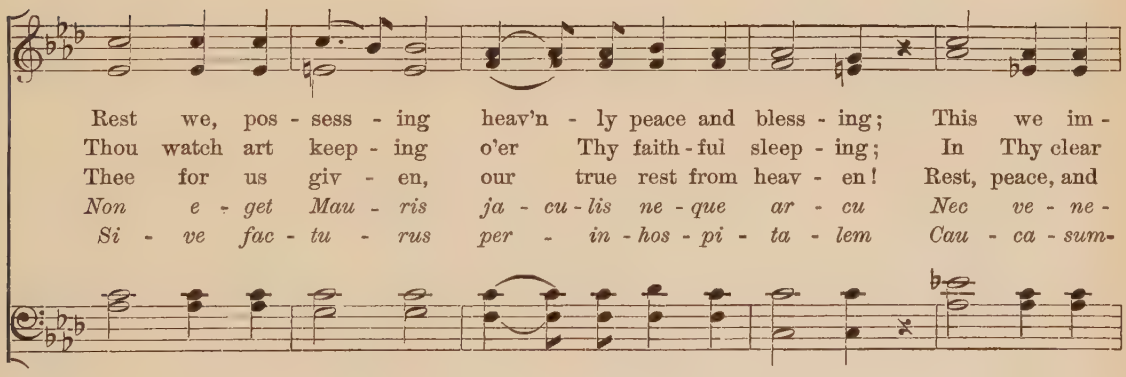
NIGHT SHADOWS, FALLING.

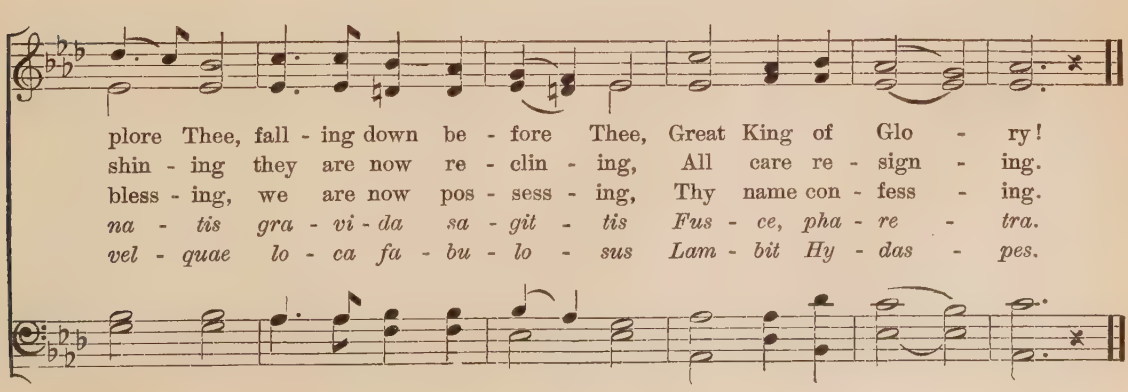
(INTEGER VITAE.)

Flemming.

No. 184







HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Reginald Heber. (NICŒA.) *John B. Dykes.*

No. 185

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty!
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

O PARADISE, O PARADISE.

F. W. Faber. *J. Barnby.*

No. 186

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - al
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old; Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold; Where loy - al
3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, O keep me in Thy love, And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove. Where loy - al

Where loy - al hearts and

true

hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rap-ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.

(THE VISION.)

*Th. Baker.**
The Vision by
Cordelia Brooks Fenno.

Folk Song of the Netherlands.
Arr. H. W. L.

No. 187

Allegretto. (1st two stanzas in unison.)

mp 1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's blessing, He chast - ens and
mf 2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead-er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou
1. Great hearts that have bat - tled in a - ges be - hind us, For love of their
2. A her - i - tage no - ble that bids us be wor - thy, Be brave and be
3. O what shall we make it, this land of our fa - thers, This realm that ex -

has - tens His will to make known; The wick - ed op - press - ing shall cease from distress - ing, Sing
tain - ing His king-dom di - vine; So from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning; Thou,
still our De - fend - er wilt be. Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape tri - bu - la - tion: Thy
coun - try, for Jus - tice and Right, Be - held in a Vi - sion a peo - ple tri - um - phant, The
strong with the strength of the Truth; A task fit for he - roes, for high - est en - deav - or, A
pand - eth from sea un - to sea? Be ours the fair Vi - sion, the fair - er ful - fill - ment, A

ff Last time.

prais - es to His name, He for - gets not His own.
Lord, wast at our side, Let all glo - ry be Thine!
name be ev - er prais - ed, O Lord, make us free! Lord, make us free! . .
shad - ow of dark er - ror dis - persed by the light.
task for ev - 'ry one of us, maid - en and youth.
na - tion shin - ing glo - ri - ous, might - y and free! Might - y and free!

* English text used by permission of G. SCHIRMER, Inc., New York.

SPRING SONG.

Mary T. Loughlin.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.

No. 192

Allegretto grazioso.

p Soprano.

Come . where the birds are call - ing clear and high In woods . all .

p Alto.

Come! . . . . . the call is clear and high In woods . . . .

p Tenor *8ve lower.*

Come where birds are call - ing clear and high In woods where

p Bass.

Come! the call is clear and high In woods where

thrill-ing with the voic - es of spring; Oh, come . where the breez-es wan - der light - ly

. . where spring-time voic - es ring! . There . . . . . in glad re - ply . .

spring - time voic - es ring! There where breez - es wan - der light - ly

spring - time voic - es ring! There where breez - es wan - der

p *mf*

by, And rest thee till thy ver - y soul shall sing! In fra - grance the

p *mf*

. . Thy ver - y soul shall sing! The flow'rs un -

p *mf*

by, Thy ver - y soul . . . shall sing! Flow'rs are

p *mf*

by, Thy ver - y soul shall sing! Flow'rs un -

cres.

flow'rs un - close, In laugh - - ter the stream - let flows; The earth for - gets the

close, The stream - let flows; Come, there

blow - ing, stream-lets are flow - ing; Come, there

close, The stream - let flows; There is no

cres.

years, There is no place for tears, The pow'r thy spir - it fears Is Lord of all this

cres. *cres.*

is no place for grief nor . tears, The pow'r thy spir - it fears Is Lord of all this

cres. *cres.*

is no place for grief nor . tears, The pow'r thy spir - it fears Is Lord of all this

cres. *cres.*

place for grief nor tears, The pow'r thy spir - it fears Is Lord of all this

f *p* *f*

glad - ness—Is Lord of all these voic - es that bid thy sor-row cease, This beau - ty, this

f *p* *f*

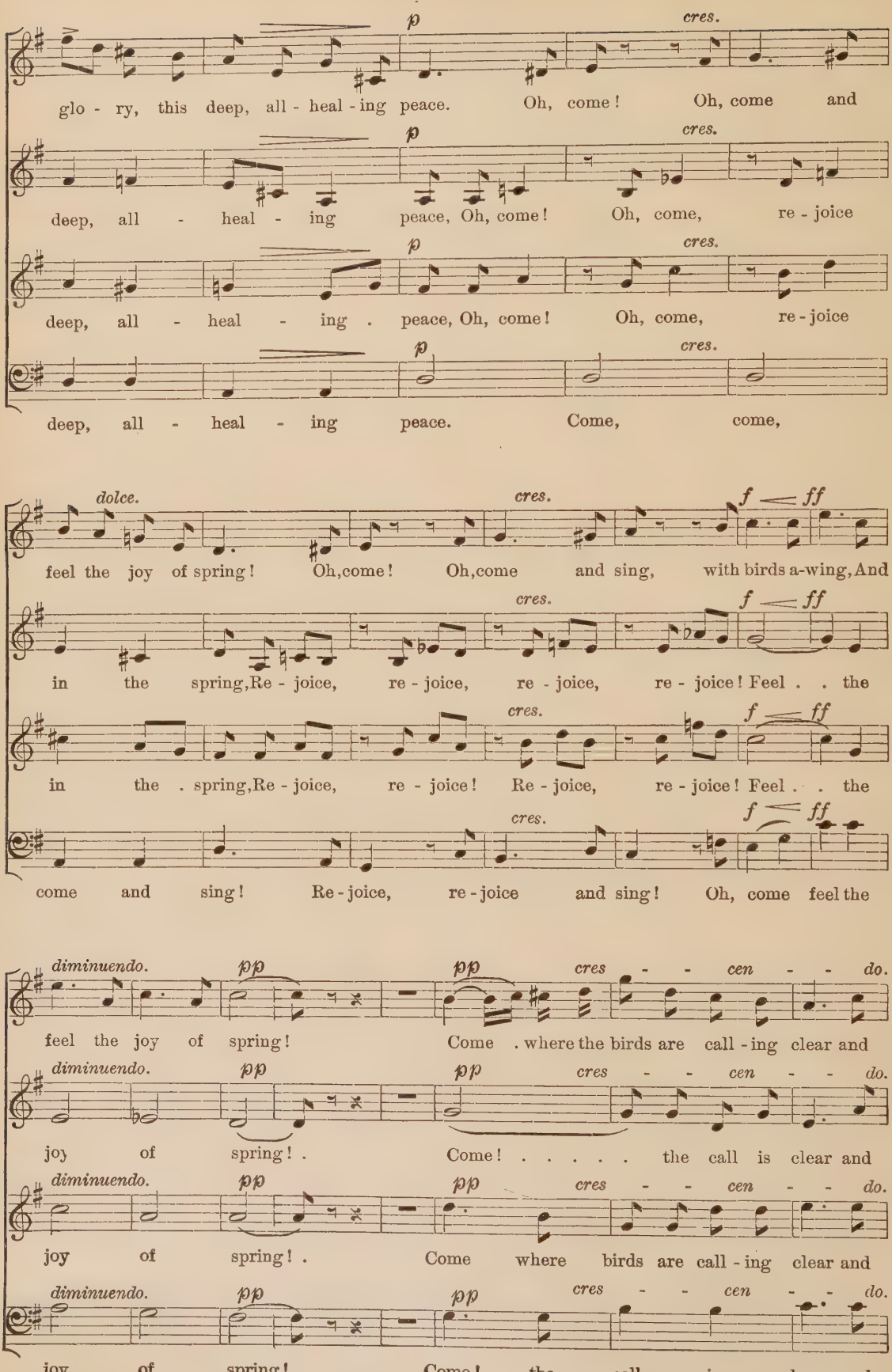
glad-ness— All thy sor - row now shall cease In joy and

f *p* *f*

gladness—And all thy sor - row now shall cease In joy and

f *p* *f*

glad - ness—And all thy sor - row now shall cease In joy and


p
cres.
glo - ry, this deep, all - heal - ing peace. Oh, come! Oh, come and
deep, all - heal - ing peace, Oh, come! Oh, come, re - joice
deep, all - heal - ing . peace, Oh, come! Oh, come, re - joice
deep, all - heal - ing peace. Come, come,
dolce.
f ff
feel the joy of spring! Oh, come! Oh, come and sing, with birds a-wing, And
in the spring, Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice! Feel . . the
in the . spring, Re - joice, re - joice! Re - joice, re - joice! Feel . . the
come and sing! Re - joice, re - joice and sing! Oh, come feel the
diminuendo.
pp
cres - - cen - - do.
feel the joy of spring! Come . where the birds are call - ing clear and
joy of spring! . Come! . . . . . the call is clear and
joy of spring! . Come where birds are call - ing clear and
joy of spring! . Come! the call is clear and

cres -

high In woods . all thrill-ing with the voic -es of spring; Oh, come . where the

cres -

high In woods . . . . where spring-time voic - es ring! Breez -

cres -

high In woods where spring - time voic - es . ring! There where

cres -

high In woods where spring - time voic - es ring! There where

- *cen* - - *do.* *f*

breez-es wan- der light - ly by, And shad - ows lie; How sweet-ly sound the voic - es that

- *cen* - - *do.* *f*

. . es wan - der by, . . . And all thy sor - row

- *cen* - - *do.* *f*

breez -es wan - der light - ly by, And shad - ows lie; How sweet- ly sound the voic - es that

- - *cen* - - *do.* *f*

breez - es wan - der by, And shad - ows lie; How sweet the voic - es bid thy

bid thy sor - row cease, In beau - ty, in glo - ry, in deep all- heal -ing

now shall cease, In joy and deep, all - heal - ing

bid thy sor - row cease, In beau - ty and in deep, all - heal - ing

sor - - row cease, In beau - ty and in deep, all - heal - ing

p *cres.* *dolce.* *p*

peace! Oh, come! Oh, come! The birds their glad - ness bring! Oh!

p *cres.* *dolce.* *p*

peace! Oh, come! oh, come, The birds glad - ness bring! Re - joice,

p *cres.* *dolce.* *p*

peace! Oh, come! Oh, come, The birds glad - ness bring! Re - joice,

p *cres.* *p*

peace! Oh, come, come and sing! Re -

cres *dolce.* *grazioso.*

come! Oh, come, And feel the joy of spring! And feel the joy of

cres.

re - joice, Re - joice in the spring! oh, come . . and

re - joice, Re - joice in the . spring! oh, come and

cres.

joice, re - joice, re - joice in spring! Oh, come and

dim. *p* *dim.* *pp*

spring! Thy ver -y soul shall sing! Oh, come and feel the joy of spring! . . .

dim. *p* *dim.* *pp*

sing! Oh, come . and sing! Oh, come and feel the joy of spring! . . .

dim. *p* *dim.* *pp*

sing! Oh! come and sing! Oh come and feel the joy of spring! . . .

dim. *p* *dim.* *pp*

sing! Oh, come and sing! Feel the joy of spring! . . .

MARCH OF THE TOREADORS.

No. 193

Allegro giusto. *Bizet.* *Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.* *From "Carmen."*

16 *f* Soprano and Alto.

Here they are, no lon - ger de - lay - ing, The quad - rille of the To - re - ros;

16 *f* Tenor and Bass.

On their lanc - es sun-beams are play - ing! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hurrah! Take off bon- nets

and som-bre -ros, groan! A groan! A groan! *ff* Yes,

f A groan! A groan! A groan! A groan! *ff*

Here they are! Here they are! Here they are! See a- fraid of our re- proach -es, march-ing sol-emn -

mf

ly a - long, March-ing sol - emn - ly a - long, The ug - ly Al - qua - zil ap- proach-es.

A groan! A groan! A groan! A groan! A groan! A

f Give the Al - qua - zil a groan!

groan! A groan! A groan! *ff* Yes, Here they are, no

f A groan! A groan! A groan! A groan! *ff*

lon - ger de - lay - ing, The quad - rille of the To - re - ros; On their lanc - es

sun-beams are play - ing! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Take off bon-nets and som-bre-ros,

Here they are, no lon - ger de - lay - ing, The quad-rille of the To - re - ros;

Here they are!

f

Here they are! Hear they are! Here they are! Now with marks of wel - come and cheer -

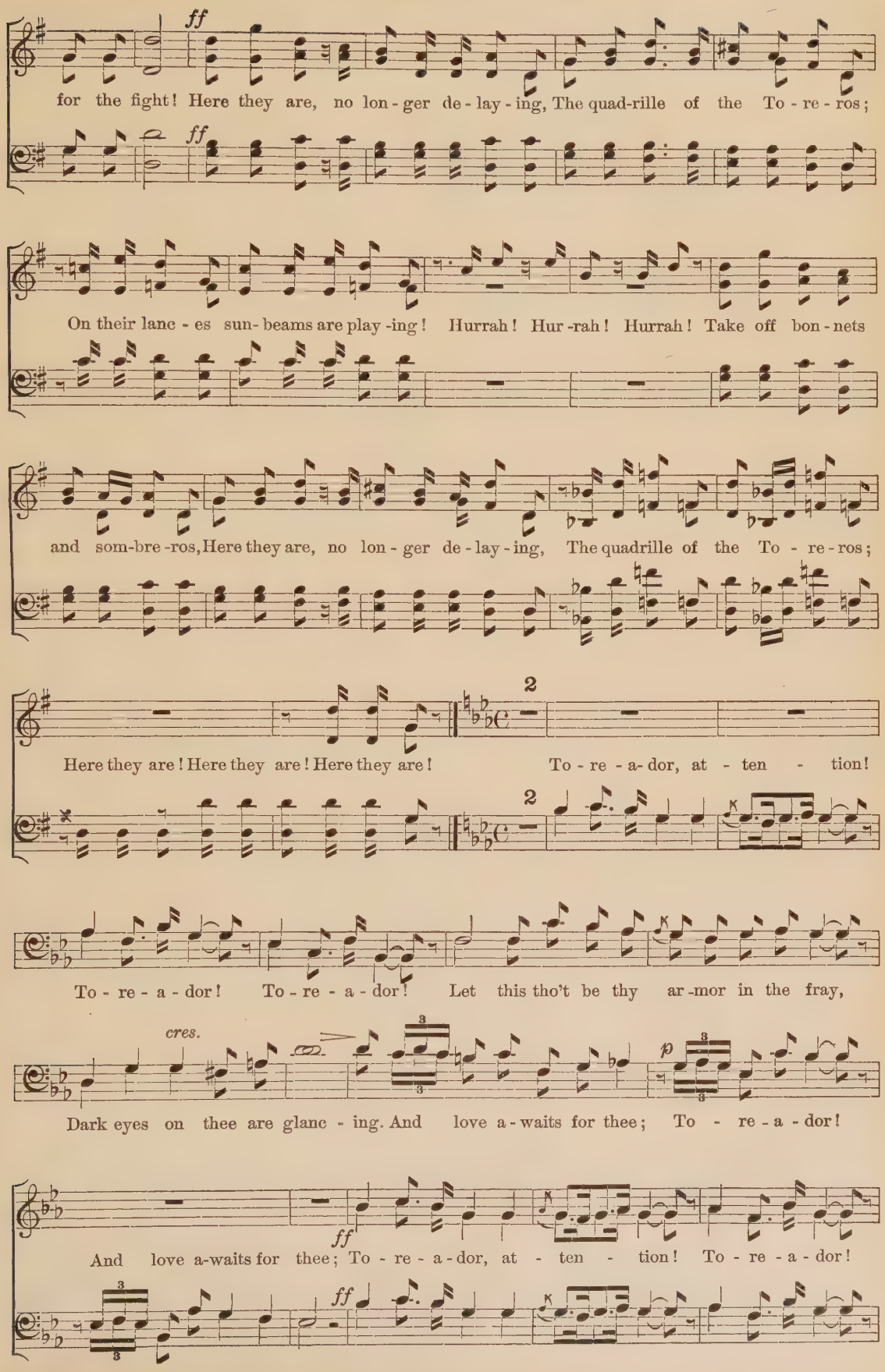
ing, Let us greet yon-der brave Chu - los, . Bra - vo, bra - vo, ev - er un -

mf

fear - ing, Bra - vo, bra - vo, bra - vo Chu-los! . Be - hold the Ban - de - ril - le -

ros, see how con - ceit - ed - ly they're pranc - ing! Be - hold the Ban - de - ril - le -

ros, see how con - ceit - ed - ly they're pranc - ing, They march ap - par - rell'd for the fight;


ff
for the fight! Here they are, no lon - ger de - lay - ing, The quad-rille of the To - re - ros;
ff
On their lanc - es sun- beams are play -ing! Hurrah! Hur -rah! Hurrah! Take off bon - nets
and som-bre -ros, Here they are, no lon - ger de - lay - ing, The quadrille of the To - re - ros;
2
Here they are! Here they are! Here they are! To - re - a- dor, at - ten - tion!
2
To - re - a - dor! To - re - a - dor! Let this tho't be thy ar -mor in the fray,
cres.
p
Dark eyes on thee are glanc - ing. And love a - waits for thee; To - re - a - dor!
ff
And love a-waits for thee; To - re - a - dor, at - ten - tion! To - re - a - dor!
ff

Soprano. *p*

To - re - a - dor! . Let this thought, let this thought be thy

Alto. *p*

To - re - a - dor! . Let this thought be thy ar - mor in the fray, . .

Tenor and Bass. *p*

cres. *f*

ar - mor in the fray, . Dark eyes on thee are glanc - - ing, And love a -

cres.

Dark eyes on thee are glanc - - - ing, And love a - waits for thee,

cres.

dim. *pp* *f*

waits for thee, To - re - a - dor! And . love a - waits for thee! To - re - a -

dim. *pp* *f*

To - re - a - dor! . . And . love a - waits for thee! To - re - a

dim. *pp* *f*

To - re - a - dor! . . . And . love a - waits for thee! To - re - a -

ff

dor! To - re - a - dor! . . To - re - a - dor! .

ff

dor! To - re - a - dor! . . To - re - a - dor! .

ff

dor! To - re - a - dor! . . To - re - a - dor! .

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE.

English text by Frances Elliot.

Johann Strauss.
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.

No. 208

No. 1

So blue, and bright,

TENOR *ad lib.*

Riv - er so blue, ... As dawn's pearl - y

As dawn's sweet light; Thro' vale and wood,

hue, ... Thro' val - ley and wood, ... Thou

Thy crys - tal flood. Thy

Thy band . . . . . .

pour - est thy flood, ... Thy sil - ver - y band . . . .

sil - ver band Links land to land, And

. . . . . To land, ...

. . . . . Links land un - to land, ...

ev - er our hearts thrill with glad - ness Up - on thy gold - en strand.

Thro' the for - ests wide Sing - ing joy - ous - ly From the foun - tains

for - ests wide And from the foun - tains

* To be sung by the Sopranos when there are no Basses.

In the moun - tains, Like a ra - diant bride, Comes the sil - ver tide

In the moun - tains ra - - diant bride,

1 2 And

Danc - ing down to meet the em - 'rald sea. Thro' the sea.

Danc - ing down to meet the em - 'rald sea. sea.

light as moon - mists glanc - - ing, The nix - ie bands come danc - - ing, And

No. 2

And light as moon - mists glance, The nix - ies come and

vale and field and wood - - land

1 And

dance, And field and wood are sweet with the mu - sic of their sport.

2

sport. The night - in - gale deep in the shade, The min-strels on hill and tree; . . And

la, la, la, la, la,

O

birds . . . in the for - est glades, Their mu - sic is for thee.

la, la, la, la,

riv - er, gleam - ing, glanc - - ing, And spark - ling, leap - ing, danc - - ing, The

O riv - er, gleam and glance, And spar - kle, leap, and

wide green world en - tranc - - ing, As on - ward thy waves sweep to the sea.

dance, The world en - trance, As on - ward thy waves sweep to the sea.

No. 3

All hail, O riv - er so re - gal and fair! All hail, thou riv - er as

clear as the air! Sing your praise to the life - giv - ing tide So blue, so

Now with mu - sic . and maj - es - ty,

deep and wide. . All wide. . Flow on,

glo - ri - ous riv - er, En - chant thou the heart of our fa - ther - land for -

glo - ri - ous riv - er, En - chant our fa - ther-land for -

ev - er, Thou bring - er . of . love - li - ness, mer - ri - ment and beau - ty, With

ev - er, Thou bring - - est mer - ri - ment and beau - ty, With

ra - diance of the sum - mer time, And pur - - i - ty of dew. Now with dew.

blue sum-mer-time, pur - i - ty of dew. dew.

No. 4

The fish - er . steers to the com - fort - ing light, Love's bless - ed light,

shin - ing, so bright, Shin - ing clear through the shades of the night, Lead - ing him

safe thro' the night. The fish - er's wife on the moon-light-ed shore, Stands by her

good wife,

door Heark - ens once more, Borne on the breeze the sweet sound of the oar,

Borne on the breeze

Now de - light . . . . . Fills the night . . . .

Bring - ing her love home once more. Now de- light . Fills the

All a - round . . . . .

night, With its rev - el - ry, And its jol - li - ty, All a -

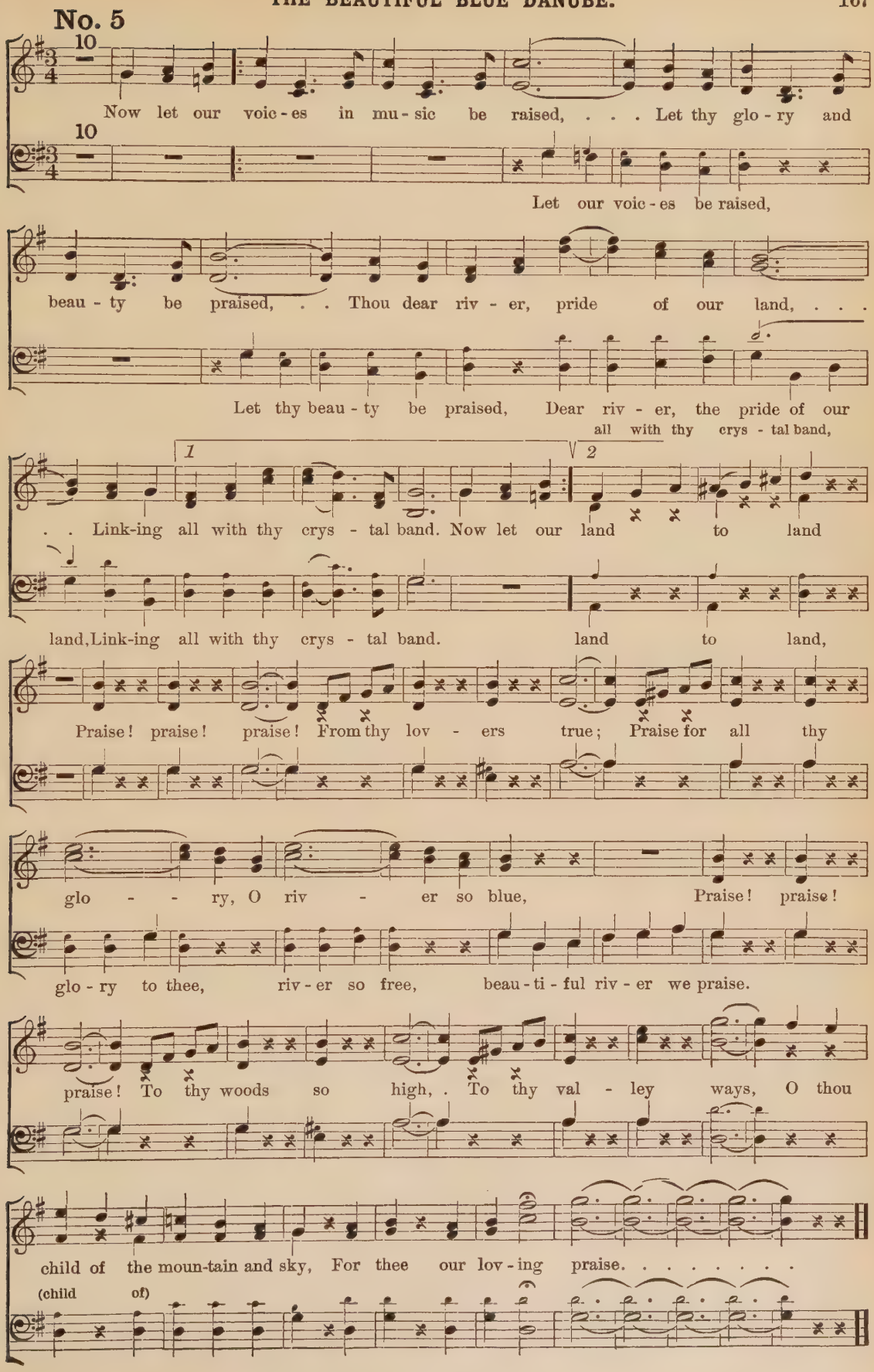
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

. . Songs re - sound, ...

round, Songs re-sound, And the wa - ters ring with mirth and joy. joy.

1 Now de- 2

* If at this point the soprano part is found too high, the sopranos may take the notes of the second part, and the second voices may sing the small notes.


No. 5
Now let our voic-es in mu-sic be raised, . . . Let thy glo-ry and
Let our voic-es be raised,
beau-ty be praised, . . Thou dear riv-er, pride of our land, . . .
Let thy beau-ty be praised, Dear riv-er, the pride of our
all with thy crys-tal band,
. . Link-ing all with thy crys-tal band. Now let our land to land
land, Link-ing all with thy crys-tal band. land to land,
Praise! praise! praise! From thy lov-ers true; Praise for all thy
glo-ry, O riv-er so blue, Praise! praise!
glo-ry to thee, riv-er so free, beau-ti-ful riv-er we praise.
praise! To thy woods so high, . To thy val-ley ways, O thou
child of the moun-tain and sky, For thee our lov-ing praise. . . . . .
(child of)

EXCELSIOR.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Michael William Balfe.
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.

No. 194

Molto moderato. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

The shades of night were fall - ing fast, As

thro' an Al - pine vil - lage pass'd A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice A

cres. CHORUS.

ban - ner with the strange de - vice Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Flash'd like a fal-chion from its sheath,

And like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un-known tongue,

Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

In hap - py homes he saw the light Of

house- hold fires gleam warm and bright A - bove, the spec - tral gla-ciers shone, And

cres.

Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

cres. *mf*

from his lips es - caped a groan, "Try not the

cres.

pass," the old man said, "Dark low'rs the tem - pest o - ver - head; The roar - ing

cres.

tor - rent is deep and wide," And loud that clar - ion voice re - plied,

ff *rit.* 1 Sopranos. *p*

Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! "O stay, O

ff 1

stay," the maid - en said; "And rest thy wea - ry head up - on this breast;"

A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still . he an- swer'd with a sigh

f Chorus.

Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

f Basses. *p*

"Be-ware the pine - tree's with-er'd branch, Be -

ware the aw - ful av - a - lanche!" This was the peasant's last good-night: A voice re-plied far

pp *sempre pp*

Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

up the height, *pp* Ex - cel - si - or! *sempre pp* Ex - cel - si - or!

8

Ex - cel - si - or!

8 *pp* *ad lib.*

At break of day, as heav- en-ward, The

cres.

pi - ous monks of San Ber- nard Ut - tered an oft re - peat - ed pray'r, A

ff

Ex - cel - si -

f *ff*

voice cried thro' the star - tled air, A voice cried thro' the star - tled air,

f

or! Ex - cel - si - or! A trav - 'ler, by the faith - ful hound, Half

f

bur - ied in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice, That ban - ner with the

f *ff* *rit.*

strange de-vice, That ban - ner with the strange de-vice, Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

ff *rit.*

p

There in the twi - light cold and gray, Life - less but beau - ti - ful . he

p

cres.

lay, And from the sky se - rene and far, A voice fell like a fall - ing star,

cres.

Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex -

f Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - -

cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si -

cel - si - or f Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex-cel-si - or! Ex-cel-si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

Ex - cel - si - or!

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and Music by Louis Lambert.

No. 190

Gaily.

1. When John -ny comes march-ing home a - gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! To
3. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll

give him a heart - y wel-come then, Hur-rah! Hur - rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur-rah! Hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies gay
give the he-roes three times three, Hur-rah! Hur - rah! The lau -rel wreath is read - y now

The la - dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!
With ros - es they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!
To place up - on his loy - al brow, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!

O HASTE THEE WATER-NYMPHS.

(FROM "MELUSINA.")

Allegro non troppo.

H. Hofmann.
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.

No. 214

Sopranos. *f*

Altos.

A - rise, . a - rise, . a - rise! . . .

. . From grot - to and hol - low the clear wa - ters fol - low, a - rise to their

call! . . . . See the waves flow - ing, 'neath the sun glow - ing; Like the light

spray, let us up and a - way! See, see the waves float - ing, 'neath the sun

glow - ing; Like the light spray, let us up and a - way!

O beau-ti - ful light, how sweet to the sight; Thro' branches glanc - ing, o'er mountains

danc - ing, on mead - ows glow - ing, de - light be - stow - ing; It tempts us to

stray, it tempts us to stray, . . o'er the dew - y way, when sun - light

show - ers up - on the green mead - ows be - decked with flow - ers, up - on the green

2nd time go to CODA.

mead - ows be - decked with flow - ers, it tempts us to stray o'er the dew - y

way! But . when heat o - ver- pow'r - ing Earth's chil - dren op -

press - es And sore - ly dis - tress - es, Then with thirst de - vour - ing we

seek the cool wave, In ec - sta - sy glid - ing 'neath the wave,

in ec - sta - sy glid - ing, where our life is . a - bid - ing, For . a -

D.S. al ⊕ CODA.

bove . is . . our grave. A - way!

DANCE A CACHUCHA.

(FROM "THE GONDOLIERS.")

Sir W. S. Gilbert. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

No. 195

Tempo di Cachucha.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

Dance a ca - chu - cha, bo - le - ro, fan - dan - go, Jo - ta . as . well, or per -

TENORS AND BASSES.

haps you can tan - go! Puls - es that thrill to the or - ches - tra's mea - sure Am - ply re -

unis.

cord that this life is a plea - sure. Oh! the mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry pat - ter,

And the mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry clat - ter! Ver - y, ver - y, ver - y

mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, Ver - y, ver - y, ver - y mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry,

unis. Oh! the

mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry pat - ter, And the mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry clat - ter!

Ver - y, ver - y, ver - y mer - ry, mer - ry Is the sound of our dance. We'll dance the ca -

chu - cha, bo - le - ro, and jo - ta, Per - haps make a try at the tan - go,

For puls - es that thrill to the or - ches-tra's mea-sure Make re - cord that life is a

plea - sure, A whirl of de - light! . Dance a . ca - chu - cha, bo - le - ro, fan -

dan - go, Jo - ta as well, or per- haps you can tan - go! Pul - ses that thrill to the

or - ches - tra's meas - ure Thus am - ply re - cord that our life is a pleas - ure!

We'll dance the ca - chu - cha, bo - le - ro, and jo - ta, Per - haps make a

try at the tan - go, In puls - es that thrill to the or - ches-tra's meas-ure There's

to - ken un - bro-ken, un - bro-ken, There's to - ken of pleas - - ure! .

DECK THE HALL.

Old Welsh Air.

No. 126

1. Deck the halls with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
2. 'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
3. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
4. Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la la la la la.
5. Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la.
6. Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Don we now our gay ap - par - el, Fa la la la la la la.
Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, Fa la la la la la la.
Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er, Fa la la la la la la la.

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, Fa la la la la la la la la.
While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, Fa la la la la la la la la.

THE FIRST NOWELL.

Words traditional. *Traditional.*

No. 128

mf

1. The first Now-ell the an-gel did say Was to cer- tain poor shepherds in
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin-ing in . the East be -
3. This star drew nigh to the North - west, O'er . Beth - le - hem it
4. Then en - tered in those wise-men three, Full . rev - 'rent-ly . up -

fields as they lay, In fields where they lay keeping their sheep, On a cold winter's night that
yond . them far, And to the earth it gave great light, And so it con - tinued both
took . its rest, And there it did both stop and stay Right o - ver the place where
on . their knee, And of - fered there in His pres - ence, Their gold and myrrh and

ff CHORUS.

was so deep.
day and night.
Je - sus lay.
frank- in-cense.

Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, . Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

CANTIQUE DE NOËL.

Andante maestoso. **Adolphe Adam.**

No. 125

1. O Ho - ly Night! the stars are bright- ly shin - ing, It is the
2. Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is

night of the dear Sav - iour's birth. Long lay the world in sin and er - ror
love and His gos - pel is peace. Chains shall He break, for the slave is our

pin - ing, Till He ap-peared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the
broth - er, And in His name all op- pres- sion shall cease, Sweet hymns of joy in

wea - ry world re - joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn.
grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let all with - in us . praise His ho - ly name.

Fall . on your knees! . Oh, hear the an - gel voic - es! O night di - vine, O
Christ is the Lord! Then ev - er, ev - er praise we, His pow'r and glo - ry

night when Christ was born, O night, O ho - ly night, O night di - vine!
ev - er - more pro- claim! His pow'r and glo - ry ev - er- more pro-claim!

DEPARTURE.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

No. 92

Andante non lento.

1. O hills, O vales of pleas - ure, O woods with verdure drest, Where all the charms of
2. In shad - y glens re - clin - ing, I trace the wrong and right; The beam of rea - son
3. Yet must I now be - take me To scenes of toil and strife, Ah! why does for-tune

When far from you I wan - der,
The book I read is Na - ture's;
Tho' [call'd from you by du - ty,

cresc.

lei - sure So oft have calm'd my breast, When far from you . . . I wan - der,
shin - ing Shows Vir-tue ev - er bright, The book I read . . is Na - ture's;
make me Still play the farce of life? Tho' call'd from you . . . by du - ty,

cresc.

When far from you I wan - der,
The book I read is Na-ture's;
Tho' call'd from you by du - ty,

Learn - ing the world is vain, My heart will fond - ly pon - der, And sigh for you a -
There sim - ple truths ap - pear, And tho' she change her fea - tures Her dic - tates still are
Still, where - so - e'er I stray, The thought of all your beau - ty Will nev - er fade a -

pon - der, My
fea - tures, And
beau - ty, The

sigh for you a - gain!
dic - tates still are clear.
nev - er fade a - way.

dim.

gain, My heart will fond - ly pon - der, And sigh . . . . for you a - gain!
clear, And tho' she change her fea - tures, Her dic - - tates still are clear.
way, The thought of all your beau - ty Will nev - - er fade a - way.

dim.

heart will fond - ly pon - - der, And sigh for you a - gain!
tho' she change her fea - - tures, Her dic - tates still are clear.
thought of all your beau - - ty Will nev - er fade a - way.

STUDENTS' SONG.

F. von Suppe.

No. 93

Allegro.

1,2. For pleas-ure, for pleas-ure we gath - er here to-day, For pleas-ure, for pleas-ure we

1. For what is youth but play-time, When all the year is May-time, And
2. When hearts are full of glad-ness, What room for care and sad-ness, To -

gath - er here to- day. La la la la

La la la la la la la la

La la la la

pleas-ure is the flow'r.
mor- row let them be!

la la. 1. Then let us treas-ure our pleas-ure, And joy with- out meas-ure, This
la la la. 2. Then let us treas-ure our pleas-ure, And joy with- out meas-ure, For

la la. Let us treas - ure,

free, hap - py hour! joy with-out meas-ure, This free, hap - py hour!
we all are free! joy with-out meas-ure, For we all are free!

treas-ure our pleas-ure to - day, treas - ure, treas-ure our pleas-ure to - day.

LOVELY EVENING.

ROUND.

No. 133

1 *Allegretto.* 2

Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning, When the bells are

3

sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

NOW UP, AWAY!

CHORUS OF BASHI BAZOUKS

(FROM "FATINITZA.")

Marziale moderato. **Franz von Suppé.**

No. 221

14 *pp*

Now up, a - way! No sound be- tray To warn them of the raid im - pend-ing!

14 *pp*

To warn them now! Yok!

Be watch-ful, keen, Let nought be seen; They can't es-cape their doom de - scend - ing!

yok! Yok!

If bold in - deed, we must suc -ceed, And nought al-low to fail at

yok! If bold in-deed, we must suc-ceed, And nought to fail at

need, at need! Ba - shi Ba - zouks if to your skill shall fate ac - cord its

fa - vors still, With boo - ty la - den you'll re - turn And sing in tri - umph

all . you earn, Yok, yok, yok, yok, Tra - la - la - ra - la - la! Yok, yok, yok, yok, Tra -

Tra - la - - la - - la! Tra

Tra - la - la - la - la - la, by

la - la - ra - la - la! The grand - est boo - ty of the war, Tra - la - la - la, by

la - la - la!

far!

far! Light of foot, on we go, To con - ceal our raid im - pend - ing, Si - lent,

slow, for-ward now, No es - cape for them will show! No chance for them will

No chance . . for them . . will show! .

show! Yo.., yok, yok, yok, Tra - la - la - ra - la - la! Yok, yok, yok, yok, Tra - la - la - ra - la - la!

. . . yok, yok, yok, yok, yok, Tra - la - la - la! Yok, yok, yok, yok, Tra - la - la - la!

Tra - la - la - la - la - la,

The grand - est boo - ty of the war, Tra - la - la - la, by far! Now on, a -

way, a - way! No sound be - tray, be - tray! If brave in-deed we must suc-ceed!

way now on a - way! No sound be - tray, no sound be-tray! If brave in-deed we must suc - ceed!

AWAY TO THE CHATEAU.

(FROM "ERMINIE.")

Harry Paulton. *Allegro.* *Jakobowski.*

No. 188

A - way to the cha - teau, A - way from the throng, Where the bride-groom and bride will be plight - ed ere long, Where wel - come shall meet them, Where cheer - ing shall greet them, Where friends shall en - treat them all bless - ings in song.

A - way to the cha - teau, A - way from the throng, Where the bride-groom and bride will be plight - ed ere long, Where wel - come shall meet them, Where cheer- ing shall greet them, Where friends shall en - treat them all bless - ings in song, Where

wel - come shall meet them, where friends shall en - treat them, Where friends shall en -

1st time go to :𝄋: Solo | *2d time* | Fine

treat them all bless - ings in song! bless - ings in song, in song!

Solo

Mar-riage is a ho - ly u - nion, An - gel guid - ed from a - bove, Mar-riage is a

sweet com-mun-ion, Per-fect joy in per-fect love, Mar-riage is a ho - ly u - nion, An - gel

D.C. al Fine

guid - ed from a - bove, Mar-riage is a sweet com-mun-ion, Per - fect joy in per-fect love.

ARE YOU SLEEPING?

(ROUND.)

No. 189

1 *Moderato.* 2

Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing? Broth - er John, Broth - er John,

3 4

Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Morn-ing bells are ring - ing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

TRAMPING SONG.

WITH STREPHON FOR YOUR FOE.

(FROM "IOLANTHE.")

Abbie Farwell Brown.
Sir W. S. Gilbert.

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.

No. 222

Allegro marziale.

We tramp a-long the trav-eled way With voic - es light and spir - its gay, For what so rare As o - pen air And na - ture all a - round? With youth and hope and com-rades true And skies a-bove so bright and blue, The mo-ments fly, The miles go by, We hard - ly feel the ground. The birds a- bove on joy - ful wing Their mer - ry lit - tle car - ols sing, As to and fro In flocks they go For they are com - rades all. Then, com - rades, let us sing a song As knee to knee we tramp a - long, And

** With Strephon for your foe, no doubt, A fear - ful pros- pect o - pens out! And who shall say What e - vils may Re - sult in con - se- quence? A hid - eous ven - geance will pur - sue All no - ble-men who ven - ture to Op-pose his views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer us of - fense.' Twill plunge them in - to grief and shame, His kind for - bear - ance they must claim, If they'd es- cape, In an - y shape, A ver - y pain - ful wrench. Your pow'rs we daunt - less - ly pooh-pooh! A dire re - venge will fall on you, If*

* The text in Italics is Sir William Gilbert's as it appears in the opera "Iolanthe."

mark the beat With ea - ger feet, And man - y a mer - ry call, And man - y a mer - ry call. Then,
you be-siege Our high pres-tige, (The word pres-tige is French, The word pres-tige is French.) Al -

com-rades, let us sing a song As knee to knee we march a - long, We tramp a - long The
tho' our threats you now pooh-pooh, A dire re-venge will fall on you, With Stre - phon for your

trav - eled way With voic - es light and spir - its gay, For what so rare As o - pen air And
foe, no doubt, A fear - ful pros - pect o - pens out! And who shall say What e - vils may Re -

Na - ture all a - round, With youth and hope and com-rades true, And skies a - bove so
sult in con - se - quence? A hid - eous ven - geance will pur - sue All no - ble - men who

bright and blue, The mo - ments fly, The miles go by, We hard - ly feel the ground, We
ven - ture to Op - pose his views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer us of - fense, To

hard - ly feel the ground, We hard - ly feel the ground. . . . . .
of - fer us of - fense, To of - fer us of - fense. . . . . .

LET OUR TORCHES LIGHT THE GLOOM.

(FROM "THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY.")

(Tenor ad libitum.)

Robert Planquette.
Abridged.

No. 197

Let our torch - es light up the gloom, We're not fright - en'd like sim - ple yeo-men; And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb, Now ye have sail- ors for your foe - men! foe - men! Let now our torch - es light the gloom!

Let now our torch - es light the gloom!

FINE.

SOLO.

In these halls of an - cient glo - ry, Fill'd with the mem- 'ry of days de - part - ed, So runs the sto - ry, Spir - its night - ly watch are keep - ing While all the rest of the world is sleep - ing; But sail - ors know not fear! A - way. . .

CHORUS.

D.C. al Fine.

TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON

(ROUND.)

No. 191

1 2 3

Turn a -gain, Whit-ting-ton, Thou worth-y cit - i - zen, Lord Mayor of Lon- don.

INCLINE THINE EAR TO ME.

Psalm XXXI, 2; VI, 4.

Andante. Bass (or Alto) Solo.

Friedrich Himmel.
(1765–1814.)

No. 200

7

In-cline Thine ear, in-cline Thine ear to me, . In-

cline . Thine ear, . in-cline Thine ear to . me, O Lord, make haste to de-

dim.

liv - er me, In-cline Thine ear, . in-cline Thine ear to me, . O

p

Lord, make haste, make haste to de - liv - er . me, O save me for Thy

3

mer-cy's sake, O save . . . me, save me for Thy mer-cy's sake.

In - cline . . . Thine ear, . . . in-

In-cline Thine ear, in-cline Thine ear to me, . In-cline Thine ear, in-cline Thine

In - cline Thine ear, . . . in-cline

In - cline Thine ear

cline Thine ear to . me, . O Lord, make haste to de - - liv - - er

p

ear to me, O Lord, make haste to de - liv - er

Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to de - - liv - er

p

to me, O Lord make haste to de - liv - er

me, In - cline Thine ear, ... in - cline Thine ear to me, . O

me, In - cline Thine ear, in - cline Thine ear to . . me, O

me, In - cline Thine ear, in - cline Thine ear . . to . . me, O

me, In - cline Thine ear . . . . . to me,

Lord, make haste, make haste to de - liv - er me, O save me for Thy

Lord, make haste, make haste to de - liv - er me, O save me for Thy

Lord, make haste, make haste to de - liv - er me, O save me for Thy

O . . . . Lord, ...

mer - cy's sake, O save . . me, save me for Thy mer - cy's sake.

. . . For Thy mer-cy's sake, O save me for Thy mer - cy's sake.

O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD ARE THY WORKS.

Psalm civ: 24.
Psalm lxv: 14.
Psalm cii: 2.

Joseph Barnby.

Moderato con anima

No. 196

f

O Lord, how man - i - fold, how man - i - fold are Thy works: in

works, in wis - dom,

wis - dom, in wis-dom hast Thou made them all: O Lord, how man - i - fold, how

wis - - dom hast Thou made them all:

man - i - fold are Thy works; in wis - dom hast Thou made them all, in

Thy works:

works; in wis - dom hast Thou

earth is full, the earth is full . of Thy

wis - dom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full, . . . is full of Thy

all: . . . . . the earth is full, is full of Thy

made them all, in wis - dom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full . of Thy

rich - es. The val - leys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing, they laugh and

The val - leys

sing, they laugh and sing, they laugh and sing, they laugh and sing.

stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing,

They stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing,

they laugh . . and sing, they laugh . and

f

they laugh and sing. . . . O Lord, how man - i - fold, how

they laugh and sing.

f

sing. .

man - i - fold are Thy works: in wis - dom, in wis - dom hast Thou

works: in wis - dom, wis - - - - dom hast Thou

O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD ARE THY WORKS.

made . them all. O Lord, how man - i - fold, how man - i - fold are Thy

works: in wis - dom hast Thou made them all, in wis - dom hast Thou

Thy works: in

works: In wis - dom hast Thou made them all, in

the earth is full, the earth is full . . of Thy rich - es.

made them all: the earth is full, . . . is full . of Thy rich - es.

all: . . . . . the earth is full, is full of Thy rich - es.

wis - dom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full . of Thy rich - es.

ff

Praise the Lord, O my soul, Praise the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not

ff

all . . His ben - e - fits, Praise the Lord, O my soul, Praise the Lord, O my

ff Più lento

soul, and for - get not all . . His ben - e - fits, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

ff

WATCH NIGHT.

(NEW YEAR SONG.)

GOOD NIGHT.

(FROM "MARTHA.")

Herbert Fullerton.
Stephen Fay.

Friedrich von Flotow.

No. 209

Andante.

SOP. AND ALTO.

Hear the chime, ... Hear the chime, ... Hear the chime!
Day is done, ... Day is done, ... Fare thee well, .
Hear the chime, Hear the chime!
Fare thee well, Fare thee well, .

TENOR AND BASS.

Chime, soft . bell, . Chime, soft . bell, . .
Say good - night! . Say good - night! . .
'Tis the chime of mid-night sound-ing On the last swift hour of the year; By the
Now the birds of night are wing-ing, As the bright day draws to a close, And the

SOLO OR UNISON.

Chime, soft . bell, . soft bell, soft . bell! Ev - 'ry heart with hope is
Cur - few . rings . the hour, good - night! In the cot - tage win - dow
sil - ver tone re-sound - ing, Stars of prom-ise now ap-pear.
cur - few bell is ring - ing, 'Tis the time of re - pose.

bright, now, For a year of joy . in store; Tho' the
gleam - ing Is the wel - come light . of cheer, While a -

Ev - 'ry heart with hope is bright, now, For a year of joy in store,
In the cot - tage win - dow gleam-ing Is the wel-come light of cheer,

world with snow is . . white, . . . now Win - try weath-er soon is
bove the stars are . beam - ing In a heav- en dark and

Tho' the world with snow is white, now, Win-try weath-er
While a - bove the stars are beam - ing, In a heav- en

cresc. *mf*

o'er. Sil - ver tone, soar a - loft! Let us hail the New Year com - ing
clear. Day is done, fare thee well! Now the birds of night are wing - ing,

mf

cresc.
soon is o'er.
dark and clear.

cresc. *f*

With a song as pure as the sky; Ah! Let us bid the Old Year God - speed, None shall
As the bright day draws to a close, Ah! And the cur - few bell is ring - ing, 'Tis the

cresc. *f*

mp

sor-row, None shall sigh. Fare thee well! Fare thee well!
time of re - pose. So good-night! So good-night!

Out from heav'n comes a year bright and fair;
Sleep and dream till the day dawns a - gain,

mp
Fare thee well, Fare thee well!
So good-night! So good- night!

Hope and love are the songs in . the air. O'er the frost - y wold we sing God -speed the
Lulled to rest by the night wind's re-frain. Lulled to slum - ber by the night-wind's soft re -

Chime, soft bell! soft bell. . . .
So good - night! good - - - - night! . . .

dim. *pp*

old! Sil - ver bell, Bid the year . . . . fond fare - well! .
frain. Day is done, So good - night, ... All good - night! .

Sil - ver bell, Bid the year fond fare - well!
Day is done, So good-night! All good - night!

dim. *dim.* *pp*

Sil - ver bell, Bid the year . . . . fond fare - well!
Day is done, So good night! . . . All good - night!

THE LITTLE SANDMAN.

Humperdinck.

No. 205

Tranquillo

1. There stands a lit - tle man in the wood a - lone, He wears a lit - tle
2. His hair is all of gold, and his cheeks are red, He wears a lit - tle

man - tle of vel - vet brown; Say, who can the man-kin be, Stand-ing there be -
black cap up - on his head; Say, who can the man-kin be, Stand - ing there so

rit.

neath the tree, With the lit - tle man - tle of vel - vet brown?
si - lent - ly, With the lit - tle black cap up - on his head?

rit.

RING FORTH, YE BELLS.

(FROM "THE SORCERER.")

Sir William S. Gilbert. *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*

No. 210

f *Thirteen measures introduction.*

Ring forth, ye bells, With clar - ion sound, For-get your knells, For joys a-bound, For-

f

get your notes Of mourn - ful lay, And from your throats Pour joy to - day. For to -

unis.

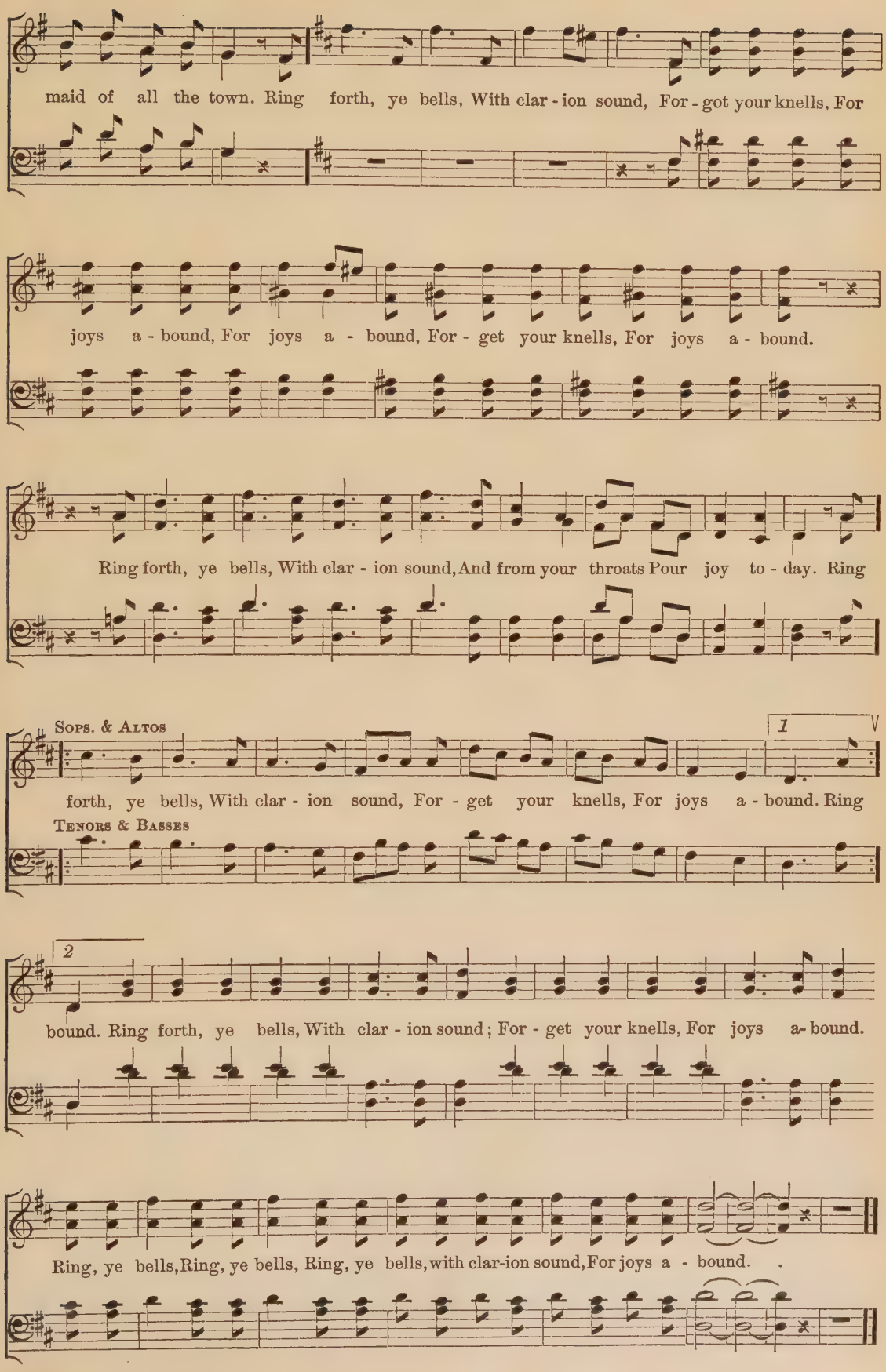
day is the May-day, Time for fun and joy a - bound-ing, And we'll name dear Ar -

unis.

line Fair - est maid of all the town. Let us sing, weave a nose-gay, Sing and dance with mirth re -

sound-ing, Let us dance on the green, Deck our queen with fai - ry crown. For to - day is the

May - day, Time for fun and joy a - bound -ing, And we'll name dear Ar - line Fair - est


maid of all the town. Ring forth, ye bells, With clar - ion sound, For - got your knells, For
joys a - bound, For joys a - bound, For - get your knells, For joys a - bound.
Ring forth, ye bells, With clar - ion sound, And from your throats Pour joy to - day. Ring
Sops. & Altos
1
forth, ye bells, With clar - ion sound, For - get your knells, For joys a - bound. Ring
Tenors & Basses
2
bound. Ring forth, ye bells, With clar - ion sound; For - get your knells, For joys a- bound.
Ring, ye bells, Ring, ye bells, Ring, ye bells, with clar-ion sound, For joys a - bound.

SERENADE.

J. Lilian Vandevere.

Franz Schubert.
Arr. by H. W. Loomis.

No. 212

Moderato. Boys (Changed voices only.)

Thro' the night, with gen - tle sigh - ing, Sway the blos-som - ing trees,

Sway the blos-som - ing trees. Breath of rose and mi - gnon-ette Is borne on fra-grant

p espressivo.

breeze, Is borne on fra - grant breeze. Such a night of sil - ver charm was

made for love and me, Made . . for love and me. So my song, on

f

poco rall. *f* *a tempo.*

wings of night, Will fly . . . a - way to thee, Fly a - way to thee.

dolce.

Thro' the si - lent hour of mid-night 'Neath the star - ry

Thro' the si - lent hour of mid - night 'Neath the star - ry sky,

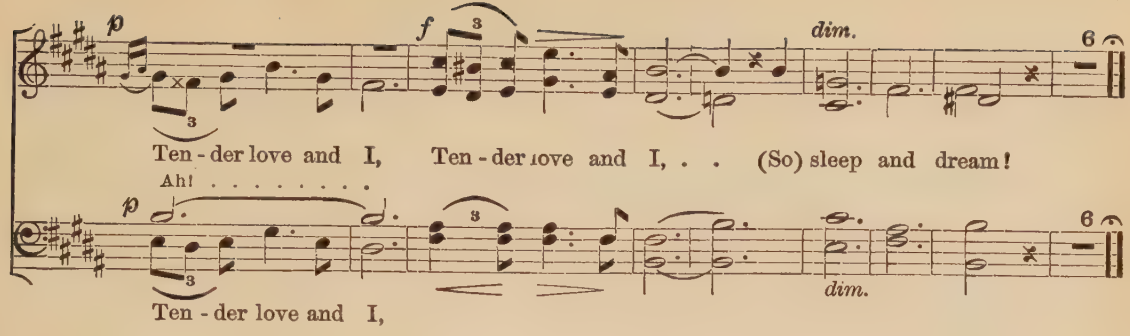
Here we keep our watch be - side thee, watch be - - side thee,

pp

sky we watch, watch be - side thee,

mp

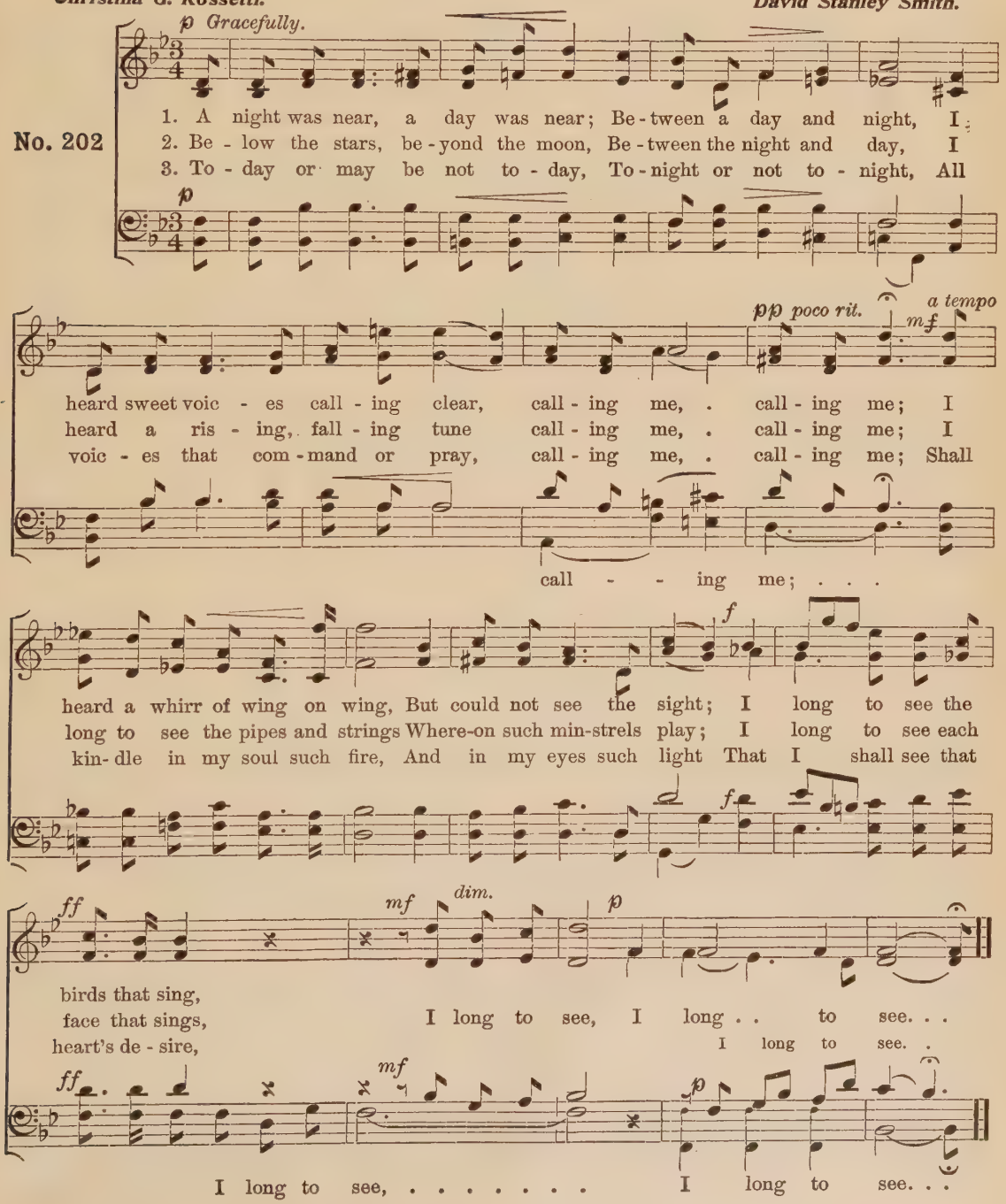
Here we watch, watch be-side thee, watch be-side thee,



A HOPE CAROL.

Christina G. Rossetti. *David Stanley Smith.*

No. 202



BEFORE THE SULTAN.

(FROM FATINITZA.)

Franz von Suppé
Arr. by H. W. Loomis

H. W. L.

No. 211

Flags are fly - ing, . Crowds are cry - ing, .

mf

Flags fly high, Crowds all cry,

mf

Trump-ets blare thro' the air; Turk and Tar - tar, Priest and mar - tyr March be - fore the

trump-ets blare, thro' the air; Ne'er re - leased, Mar-tyr, priest March be-fore the

Trump-ets blare thro' the air,

Trump-ets blare thro' the air; Ne'er re-leased, Priest and mar - tyr March be - fore the

Sul - tan. Raise the Turk-ish sym-bol high, Cres-cent gold a - gainst the sky,

Hail, all hail, all hail!

f *p*

Hail, all hail! Maid-ens veil'd, War-riors mail'd, They all are there Or

f *p*

(Bass Melody)

Maid-ens veil - ed, War-riors mail - ed All are there,

grim or fair; None halt, All ex - alt - ing Hail, all, hail!

Grim or fair; None shall halt them, All ex - alt - ing Bow be - fore the Sul - tan

mp *f*

None lays bare his ach - ing heart, Ev - 'ry man must play a part. Hail, all

mp *f*

Hail, all

Vain Ve - ne - tians, No - ble Gre - cians swell the crowd, Shout - ing loud,

hail! Throngs in-crease, Men of Greece Swell the crowd, Shout - ing loud,

Throngs in - crease, Men of Greece Swell the crowd, shout-ing loud,

hail, all hail! Throngs in- crease, Men of Greece Swell the crowd, Shout - ing loud,

Ur - chin's scat - ter, Prin - ces flat - ter,

Bend the knee! Ur-chins flee, Here, be- fore the Sul - tan. Or-phans starve and

Bend the knee! Prin - ces flat - ter,

wid-ows moan, Let the Sul - tan hold his own, Hail, all hail! (all hail!)

POETRY.

Stephen Fay.

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
In "The Pirates of Penzance."

No. 199

Maestoso. *mf* *f*

1. Hail, Po-e-try! thou heav'n-born maid! Thy lau - rel crown shall nev - er fade.
2. Hail, Po-e-try! since earth be - gan, Thy voice hath been the joy of man.

Hail, guard-ian of the sa - cred flame, To thee we bow, di- vine im - mor - tal name!
Hail, mes-sen-ger of faith and love, We praise thy name all oth - er names a - bove!

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

(FROM "ERMINIE.")

Jakobowski.

No. 207

Moderato grazioso.

f

Ev - 'ry joy a - wait on thee, Thine be ev - 'ry earth- ly bliss, May no

p

sor - row ev - er be, On - ly hap- py days like this. Boun-t'ous fate no gifts de - ny - ing,

As each na - tal day re- turns, Time, while fly - ing, grat - i - fy - ing

Time, while fly - ing, grat - i - fy - ing Ev - 'ry

cres.

Ev - 'ry hope for which { he / she } yearns. Let our dear- est wish - es be Ev - 'ry joy at -

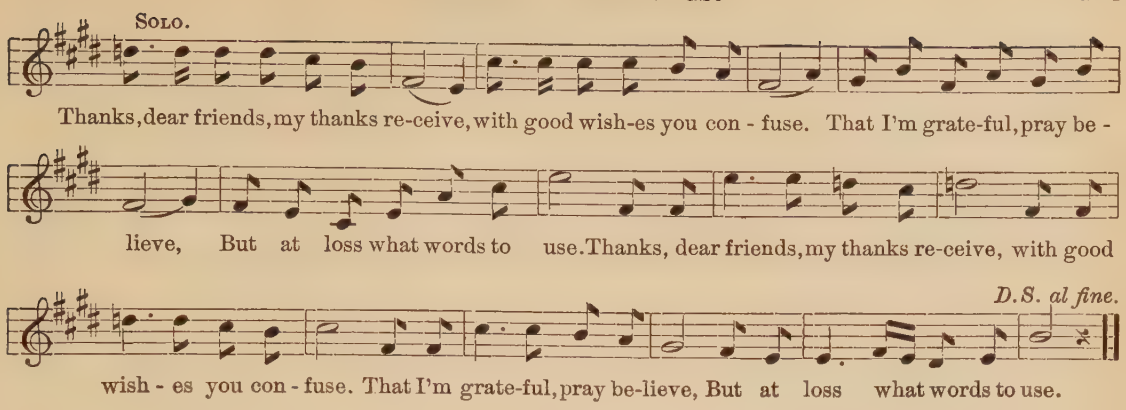
hope

cres.

tend on thee, May our dear - est wish - es be Ev - 'ry joy at - tend on

Fine.

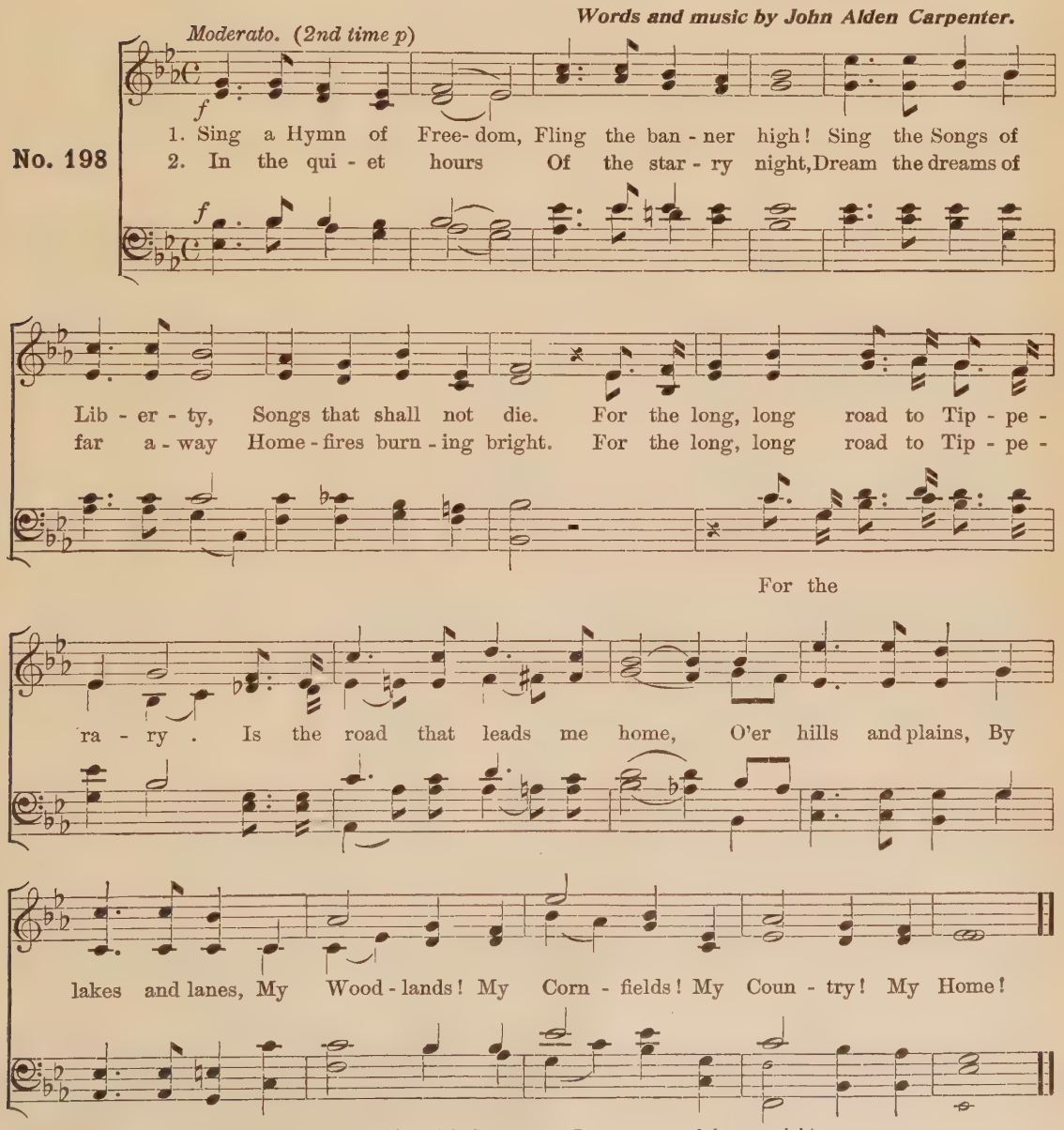
thee; . May our dear - est wish - es be . Ev - 'ry joy at - tend on thee.



THE HOME ROAD.*

Words and music by John Alden Carpenter.

No. 198



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In the opera this chorus is sung during the signing of the marriage contract between *Aline* and *Alexis*.

ALL IS PREPARED.

(FROM "THE SORCERER.")

Sir W. S. Gilbert. *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

No. 220

LAWYER.
BASS SOLO.

Three measures introduction.

All is pre-pared for seal-ing and for sign-ing, The con-tract has been draft-ed as a-greed.

f CHORUS.

All is pre-pared for seal - ing and for sign - ing, The con - tract has been

f

draft - ed as a - greed! Ap-proach the ta - ble, sin - gle state re - sign - ing, With

LAWYER.

hand and seal now ex - e - cute the deed. Ap-proach the ta - ble, sin - gle state re - sign - ing,

CHORUS.

With hand and seal come ex - e - cute the deed. I de - liv - er it, I de - liv - er it

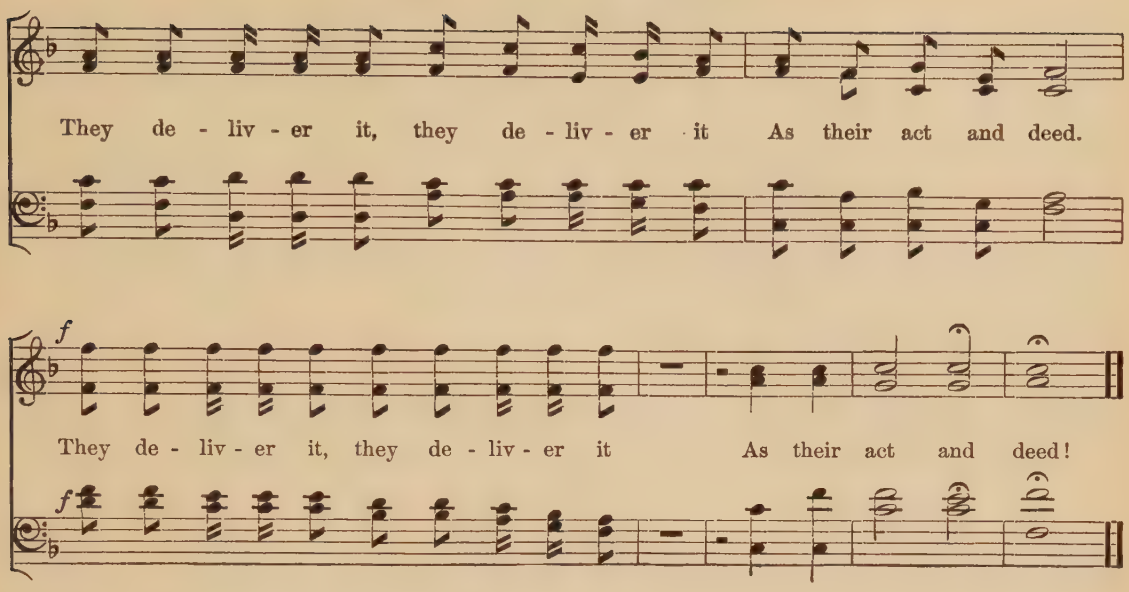
ALEXIS.

As my act and deed. I de - liv - er it, I de - liv - er it As my act and deed.

ALINE.

See, they sign with - out a quiv - er, It then to seal pro - ceed!

CHORUS.

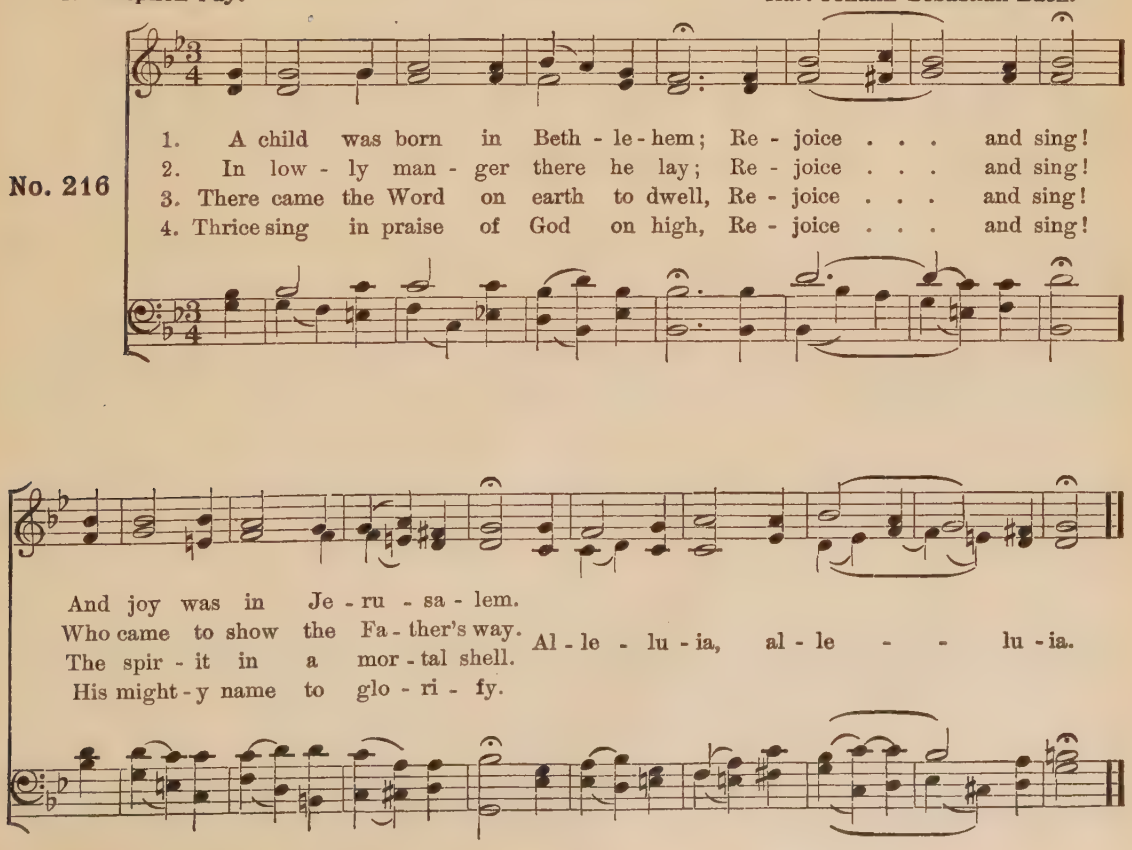


A CHILD WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

14th century.
Tr. Stephen Fay.

German Melody, 16th century.
Har. Johann Sebastian Bach.

No. 216



LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

(FROM THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY.)

Robert Planquette.

No. 215

8 *Moderato.*

1. Yes, that cas - tle old by wiz - ard is en - chant - ed,
2. Round a - bout that bel - fry rook and owl are ring - ing;

Tho' the Knight and Bar - on slum - ber on their bier. By their ghosts in mail the
Fear - less are the birds, for mute the i - ron tongue. Nev - er more we hear its

cor - ri - dors are haunt - ed, And by night we've seen their aw - ful
sol - emn voice out - ring - ing Warn - ing for the old, or wel - come

rit.

shades ap - pear, For their last de - scend - ant's com - ing, watch their keep - ing,
for the young. Lone - ly is the tow - er and oh, we maid - ens fear it,

In the pla - cid moon - light or when thun - ders roll! In the i - vied bel - fry,
Lest some spir - it hand should rock the bell a - gain! For they do say we, now

When the world is sleep - ing, There's a ghost - ly watch - man who the bell will toll!
liv - ing, yet shall hear it, Ring - ing out the mes - sage to the start - led plain!

There's a ghost - ly watch - man, who the bell will toll!
Ring - ing out the mes - sage to the start - led plain! Ding - a - ding - a - ding dong,

ding - a - dong - a bell! So the leg - end run - neth, so the old men tell.

Ding - a - ding - a - ding dong, ding - a - dong - a bell! When the heir re - turn - eth will

clang the bell. Ding dong, ding - a - ding - a - ding dong, ding - a - ding - a -

Ding dong, . . Ding dong, . .

ding dong, ding - a ding - a ding - a ding - a - ding dong, Ding dong, ding - a - ding - a -

Ding dong, . . Ding - a - dong - a - ding dong, Ding dong, . .

Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong,

ding dong, ding - a - ding - a ding dong, ding - a - ding - a ding dong ding.

Ding dong, . . Ding dong, ding - a - dong - a ding dong ding.

Ding dong,

Ding - a - ding - a ding dong, ding - a - dong - a bell! So the leg - end run - neth,

So the old men tell, Ding - a - ding - a ding dong, Ding - a - dong - a bell! When the

rit. *a tempo.*

long lost heir re - turn - eth, will clang the bell! Ding - a - ding - a - ding dong,

Ding - a-dong - a bell! So the leg-end run - neth, So the old men tell, Ding - a - ding - a ding dong,

rall.

1 2

ding - a-dong - a bell! When the long lost heir re - turn - eth, will clang the bell! clang the bell!

LOVELY APPEAR.

(FROM THE REDEMPTION.)

Moderato. **Charles François Gounod.**

No. 213

10 *p* Sopranos.

Love - ly ap - pear, . o - ver the moun-tains, The feet of them that

preach and bring good news of peace. . The feet of them that preach and

p Altos.

bring good news of peace. . Love - ly ap - pear, . . o - ver the

moun - tains, the feet of them that preach . and bring good news of peace, . The

feet of them that preach . and bring good news of peace. . .

p

Love - ly ap - pear, . o - ver the moun - tains, The feet of them that

cresc. *p*

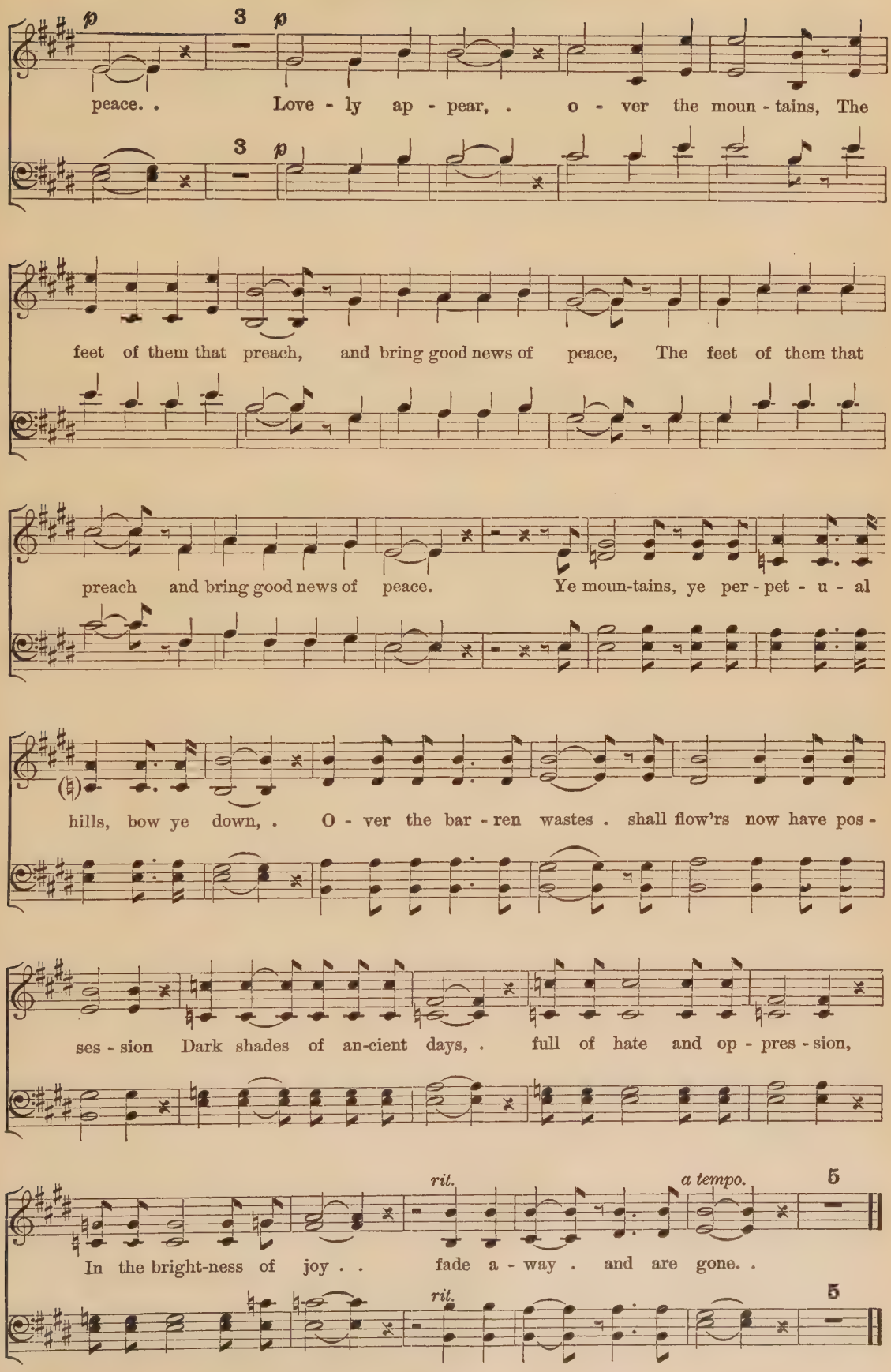
- preach, . and bring good news of peace. . Love - ly ap - pear, . .

cresc. *p*

cresc. *dim.*

o - ver the moun - tains, The feet of them that preach and bring good news of

cresc. *dim.*


p
3
p
peace. . Love - ly ap - pear, . o - ver the moun - tains, The
3
p
feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace, The feet of them that
preach and bring good news of peace. Ye moun-tains, ye per - pet - u - al
hills, bow ye down, . O - ver the bar - ren wastes . shall flow'rs now have pos -
ses - sion Dark shades of an-cient days, . full of hate and op - pres - sion,
rit.
a tempo.
5
In the bright-ness of joy . . fade a - way . and are gone. .
rit.
5

CROSSING THE BAR.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson. *Joseph Barnby.*

No. 204

p *Andante.*

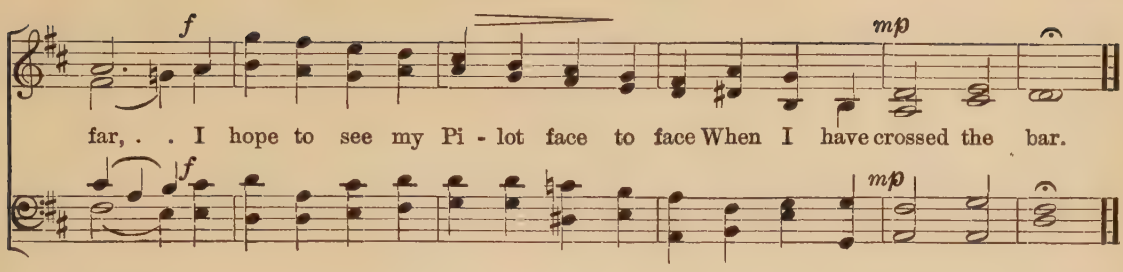
Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moan - ing of the bar, When I put out to sea, . . But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, . When that which drew from out the bound - less deep Turns a - gain home. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of fare-well, eve - ning bell,

f *rall.* *p*

Twi - - light and

cres - cen - do *rit.*

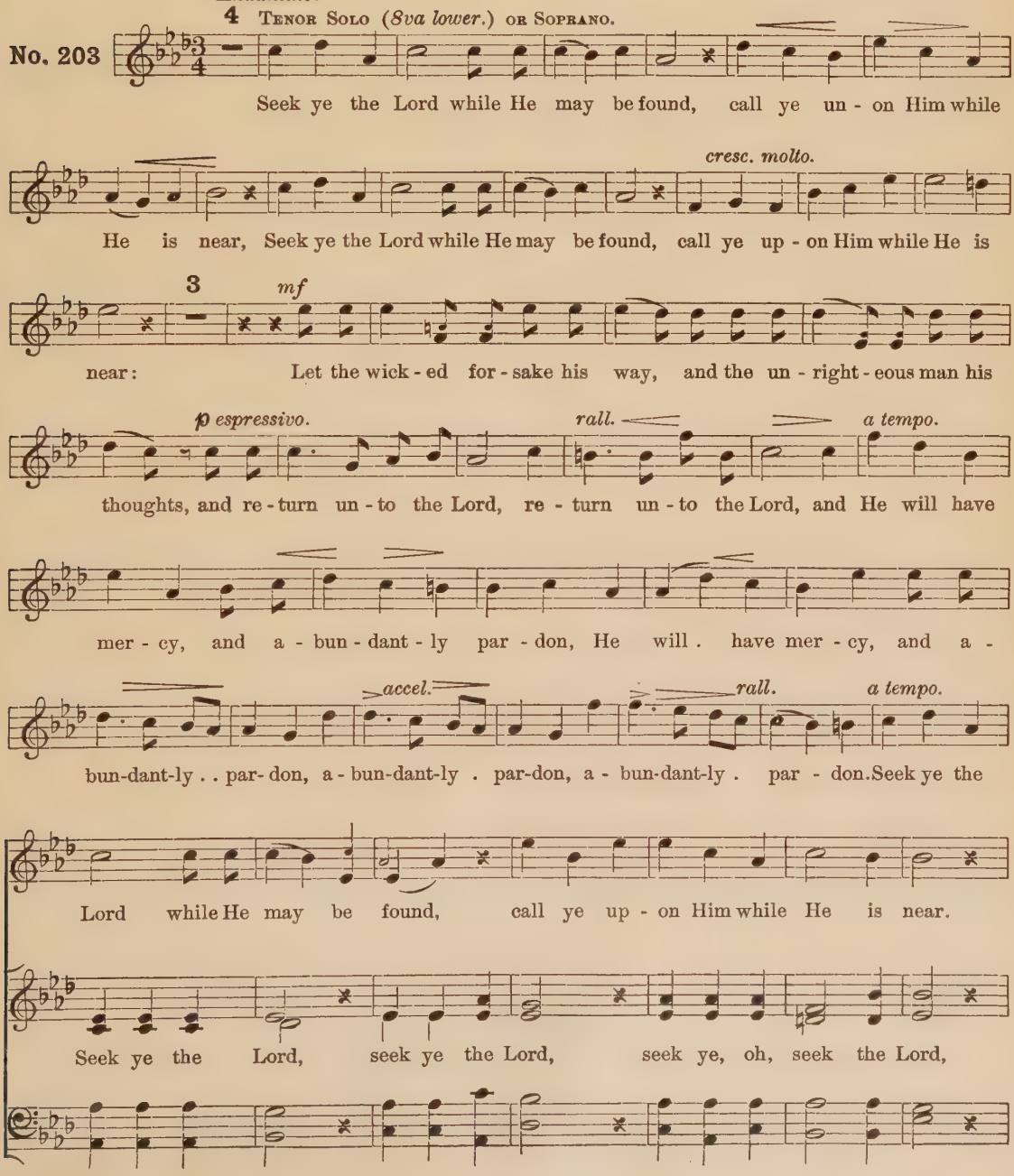
When I em - bark; For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me

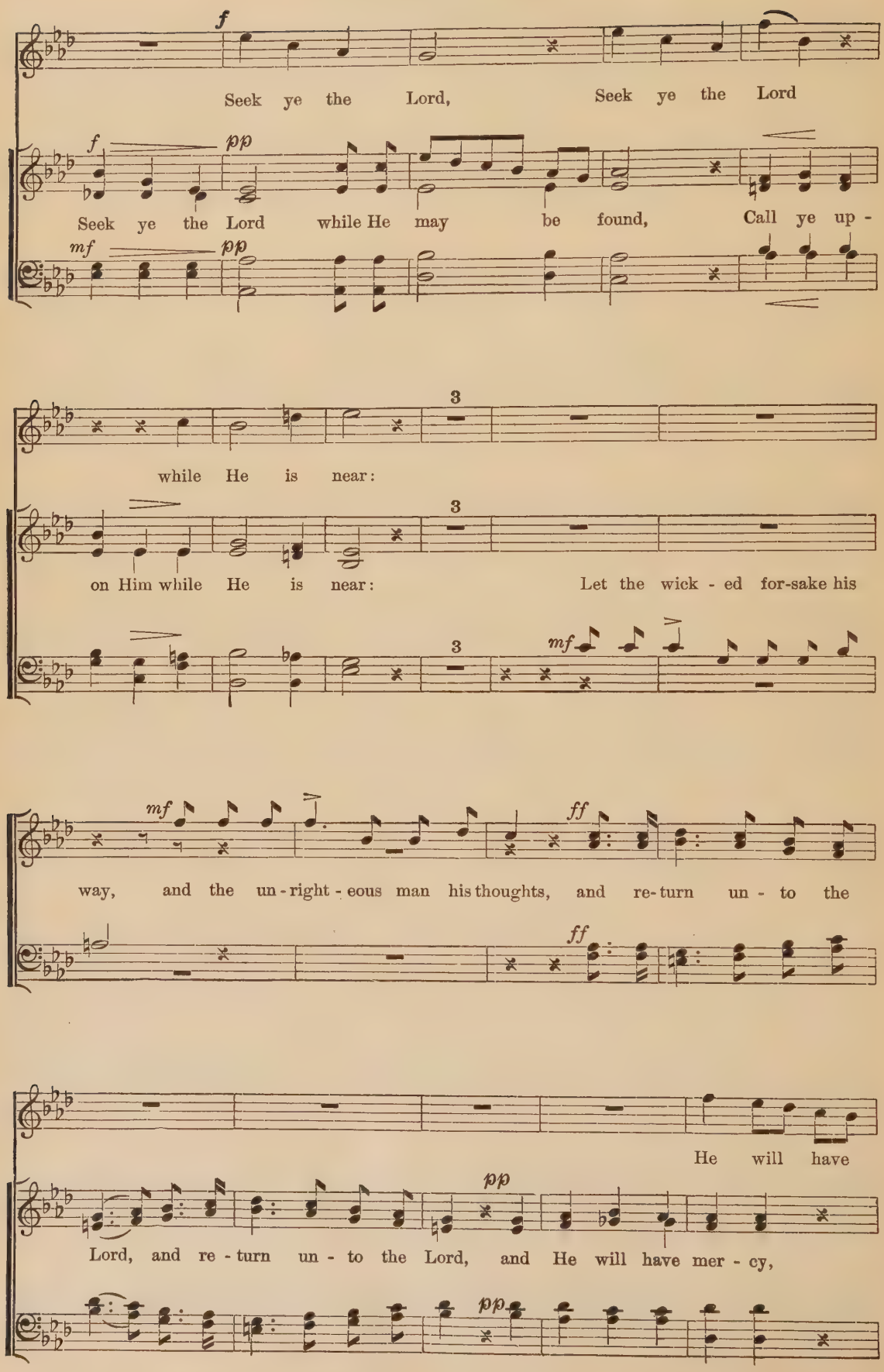


SEEK YE THE LORD.

Isaiah IV: 6, 7. — *J. Varley Roberts.*

No. 203




f
Seek ye the Lord, Seek ye the Lord
f pp
Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, Call ye up -
mf pp
while He is near:
3
on Him while He is near: Let the wick - ed for-sake his
3 mf
mf
way, and the un - right - eous man his thoughts, and re - turn un - to the
ff
ff
He will have
pp
Lord, and re - turn un - to the Lord, and He will have mer - cy,
pp

mer - cy, He will have mer - cy,

He will have mer - cy, He will have mer - cy and a - bun - dant - ly

He will have mer - cy, He will have

par - don, and a - bun - dant - ly par - don,

mer - cy, and a -

pp

and a - bun - dant - ly par - don, He will have mer - cy,

pp

rall.

bun - dant - ly par - don, and a - bun - dant - ly par - don.

pp *rall.*

He will have mer - cy and par - - don

pp *rall.*

THE NATIONAL GAME.

(FROM "BOCCACCIO.")

Sylvia Child. *Franz von Suppe.*

Marcato con anima.

SOPRANOS, ALTOS, OR BASSES.

No. 81

1. The sum - mer sun is streaming, and gleam-ing thro' az - ure sky;
2. Their pitch - er skill is show-ing in throw-ing so swift and straight;

Ea - ger crowds are near - ing, and cheer-ing with voic - es high.
Now the ball comes whirl -ing and twirl -ing a - cross the plate;

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Base - - ball play - ers take the field, . . . Ev - - 'ry
Ball is hit and flies a - way, . . . Field - - ers

ALTO.

TENOR. (*8va lower.*)

The base- ball teams are read - y, all stead-y they take the field, Ev - 'ry heart is
Our bat - ter hits it squarely, and fair - ly it flies a - way, Like a flash the

BASS.

heart with cour - age steeled. "Play the game!" . . . . . the Um - pire
game . . . . . of North and
dash to save . . the day. Play the game! . . . . . the field - ers
hit! . . . . . , . a - bove the

"Play the game! Play ball!" the Um - pire
Play the game, the game of North and
Play the game! the game! the field - ers
What a hit! a hit! A - bove the

beat-ing strong, with cour - age steeled. "Play the game!"
Play the game!
field-ers dash to save . . the day. Play the game!
What a hit!

calls, and the game be - gins; Play the game! . . . . . the crowd will
South and of East and West, Play the game! . . . . . the game that
han - dle the ball with zest, Play the game! . . . . . the run - ner's
field - ers the swift ball flies; What a run! . . . . . the crowd is

calls, and the game be - gins; Play your ve - ry best, the crowd will
South and of East and West, Play our nat'n - al game, the game that
han - dle the ball with zest, Play the game, the game! the run - ner's
field - ers the swift ball flies; What a run! a run! the crowd is

Play and the game be - gins; Play the game!
Game of the East and West, Play the game!
Han - dle the ball with zest, Play the game!
On - ward the swift ball flies; What a run!

cheer for the team that wins, Ev - 'ry play . . . . . we win to -
good fel - lows like the best, All's for fun, ... so lost or
do - ing his lev - el best, "He is out!" . . . . . the peo - ple
cheer - ing with spark - ling eyes. What a din! . . . . . one man is

cheer for the team that wins, Ev - 'ry play we win, we win to -
good fel - lows like the best, All's for fun, for fun, so lost or
do - ing his lev - el best, "He is out, he's out!" the peo - ple
cheer - ing with spark - ling eyes. What a joy - ful din! our man is

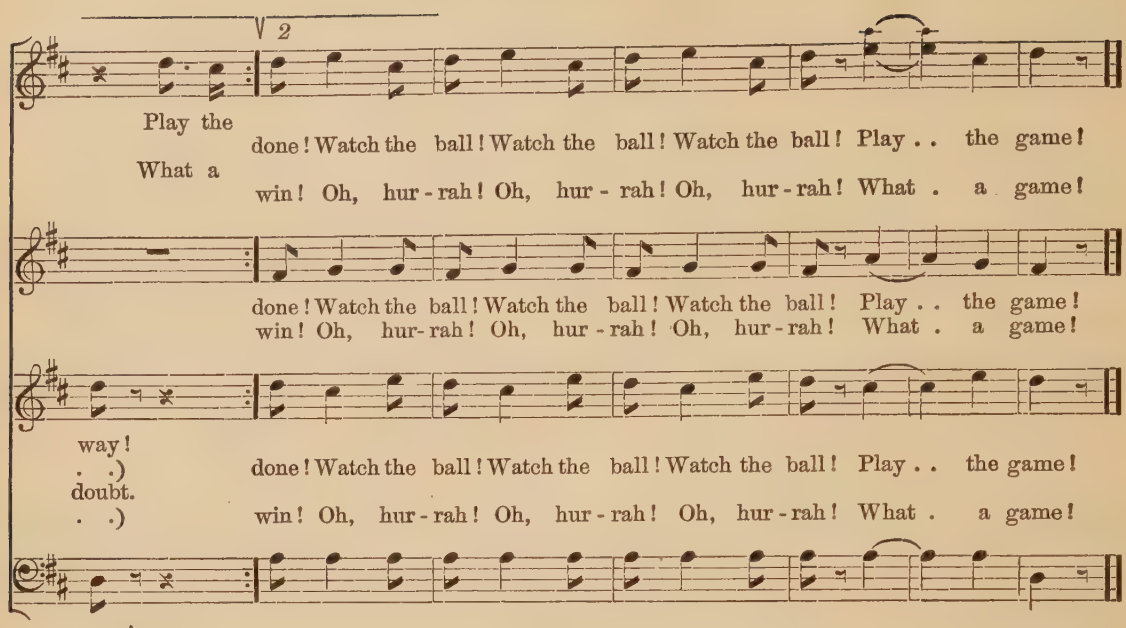
Cheer for the team that wins, Ev - 'ry play we
Good fel - lows like the best! All's for fun, so,
Do - ing his lev - el best. "He is out!" the
Cheer him with spark - ling eyes. What a din! our

day, ... Will help our team on glo - ry's way!
won, ... We'll round-ly cheer each play well (*Omit.*)
shout, ... And now the vic - t'ry hangs in doubt.
in, ... Safe home at last; and so we (*Omit.*)

day will help our team, Will help our team on glo - ry's way!
won, so lost or won, We'll round-ly cheer each play well (*Omit.*)
shout, the peo - ple shout, And now the vic - t'ry hangs in doubt.
in, our man is in, Safe home at last; and so we (*Omit.*)

win to - day Will help on glo - ry's way, on glo - ry's
lost or won, We'll cheer each play well (*Omit.*) . . . . .
peo - ple shout, The vic - t'ry hangs in doubt, it hangs in
man is in, Safe home, and so we (*Omit.*) . . . . .

Will help our team on glo - ry's way, will help on glo - ry's
We'll round - ly cheer each play well done, well (*Omit* . . . . . .
The vic - t'ry hangs in doubt, it hangs in doubt, it hangs in
At last we win, we win, at last we (*Omit* . . . . . .

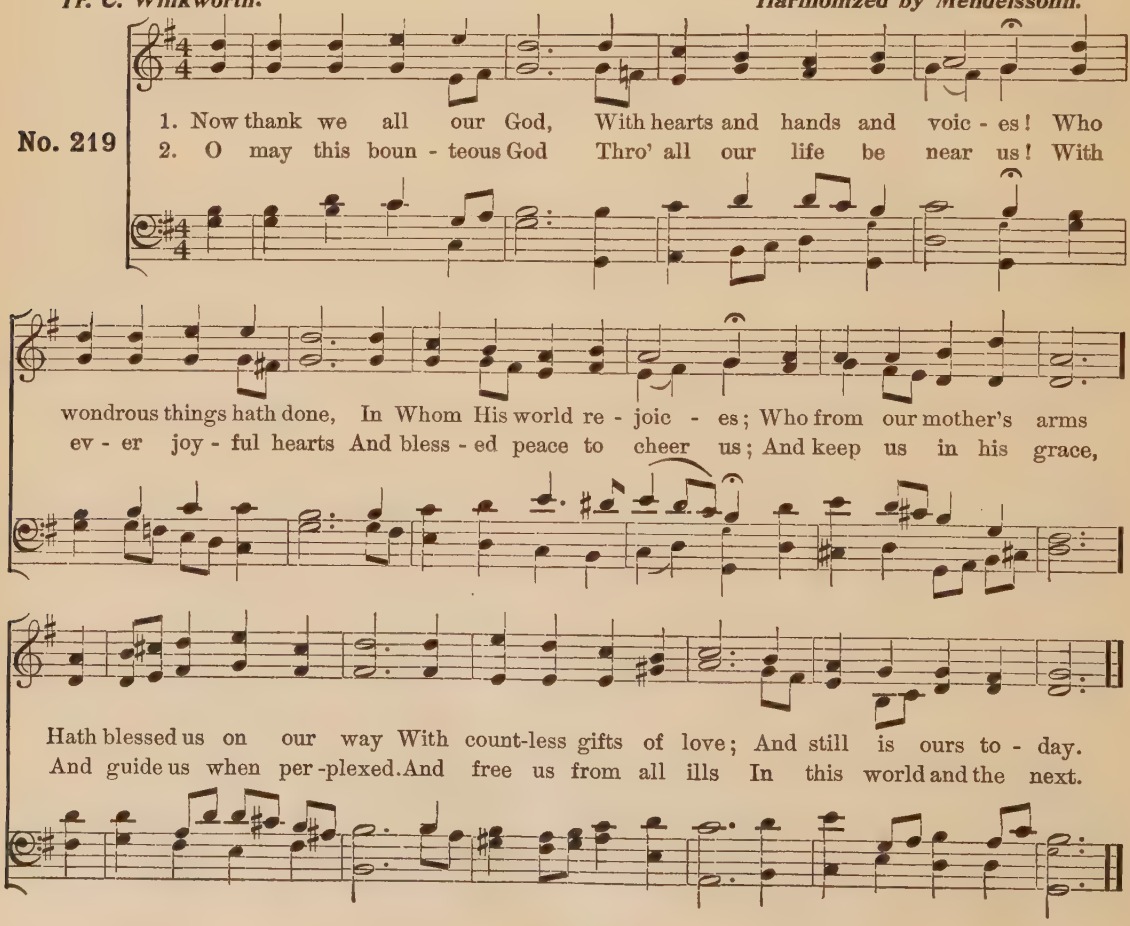


NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

M. Rinkart.
Tr. C. Winkworth.

J. Cruger.
Harmonized by Mendelssohn.

No. 219



TURN YE TO ME.

John Wilson (Christopher North.)

Old Highland Melody.
Arr. by Gladys Pitcher.

No. 206

Andante.

1. The stars are shin - ing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro
2. The waves are danc - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro

Ah! (*or humming*) Ah! ah! . .

* Mhai - ri - dhu, Turn ye to me: The sea - mew is moan - ing drear - i - ly,
(Ma - ry dear),
Mhai - ri - dhu, Turn ye to me: The sea - birds are wail - ing wea - ri - ly,

Ah! Ah! Ah! Turn to me. *mf cresc.*

drear - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri - dhu, Turn ye to me. (O) Cold is the
(Ma - ry dear),
wea - ri - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri - dhu, Turn ye to me. (So) Hushed be thy

mp

storm-wind that ruf - fles his breast, But warm are the down - y plumes lin - ing his nest.
moan-ing, lone bird of the sea, Thy home on the rocks is a shel - ter to thee. Thy

Cold his breast, Warm is his nest.
Hushed the sea, Home shel-ters thee.

cresc. *dim.* *p*

Cold the winds blow there, Soft falls the snow there, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri-dhu, Turn ye to me.
(Ma - ry dear),
home is the an- gry wave, Mine but the lone-ly grave, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri-dhu, Turn ye to me.

cresc. *dim.* *p*

* Pronounce Mah-ri-doo.

O TURN THEE.

(FROM "GALLIA.")

Charles Gounod.

No. 218

Allegro moderato.

Solo *p* *Tempo ad lib.*

Je - ru - sa - lem, . Je - ru - sa - lem, . Je - ru - sa-lem, Je -

ru - sa - lem, O turn thee to the Lord thy God, O turn thee, O

turn . thee un - - to thy God, . Je - ru - sa - lem, O

cen - cen - do.

turn . thee, O turn thee to the Lord thy God, O turn . thee, O

dim. *f* Chorus.

turn thee un - to thy God! Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa-lem, O

f

turn thee to the Lord thy God, O turn thee, O turn thee un -

thee .

- - to thy . God. Je - ru - sa-lem, O turn . thee, Je - ru - sa - lem, O

un - to thy

un - to thy Lord God!

turn thee, O turn thee, O turn thee un - to thy Lord God! Je -

un - to thy Lord God!

un - to thy Lord God!

ff

ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, O turn thee, O turn thee to the Lord thy

ff

rit.

God, O turn thee, O turn thee un - to thy God.

rit.

THE DOVE.

(LA PALOMA.)

English text by Wilton Perkins. ***Sebastian Yradier.***

Tempo di Habañera.

No. 217

1. The day . that I sailed a - way on the roll - ing sea, I said: .
I, . . tho' I roam from Chi - na to far Pe - ru, At last .
2. And when . I re - turn a - gain to my na - tive shore, From home .
well . to the ship, fare-well to the roll - ing sea, And there .

. . "Ni - na, dear, oh, prom-ise to wait for me; . And
. . will be sail - ing home-ward to love and (*Omit* . . .) you.
. . and my Ni - na nev - er to wan-der more. . Fare-
. . with the loved ones ev - er con - tent I'll (*Omit* . . .) be.

Ni - na, if some fair
O - pen the lat - tice,
Then comes a day when
O - ver the por - tal

morn-ing a ten - der dove . . . Come to your win - dow out of the blue a -
dear - est, the dove will be . . . . Ten - der and true, a tok - en of faith from
Ni - na, my joy and pride, . . . Whis-pers the word that makes her my hap - py
hov - ers a ten - der dove, . . . To - ken of our sweet prom-ise of faith and

bove, . .
(*Omit* . . . .) me. .
bride; . .
(*Omit* . . . .) love. .

I will ev - er be true To my home and to you, Ah, .

. . . Till the day when my ship comes a - sail - ing O - ver the o - cean blue!"
(*Omit* .) blue!"

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